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# HISTORY

OF THE

## Seven Champions

OF

## Christendom.

*St. George of England, St. Denis of France, St. James of Spain, St. Anthony of Italy, St. Andrew of Scotland, St. Patrick of Ireland, and St. David of Wales.*

### SHewing

Their Honourable Patrols by Sea and Land: Their Tilts, Jousts, Tournaments, for Ladies: Their Combats with Giants, Monsters and Dragons: Their Adventures in Foreign Nations: Their Enchantments in the *Rock Land*: Their Knight-hoods, Prowels, and Chivalry, in *Europe, Africa and Asia*, with their Victories against the Enemies of Christ.

Also the true manner and places of their Deaths, being *Seven Tragedies*: and how they came to be called, *The Seven Champions of Christendom.*

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*The First Part.*

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LONDON,

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Printed for R. Scur, The Bell, in Chancery, in the Strand.

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To all Courteous Readers, RICHARD  
JOHNSON witheth increate of Ver-  
tuous Knowledge.

**G**entle Readers, in kindness  
accept of my Labours, and  
be not like the chattering  
Cranes, nor Momus Mates,  
that carp at every thing.  
What the simple say, I care not: what  
the spiteful speak, I pass not: only the  
censure of the concerted I stand unto, that  
is the mark I aim at: whose good li-  
nings if I obtain, I have won my race: if  
not, I faint in the first attempt, and so  
lose the quiet of my happy Goal.  
Yours in kindness to command,

R. J.



The Authors *MUSE* upon the  
*HISTORY.*

**T**HE famous facts, O *Mars*, deriv'd from thee,  
By weary Pen, and painful Authors toyl,  
Enrol'd we find such feats of Chivalry,  
As hath been seldom seen in any soyl.

Thy Ensigns here we find in field displaid,  
The Trophies of thy Victories erected;  
Such deeds of Arms, as none could have assaid,  
But Knights whose courage fear hath ne're dejected.

Such Ladies saved, such Monsters made to fall,  
Such Gyants slain, such Hellish Furies quell'd;  
That humane Forces, few or none at all,  
In such exploits their lives could safely shield.

But virtue stirring up their noble minds,  
By valiant Conquest to enlarge their fames;  
Hath caused them seek adventures forth to find,  
Which regist'reth their never dying names;  
Then Fortune, Time, and Fame agree in this,  
That honour's gain the greatest glory is.

# The Honourable History of the seven Champions of Christendom.

## CHAP. I.

Of the wonderful and strange Birth of *St. George of England*. How he was cut out of his Mothers Womb; and after stoln from his Nurse by *Kath* the Lady of the Woods: Her Love to him, and her Gifts: And how he inclosed her in a Rock of Stone, and redeemed six Christian Knights out of Prison.



After the angry Greeks had razed the chief City in Phrygia, and turned King Priam's glorious Buildings to a waste and desolate Wilderness, Duke Aeneas exempted from his Father's Punition, with many of his distressed Countrymen (like Pilgrims) wandered the World to find some happy Region, where they might see the Image of their subverted Troy: but before that labour could be accomplished, Aeneas ended his days in the Coast of Italy, and left his Son Ascanius to govern in his stead: Ascanius being left Silius to rule, Silius decaying, left the noble and adventurous Brutus, which was, (being the fourth descent from Aeneas) first made conquest of this Land of Britain, then inhabited with Monsters, Giants, and a kind of wild people without Government, but by policy he overcame them, and established good Laws: where he found the first foundation of new Troy, and named it Troynovus, but since in pieces of time called London, And began the Isle of Britain to flourish, not only with numerous but brave, but also with valiant and courageous Knights, whose adventurous and bold attempts in Chivalry, time shall tell the what of them buried in obscurity. After that the Land was replenished with

Crisey,

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Eties, and divided into Shires and Countreies. **Edmund** **Carloings**, and **Lozwiths**, were the **Barimons** of high and noble minds: wherein they lived not then like **Cowards** in their **Spohers** **Belous**, but merited renown by **Martial** **Discipline**. For the famous City of **Coventry** was the place wherein the first **Christian** of **England** was born, and the first that ever fought for **Forein** **Adventures**, whose name is this day all **Europe** highly hath in regard: and for his bold and magnanimous **Deeds** at **Aems**, gave him his Title, The valiant Knight St. **George** of **England**, whose **Golden** **Garter** is not only worn by **Nobles**, but by **Kings** and in memory of his **Victories** the **Kings** of **England** fight under his **Banner**. Therefore **Caliope** thou sacred Sister of **Muses**, guide to my **Pen**, that it may write the true **Discourse** of this war by **Champion**.

When **Sacure** by true consanguinity had recreated him in his **Spohers** **Womb**, she dreamed to be conceived of a **Dragon**, which should be the cause of her death: Which Dream the long concealed and kept secret, until her painful **Burthen** grew to heavy that her **Womb** was ita ready to endure it, so finding opportunity to reveal it unto her **Lord** and **Husband**, being then **Lord** **High** **Dewars** of **England**, he revealed her **Dream** after this manner. My **Honourable** **Lord**, you know I am by Birth the **King** of **Englands** **Daughter**, and for these one and twenty years have I been your true and lawful **Wife**. Whether was in hope of **Child** till now, or that by me your name should survive: Therefore I collate you by the pleasure of your youth, and the true and natural love you bear to the Infant conceived in my **Womb**, that either by Art, **Wisdom**, or some other **Inspiration**, you calculate upon my **troublesome** **Dream**, and tell me what they signifie. For these thirty nights past, my **Womb** **Quakers** have been greatly hindered by **grievous** **Dreams**: for night by night no sooner could sweet sleep take possession of my **Senses**, but immediately I was conceived with a **threatning** **Dragon**, which would be the cause of his **Parents** **death**: Even as **Herod** the **Benignous** **Queen** of **Idrop**, when **Baris** was in her **Womb**, dreamed to be conceived of a **Fire** **brand**, which indeed was truly verified: For **Baris** having ravished the **Paragon** of **Greece**, and brought **Helena** into **Idrop** in revenge thereof the **Christians** rased the **Tower** of **Idrop** and **Dares** of **Idrop**. Therefore most dear and well beloved **Lord**, prevent this **ill** **danger**, that I be not the **Mother** of a **Pierous** **son**. Well was he struck into terror to his heart, that for a time he stood speechless, but having recovered his lost **Senses**, he answered her in this manner.

My









Thus complain'd he of the loss of his Son,  
and sent messengers into every part of the Land, but none was  
proved so fortunate as to find him happy tidings. He thus be-  
ing frustrate of all good hope, dress'd himself with jewels, and so  
intended to travel the wild Woods, at her speed in his journey  
leave his Bones in some Foreign Region. Thus leaving his  
native Country, he wand'ring from place to place, till the Hair of  
his Head were grown as white as Silver, and his Beard like the  
chilne down, but at last he ended his travel in Bohemia, to bere,  
to'at f. Age and excessive grief, he laid himself down under a  
ruinated Monastery Wall and died: The Community of that Coun-  
try having knowledge of his name (by a jewel he wore in his bo-  
som) engraved it in marble stone right over his Sepulchre,  
where we leave him sleeping in peace, and return to his Son re-  
maining with Kalyb the Lady of the Woods in the Enchanted  
Cave.

Now twice seven years were fully finished since Kalyb first had  
in keeping the noble S. George of England, whose mind many  
times thir'd after honourable adventures, and of en attempted  
to kill himself at literary, but the fell Enchantress sending him  
as the apple of her eye, appointed twelve sturdy Wretches to attend  
his person, so that neither force nor policy could sur-ber his in-  
tent. She kept him not to trudge in his Tragedy, nor to spend  
his days in slavery, but feeding his fancy with all delights that  
Art and Nature could afford: for in him she bred her chief self-  
city, and lusted after his beauty: But he seeking to advance  
himself by Martial Discipline and knightly Accomps, utterly re-  
fused her profered courtellie, and highly disdain'd to assent to wicked  
a creature. She seeing her love bestowed in vain, upon a fine  
being in a secret corner of the Cave, began to flatter him in this  
manner.

Thou knowest (my dear George) how worthily I have served thy  
love, and how for thy sake I have kept my Virginity unstained, yet thou  
more cruel than the Tygers bred in Libya, rejectest me. Dear Knight  
fulfil my desires, and at thy pleasure, my charms shall practise wondrous  
things, as to move Heaven to rain showers of stones upon thy enemies,  
to convert the Sun to fire, the Moon to Blood, or make a desolation of  
the whole World.

The noble Knight S. George considered in his mind that she  
would make the wisest blind: Therefore by these her fair promises  
he hoped to obtain liberty, the which moved him to make her this  
Answer.

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Most wife and learned Rabb, the wonder of the World, I condescend to all thy desires, upon this condition, that I may be sole Protectour and Governour of this enchanted Cave, and that thou describe to me my Birth, my Name, and Parentage: Therein she willingly consented, and began her discourse in this manner. Thou art by birth, said she, Son to the Lord Albert high Steward of England, and from thy birth to this day, have I kept thee as my Child, within these solitary Woods: so taking him by the hand, she led him into a Brazen Castle, wherein remained as Prisoners, six of the brave Champions of the World. These are, said she, six worthy Champions of Christendom: The first is S. Dennis of France, the second S. James of Spain, the third S. Anthony of Italy, the fourth S. Andrew of Scotland, the fifth S. Patrick of Ireland, the sixth S. David of Wales; and thou art born to be the seventh, thy name being S. George of England, for so thou shalt be termed in time to come. Then leading him a little farther, she brought him into a large fair Room, where stood seven of the goodliest steeds that eber eye beheld. Six of these, said she, belong to the six Champions, and the seventh will I bestow upon thee whose name is S. George: likewise she led him to another Room, where hung the richest Armour in the World: so choosing out the strongest Collet from her Armour, she with her own hands buckled it about his breast, laced on his Helmet, and armed him with a rich caparison: then fetching forth a mighty Fauchion, she put it likewise in his hand. Now, said she, art thou armed in richer furniture than was King the first Monarch of the World: thy Steed is of such force and invincible power, that whilst thou art mounted on his back, there can be no Knight in all the World so handy as to conquer thee: thy Armour is of the purest Lydian Steel, that neither Weapon can pierce, nor Battle Axe bruise: thy Sword which is called Alarion, is made of the Cyclops, that it will separate and cut the hardest Flint, and new in funder the strongest Steel: for in the Pommel lies such precious Virtue, that neither Treason, Witchcraft, nor any other violence can be offered thee, so long as thou wearest it.

Thus the lustful Rabb was so blinded in her own conceit, that she not only bestowed the riches of her Cave upon him, but gave him power and Authority through a silver wand which she put in his hand, to work her own destruction: for coming up a huge great Rock of Sarcour, this valiant Knight took his charming from thereon: whereupon it opened, and shewed apparently before his eyes a number of Sucking Babies, which the Enchantress had

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Partured by her Witchcraft and Sorceries. O, I. in the, this is a place of horror, where nought is heard but screeks and rueful groans of dead Mens Souls : but if thy ears can endure to hear them, and thy eyes behold them, I will lead thee the way. So the Lady of the Woods, to dy' stepping in be'ore, little doubting the pretended policy of St. George, was deceived in her own practices : for no sooner entred she the Rock, but he strook his Silver Dagger thereon, and immediately it closed, where she bellowed forth exclamations to the senseless Stones, without all hope of reliefe.

Thus this noble Knight deceived the wicked Enchanteress Kalyb, and set the other six Champions, likewise at liberty, who rendered him all knightly courtesies, and gave him thanks for their safe delivery. So saying themselves with all things fitting to their desires, took their journeys from their Enchanted Cave, whose proceedings for times and Heroical Adventures shall be shewed in the Chapters following.

C H A P. II.

Kalybs Lamentation in the Rock of Stone, her Will and Testament, and how she was torn in pieces by Spirits : with other things that happened in the Cave.

**B**UT after the departure of the seven worthy Champions, Kalyb seeing her self fast closed in the Rock of Stone, by the policy of the English Knight, grew into such extreme passion of mind, that she ended the hour of her utterance, and bitterly bann'd all motions of Conscience, the earth she treaded with her feet, whereby the very Stones seemed to relent, and as it were wept pearled tears, and sweat with anguish of her grief : the blasted Oaks that grew about the Enchanted Rock, likewise seemed to rue at her exclamations, the blustering of winds were silent, the murmuring of waves & the literary dampness took possession of every creature that breathed in the circuit of the Woods, to hear her woful lamentations, which she uttered in this manner. O miserable Kalyb, Kalyb, be thy destiny : for now thou art inclosed within a desolate and darksome den, where neither Sun can lend thee comfort with his bright beams, nor Air extend breathing coolness to thy woful body, for in the deep foundations of the Earth thou art for evermore enclosed, that hast been the wonder of time for Magick : I that by art have made my journey to the deepest Dungeons of Hell, where multitudes of ugly, black, and fearful Spirits have trembled at my charmes, that have boyled the fires up in Beds of Steel, and caused them to attend

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attend my pleasure like swarms of Hornets, that overspread the mountains of Egypt; or the flies upon the parched Hills, where the tawney tanned Moors do inhabit, am now constrained to languish in eternal darkness: Wo to my Soul, wo to my Charms, and wo to all my Magick Spells, for they have bound me in this hollow Rock: pale be the brightness of the clear Sun, and cover the earth with everlasting darkness: Skies turn to pitch, Elements to flaming fire, rore Hell, quake Earth, swell Seas, blast Earth, Rocks rend in twain, all creatures mourn at my confusion, and sigh Kalyb's woful and pitiful Exclamations.

Thus wearied she the time away, one while accusing Fortune of rann, another while blaming the fallhood and treachery of the English Knight, sometimes tearing her curled locks of bristled hair, that like a wreath of Snakes hung dangling down her deformed neck, then beating her breasts, another while rending her Ornaments, whereby she seemed more like a Fury than an earthly creature, so impatient was this Enchantress Kalyb, but being frustrate of all hopes of recovery, she began again to thunder forth these terms of Conjuratation; Come, come, you Princes of the Elements; come, come and tear this Rock in pieces, and let me not be inclosed in this eternal languishment: Appear you shadows of black misty night, Hagol, Cumoth, Belveza, Zontoma: Come when I call, venite, sedinate, inquam. At which words the earth began to quake, and the very elements trembled, and all the Spirits, both of Air, of Earth, of Water, and of Fire, were obedient to her Charms, and by multitudes came flocking at her call; some from the fire in the likeness of burning Dragons, breathing from their fearful nostrils Sulphur and flaming Brimstone: some from the water in shape of Fishes, with other deformed creatures that have their abiding in the Seas: some from the Air the parts of the Elements in the likeness of Spirits, and other bright shadows, and other some from the gross earth most ugly black and dreadful to behold. So when these Legions of Spirits had encompassed the wicked Enchantress, hell began to roar such an infernal and harsh melody, that the enchanted Rock burst in twain, and then Kalyb's Charms lost their effect: her Magick no longer endured than the term of an hundred years, the which as then was fully finished and brought to an end; then the Obligation which she subscribed with her dearest blood, and sealed with her own hands, brought up a witness against her, by which she knew and fully persuaded her self that her life was fully finished there.



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therefore in this most fearful manner she began to make her last Will and Testament.

First, welcome (said she) my sad Executors, welcome my grave and everlasting Tomb, for you have digged it in the fiery lakes of Phlegeton, my winding sheet wherein to shrowd both my body and contained soul, is a Cauldron of boiling Lead and Brimstone, and the Worms that should consume my Carcase, are fiery forks which toss burning Fire-brands from place to place, from Furnace to Furnace, and from Cauldron to Cauldron, therefore attend to Ralphy's woful Testament, and engrave the Legacy she gives in brass Rolls, upon the burning banks of Acheron.

First, These eyes that now too late weep hapless tears, I give unto the Warry Spirits, for they have wrackt the treasures hidden in the deepest Seas, to satisfy their most insatiable looks: Next I bequeath these hands which did subscribe the bloody obligation of my perpetual banishment from joy, unto those Spirits that hover in the Air: my tongue that did conspire against the majesty of Heaven, I give to those Spirits which have their being in the fire: my earthly heart I bequeath to those gross Demons that dwell in the dungeon of the earth, and the rest of my condemned body, to the torments due to my deservings. Which strange and fearful Testament, being no sooner ended, but all the Spirits generally at one instant seized upon the Enchantress, and dismembred her body in a thousand pieces, and divided her limbs to the four Elements, one member to the Air, another to the Water, another to the Fire, and another to the Earth, which were carried away in a moment by the Spirits, that departed with such a horror, that all things within the hearing thereof suddenly died, both Beasts, Birds and all creeping Worms which remained within the compass of those enchanted Woods: the trees which before were wont to flourish with green leaves, withered away and died; the blades of grass perished for want of natural moisture, which the warry clouds denied to nourish in so wicked a place.

Thus by judgment of the heavens, countless things perished for the wickedness of Ralphy, whom we leave to her endless torments, and return to the seven woful Champions of Christendom, whose lawable adventures have been enrolled in the Books of Memory.

CHAP.



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## C H A P. III.

How S. George slew the burning Dragon, in Egypt, and redeemed Sabra the Kings Daughter from death: How he was betrayed by Elmdo the black King of Morocco, and sent to the Soldan of Persia, where he slew two Lyons, and remained seven Years in Prison.

**A**fter the seven Champions departed from the Enchanted Cave of Kalyb, they made their abode in the City of Coventry for the space of nine Months, in which time they erected a costly Monument over the Perle of S. George's Mother, and so in that time of the Year, when the Spring had overspread the Earth with the mantles of Flora, they armed themselves like wandering Knights, and took their journey to seek for Foreign Adventures, accounting no dishonour so great as to spend their days in toilsome, attending no memorable accidents. So travelling for the space of thirty days without any Adventure worthy the noting, at length they came to a broad plain, whereon stood a Woven Pillar, where seven several ways met, which caused the seven knights to forsake each others company, and to take every one a contrary way; where we leave six of the Champions to their contented Travels, and wholly discourse upon the fortunate success of our worthy English knight, who after some few Months Travel, happily arrived within the Territories of Egypt, which Countrey as then was greatly annoyed with a dangerous Dragon: but before he had journeyed fully within the distance of a Mile, the silent night approached, and malicious spirits took possession of all living things: at last he chanced on a poor Hermitage, wherein he purposed to rest his Horse, and to take some repast after his weary journey, till the Sun had renewed his morning light, that he might fall to his Travail again: penetrating the Cottage he found an aged Hermit overgrown with years, and almost consumed with grief, with whom in this manner he began to confer.

Father (said he) for so you seem by your Gravity, may I beseech you for this night crave Entertainment with in your Cottage, not only for myself but his Horse, or is there some City near at hand, whereunto I may take my Journey without danger? The old Man standing at the sudden approach of S. George, replied unto him in this order.

Sir

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Sir Knight (quoth he) of thy Country I need not demand, for I know it by thy Burgonet, (for indeed thereon was graven the Arms of England) but I sorrow for thy hard fortune, that it is thy destiny to arrive in this our Country of Egypt, wherein is not left sufficient alive to bury the dead, such is the distress of this Land, through a dangerous and terrible Dragon, now ranging up and down the Country, which if he be not every day appeased with the Body of a true Virgin, which he devourth down his venomous Bowels, that day so neglected, will he breathe such a stink from his Nostrils, whereof grows a most grievous Plague and Mortality of all things, which use hath been observed for this four and twenty years, and now there is not left one true Virgin but the Kings Daughter throughout Egypt, which Damsel to morrow must be offered up in sacrifice to the Dragon: Therefore the King hath made Proclamation, that if any Knight dare prove so adventurous as to combat with the Dragon, and preserve his Daughters life, he shall in reward have her to his Wife, and the Crown of Egypt after his decease.

This large proffer so encouraged the English Knight, that he hoped either to redeem the Kings Daughter, or else to lose his life in that honourable Enterprize. So taking his repose, and nightly rest, in the old Mans Hermitage, till the cheerful Cock, being the true Messenger of day, gave him warning of the dawns uprise, which caused him to buckle on his Armour, and to furnish his Boord with strong Habiliments of War, the which being done, he took his journey, guided only by the old Hermit, to the Valley where the Kings Daughter should be offered up to sacrifice. But when he approached the sight of the Valley, he beheld afar off a most fair and beautiful Damsel, sitting in pure Arabian silk, going to sacrifice, guarded to the place of death only by age and modest Patrons: which bold sight encouraged the English Knight to such a forwardness, that he thought every minute a day, till he had redeemed the Damsel from the Dragons Claws: so approaching the Lady, he gave her comfort of delivery, and returned her back to her Fathers Palace again.

After this the noble Knight, like a bold adventurous Champion, entered the Valley, where the Dragon had his residence, who no sooner had a sight of him but he gave such a terrible Roar as though it had thundered in the Elements: the horns of the Dragon were fearful to behold for their size, his shoulders and his tail were steeped in distance, his scales glittering as bright as Silver, but far more hard than Brays, his belly of the colour of Gold, but bigger than

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than a Fun. Thus westered he from his hideous Den, and so  
 fiercely assailed the sturdy Champion with his burning Tailings,  
 that at the first Encounter he had almost felled him to the ground;  
 but the Knight nimbly recovering himself, gave the Dragon such  
 a thrust with his Spear, that it shivered in a thousand pieces;  
 whereat the furious Dragon so fiercely smote him with his vene-  
 mous Tail, that down fell man and horse, in which fall thro of  
 St. George's Arms were sore bruised; but yet stepping backward,  
 it was his chance to leap under an Orange Tree, which Tree had  
 such precious Virtue, that no venomous Worm durst come with-  
 in the compass of the Branches, nor within seven foot the root,  
 where this valiant Knight rested himself until he had recovered  
 his former strength; when looner feeling his Spirits revived,  
 but with an eager Courage smote the burning Dragon under his  
 yellow burnisht Belly, with his trusty Sword Aiscalon, whereout  
 came abundance of ugly Venome, that it spittakles upon the Cham-  
 pions Armour, whereby immediately through the imployoned  
 strength of the Venome, his Armour burst in twain, and the  
 good Knight fell into so grievous a dead wound, that for a time  
 he lay breathless: but yet having that good memory remaining  
 that he tumbled under the Branches of the Orange Tree, in  
 which place the Dragon could proffer him no farther Violence.  
 The fruit of the Tree being of such an excellent Virtue, that  
 whosoever tasted thereof, would presently be cured of all manner  
 of Diseases and Infirmities whatsoever. So it was the noble  
 Champions good and happy fortune, a little to recover through the  
 Virtue of the Tree, and to stay an Orange which a little before  
 had dropped down, wherewith he so refreshed himself, that he was  
 in short time as sound as when he began the Encounter. Then  
 kneeled he down, and made his Divine Supplication to Heaven,  
 that God would send him (for his dear Sons sake) such strength  
 and agility of Body, as to slay the furious and terrible Monster;  
 which being done, with a bold courageous heart, he smote the  
 Dragon under the Tail, where it was tender without scale,  
 whereby his good Sword Aiscalon, with an easie passage, went to  
 the very Hilt through both the Dragons Heart, Liver, Bone and  
 Blood, where out issued such abundance of purple gore, that it  
 turned the Grass which grew in the Valley into Crimson colour;  
 and the Ground which was before parched through the burning  
 breath of the Dragon, was now quenched with over much moi-  
 sture proceeding from his Venomous Wounds, where at last  
 through

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through want of blood, and long continuance in fight, the Dragon yielded his vital Spirits to the force of the conquering Champion. The which being happily performed, the Noble Knight S. George for England, first yielding due honour to Almighty God for the Victory, then with his good Sword Ascalon cut off the Dragons Head, and pitcht it upon the truncheon of a Spear, which at the beginning of the Battle shivered against the Dragons scaly back. During this long and dangerous Combat, his trusty Steed lay altogether in a swoon without any moving, which caused the English Champion with all speed to crush the snout of an Orange into his mouth; the vertue wherof presently expelled the venomous poyson, and recovered his former strength again.

There was then remaining in the Egyptian Court one Almidor, the black King of Morocco, who long had persecuted (in the way of Marriage) the love of Sabra the Kings daughter, but neither by policy, means, nor manhood, could he accomplish what his heart desired: and now finding opportunity to express his treacherous mind, intended to rob and spoil Saint George of his Victory, whereby he thought to attain the gracious favour and singular good liking of his Lady and Mistress, who loathed his company like the detested Crocodiles: even as the Wolf, though all in vain, barks at the Moon, so this fantastical and cowardly Almidor, through many gifts and false promises, hired twelve Egyptian Knights to beset the Valley where S. George slew the burning Dragon, and by force bereave him of his Conquest, and so when this magnanimous Champion of England came riding in Triumph from the Valley, expecting to have been entertained like a Conquerour, with Drums and Trumpets, or to have heard the Belles of Egypt King a joyful sound of Victory, or to have seen the Streets beautified with Bonfires, contrary to his expectation, he was met with Troops of Armed Knights, not to conduct him peacefully to the Egyptian Court, but by falsehood and treachery to despoil him of his Life and Honour: for no sooner had he ridden past the entry of the Valley, but he espied how the Egyptian Knights brandished their Weapons and obliged themselves to intercept him in his journey to the Court; by which he knew them to be no trusty Friends but vowed Enemies. So tying his Horse to a Thorn-tree, he intended to try his Fortune on Foot, for fear of disadvantage, they being 12 to one; in this straits S. George so valiantly behaved himself with his trusty Sword Ascalon, that at

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one stroke he slew three of the Egyptian Knights, and before the golden Diamond of Heaven had wended the End of the compass of an hour, some he dismembred of their heads, some had their limbs lost off, some their bodies cut in twain, and some their entrails travling down; so that not one was left alive to carry news to Almidor, the black King, which stood (during all the time of the Skirmish) as far off upon a Mountain top, to behold the success of his brild Champions. But when he saw the Egyptians bloody Tragedies, and by the happy fortune of the English Knight had turn the honour of the day, he accursed his destiny, and accused the Queen of Chance with cruelty for disappointing his pretended enterprize: but having a heart still fraught with all wicked motions, secretly bowed in his Soul, to practise by some other treachery S. Georges utter confusion: so running before to the Court of King Prology, not revealing what had hapned to the twelve Egyptian Knights, but crying Victoria, Victoria, the Enemy of Egypt is slain. Then Prology immediately commanded every Street of the City to be hung with rich Arras and embroidered Tapestry, and likewise provided a sumptuous Chariot of Gold, the wheels and other timber-work of the purest Ebony, the covering thereof of pure Silk, Crost-lard with pure staves of Gold: likewise an hundred of the noblest Peers of Egypt, attired in Crimson Velvet, mounted on Silk-white Coursets, with rich Caparillions attended the coming of Saint George. Thus were all appointed for his honourable Entertainment, which they performed in such solemn order, that I lack Eloquence to describe it: for when he first entered the Gates of the City, he heard such a melodious Harmony of heavenly sounding Musick, that it seemed in his conceit to surpass the sweetness of all that ever he had heard before. Then they most royally presented him with a sumptuous and costly ball of gold, and after invested him in that Chariot, wherein he was conducted to the Pallace of King Prology, where this noble and princely minded Champion surrendered up his Conquest and Victory to the hands of the beauteous Sabas: where he with like Courtesy, and more humility requited his honour: For at the first sight of the English Knight, he was so ravished with his princely Countenance, that for a time he was not able to speak: Yet at last taking him by the hand, he led him to a rich Mansion, where he unarmed him, and with most precious Salves unbrained his wounds, and with her tears washed away the blood: which being done, she furnished a Table with all manner



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at belieted for his repose, where her Father was present, who en-  
quired of his Countrey, Paren age, and Name: after the Banquet  
was ended, he entailed him with the honour of Knighthood, and  
put upon his feet a pair of golden Spurs. But Sabra who sed upon  
the banquet of his Love, conducted him to his nights repose,  
where she sat upon his bed, and warbled for him most heavenly melody  
upon her Lute, till his senses were overcome with a sweet and  
silent sleep, where she left him for that night, after his late dange-  
rous battel. No sooner did Aurora's radiant Lust display the beau-  
ty of the East, and the Sun shew his morning countenance, but  
Sabra repaired to the English Champions lodging, and at his first  
uprising presented him with a Diamond of most rare and excellent  
beauty, the which he wore upon his finger. The next that entered  
his Lodging, was the treacherous Almador, the black King of  
Morocco, having in his hand a botol of Chalkish wine, which he  
offered to the Noble Champion St. George of England, but at the  
receipt thereof, the Diamond the Lady gave him, which he wore  
upon his finger wared pale, and from his nose fell three drops of  
blood, whereat he started, which sudden accident caused the Kings  
Daughter to suspect some secret poison compounded in the wine,  
and thereupon so vehemently shrieked, that a sudden uprore pre-  
sently overspread the whole Court, whereby it came to the Kings  
intelligence of the proffered treachery of Almador against the Eng-  
lish Champion: but so dear was the love of the Egyptian King,  
to the black King of Morocco, that no belief of treachery could en-  
ter into his mind.

Thus Almador the second time was prevented of his practice,  
whereat in mind he grew more enraged than a chafed Boar; per-  
ceiving the third should pay for all, he expected a time wherein  
to work his wicked purpose, which he brought to pass in this  
manner.

One day remained Saint George in the Egyptian Court,  
sometimes rebelling among Gentlemen, dancing and sporting  
with Ladies, other times in Tilts and Tournaments, with other  
honourable Exercises: Likewise long and extreame was the Love  
that beautiful Sabra bore to the English Champion, of the which  
this treacherous Almador had intelligence by many secret practices,  
and many times his Cars were witnessles of their Discourses.  
So upon an Evening, when the Gorgeous Sun lay level with  
the ground, it was his fortune to wander under a Garden-wall,  
to take the coolness of the Evening Air, where unseen of the time



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**Robers**, he heard their amorous Discourses as they sat dallying under a bower of Roses, courting one another in this manner.

My Soules delight, my Hearts chief comfort, sweet **George** of **England**, said the love-sick **Sabra**, Why art thou more obdurate than the flint, whom the tears of my true heart can never mollifie; how many thousand sighs have I breathed for thy sweet sake, which I have sent to thee as true messengers of my love, yet never wouldest thou require me with a smiling countenance? Refuse not her, dear **Lord** of **England**, that for thy love will forsake Parents, Countrey, and Inheritance, which is the **Crown** of **Egypt**, and like a Pilgrim follow thee throughout the wide World: O therefore knit that Gordian knot of Wedlock, that none but Death can afterwards untie, that I may then say, The Sun shall lose his brightness, the Moon her splendant beams, the Sea her tydes, and all things under the cope of Heaven grow contrary to kind, before **Sabra** the Heir of **Egypt** prove unconstant to sweet **George** of **England**.

These words so fired the **Champions** heart, that he was almost entangled in the snares of Love, which before-time only affected Partial Discipline: he yet to try her patience a little more, made her this answer; Lady of **Egypt**, canst thou not be content, that I have ventured my Life to free thee from Death, but I should link my future Fortunes in a Womans Lap, and so bury all my Honours in oblivion? No, no, **Sabra**, **George** of **England**, is a Knight, born in a Countrey where true Chivalry is nourishd, and hath sworn to search the World, so far as ever the Lamp of Heaven doth lend his Light, before he tie himself in the troublesome state of Marriage; therefore attempt me no more that am a stranger, and a wanderer from place to place: but seek to aim at higher states; as the King of **Morocco**, who will attempt to climb to Heaven to gain thy Love, and good liking: At which speeches she suddenly replied in this manner.

The King of **Morocco** is as bloody-minded as a Serpent, but thou more gentle than a Lamb; his Tongue as ominous as the screeching night Owl, but thine more sweet than the morning Lark: his kind imbracings like the stinging Snakes, but thine more pleasant than the creeping Vine. What if thou beest a Knight of a strange Countrey, thy Body is more precious to mine Eyes, than Kingdoms to mine Heart, There stay (Replied the English Champion) I am a Christian, thou a Pagan; I honour God in Heaven, thou earthly shadows here below; therefore if thou wilt obtain my love and liking, thou must forsake thy *Mahomet*, and be christened in our Christian Faith. With all my soul, (answered the Egyptian Lady) I will forsake my Countrey

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they Gods, and for thy love become a Christian: and therewithal she burst a Ring in twain, the one half she gave to him in pledge of Love, and kept the other half for her self: and so for that time departed the Garden.

During all the time of these their Discourses, the treacherous minded Almidor stood listening to their speeches, and crept inwardly to the very Wall, to hear the Secrets of his Heart reject his former courtresses: Therefore intending now or never to insuring their plighted hands, went in all haste to the Egyptian King, and in this manner made his supplication.

Know great Monarch of the East, that I have a secret to unfold, which toucheth nearly the safeguard of your Countrey. It was my chance this Evening at shutting up of Aitan's golden Gates, to take the comfort of the Western breathing Air under your private Gardens walk, where I heard (though unseen) a deep pretended Treason betwixt your Daughter and the English Knight, for she hath vowed to forsake her gods, and believe as Christians do, as I likewise she intends to flee from this her native Countrey, and go with this wandering Traveller, which hath been so much honoured in your Court.

Now by Bahomet and all our Countrey gods we Egyptians commonly adore (saith the King) this damned Christian shall not gain the conquest of my Daughters love, for he shall lose his head, yet not in our Egyptian Court, but by violence elsewhere. Therefore Almidor be secret in my intent, for I will send him to my Cousin, the Persian Souldan, from whence he shall never return to Egypt again, except his Ghost bring news of his bad success unto my Daughter: and thereupon they presently contrived this Letter.

### *The Letter to the Souldan of Persia.*

I Ptolomy King of Egypt, and the Eastern Territories, send Greeting to thee the mighty Souldan of Persia, great Emperour of the Provinces of bigger Asia. This is the Request upon the League of Friendship betwixt us, to shew the Bearer hercof, thy Servant, Death: for he is an utter Enemy to all Asia and Africa, and a proud contemner of our Religion. Therefore fail not in my Request, as thou wilt answer on the Oath, and so in haste farewell,

*Thy Kinsman Ptolomy the  
King of Egypt.*

*Which*

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**W**itch Letter being no longer subscribed and sealed with the Great Seal of Egypt, but S. George was dispatched with Embassage for Persia, with the bloody Sentence of his own destruction, to the true delivery whereof, he was sworn by the Honour of his Knighthood, and for his Patron he left behind him his good Steed, and his trusty Sword Ascalon in the keeping of Peolomy the Egyptian King, only taking for his Purboy, and chiefe Traveller one of the Kings Hoxies.

Thus the innocent Lamb betrayed by the wily Fox, was sent to the hunger-starved Lions Den, being suffered not once to give his Lady and Mistrels understanding of his sudden departure, but travelled day and night through many a long and solitary Wilderness, without any adventure worth the memory, only hearing the dismal cry of Night-Ravens chundying in his ears, and the fearful sound of Screech-Owls in the crevices of the Earth, and such like messengers of mischance, which foretold some fatal accident to be at hand: yet no fear could daunt his noble mind, nor danger hinder his intended travel, till he had sight of the Souldans Pallace, which seemed more like Paradiſe, than any other earthly Habitation; for as the History reports, the Walls and Towers of the Pallace were of the purest Marble-stone, the Windows of carved Silver Work, enamelled with Indian Pearl, set with Lattin and Crystal Glass, the outward Walls and Buildings painted with Gold, the Pillars and Gates were all of Brass: about the Pallace was a River of a great breadth and depth, over the same stood a stately Bridge erected up with sumptuous workmanship of graven Images, under the Bridge a hundred Silver Wells were hung by Art, so that no Creature might pass into the Pallace, but they gave warning to the Souldans Guard, at the end of the Bridge was built an Alabaſter Tower, whereon stood an Eagle of Gold, his Eyes like the richest precious Stones, the brightness whereof glittered so much, that all the Pallace did shine with the light thereof.

The day that Satyr. George entered the Souldans Court, was when the Persians solemnly sacrificed to their gods Mahomet and Apollo, which unchristian Procession so moved the impatience of the English Champion, that he took the Ensigns and Streamers whereon the Persian gods were pictured, and trampled them under his feet: whereupon the Pagans presently fled to the Souldan for succour, & shamed him who a strange Knight had despised their Mahomet, and trampled their Banners in the dust. Whereupon

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he sent an hundred of his armed Knights to know the value of that sudden upproze, and to bring the Christian Champion home to his Majesty: but the Persian Knights were entertained with such a bloody banquet, that some of their heads tumbled in the miry streets, and the Channels overflowed with streams of their blood, the Pavements of the Wallace were overspread with slaughtered men, and the Walls besprinkled with purple gore: so victoriously he behaved himself against the Enemies of Christ, that ere the Sun had declined the West, he brought to ground most part of the Souldans Knights, and enforced the rest like frightened sheep to flee to the Souldan for aid and succour, which as then remained in the Wallace with a Guard of a thousand Souldiers: who at the report of this unexpected upproze furnished his Souldiers with habiliments of War, and came marching from his Wallace with such a mighty power, as though the strength of Christendom had been to invade the Territories of Asia. But such was the invincible courage of S. George, that he encountered with them all, and made such a massacre in the Souldans Court, that the Pavements were covered with slaughtered Persians, and the Wallace Gate stuffed with heaps of murdered Pagans. At last the Alarm Bells were caused to be rung, and the Beesons set on fire, whereat the Commons of the Countrey rose in Arms, and came flocking about the English Champion like Swarms of Bees: whereat though his long encounter, and the multitude of his Enemies, his never daunted courage was forced to yield, and his restless arm wearied with fight, constrained to let his weapon fall to the ground.

Thus he whole multitude sent thousands to wander about the Banks of Acaron, stood now obedient to the mercies of his Enemies, which with their brandishing Weapons and sharp edged Fauchions environed him about.

Now bloody minded Monster (saith the Souldan) who Countreymen soever thou art, Jew, Pagan, or misbelieving Christian, look for a sentence of severe punishment for every drop of blood thy voracious hand hath here shed: First thy Skin with sharp Razors shall be pared from thy Flesh alive, Next thy Flesh with burning Irons scalded from thy Bones: lastly, thy cursed Limbs drawn in pieces joynt from joynt, with untamed Horses. This bloody Judgment pronounced by the Souldan, moved S. George to reply in this manner:

Great Potentate of Asia, I crave the liberty and law of Arms, whereto all the Kings of the Earth are by Duty bound: First,

my

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my descent in my native Countrey is of Royal Blood, and therefore challenge I a comlaie: Secondly, an Embassadors am I from Ptolomy the King of Egypt, and therefore no violence should be profered me: Lastly, the Lawes of Asia grant me safe conduct back to Egypt, therefore what I have done, Ptolomy must answer: And thereupon he delibered the Letter Sealed with the Great Seal of Egypt, the which was no sooner broken up and read, but the Souldan's eyes sparkled like fire, and upon his countenance appeared the Image of wrath and discontent.

Thou art by the report of Ptolomy (said the Souldan) a great contemner of our Gods, and despiser of our Lawes, Therefore his pleasure is, that I should end thy days by some inhumane death, the which I swear by Mahomet, and all my Countrey Gods to accomplish: and thereupon he gave him in keeping to an hundred of the Janissaries, till the day of Execution, which was appointed within thirty days following. Hereupon they discobed him of his Apparell, and attired him in simple and base Array: his Arms that late were employed to wield the mighty Sarge, and tols the weighty Battle-Ar, they strongly fettered up in Iron Bolts: and those Hands which were wont to be garnished with Steele Countlets, they bound up in hempen bonds, that the purple blood trickled down from his fingers ends, and to being despoiled of all knightly Dignity, they conveyed him to a deep, dark, and desolate Dungeon, wherein the golden Sun did never shed his splendent Beams, nor never could the comfortable light of Heaven be seen; betwixt the day and night, no difference could be make; the Summers parching heat, and Winters freezing cold, were both alike, his chiefest comforts were to number the Perchians he had slain in the conflict, one while pondering in his restless thoughts the ingratitude of Ptolomy the Egyptian King, another while remembering his Love, and Grief, and deep affection that he bare to the Egyptians Daughters, and how unkindly she took his departure, carving her Picture with the nails of his fingers upon the walls of the Dungeon: to which senseless substance he would many times thus complain.

O cruel destinies, why is this grievous punishment allotted to my Penance? Have I conspired against the Powers of Heaven, that they have shewn this vengeance on my head? Shall I never recover my former liberty that I may be redemmed upon the callers of my imprisonment: from angry Heavens, upon these bloody minded Pagans, these daring Apostates, and polluted Enemies

of



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of Christ, and may the plagues of Pharaoh light upon their Countreys, and the miseries of Oedipus upon their Princes: that they may be witnesses of their Daughters ravishment, and behold their Cities flaming like the flaming Barilements of Troy. Thus lamented he the loss of his liberty, accursing his birth-day, and hour of his creation, wishing that it never might be numbr'd in the year, but be counted ominous to all ensuing Ages. His sighs exceeded the number of the Ocean-lands, and his tears the water-bubbles in a rainy day, as one diminished, another presently appeared.

Thus lozrow was his company, and despair his chief sollicitor, till Hyperion with his golden Coach had thirty times rested in Thetis purple Pallace, and Cynthia thirty times danced upon the Crystal waves, which was the very time when as his means should end, according to the severe and cruel judgment of the Souldan of Persia. But by what extraordinary means he knew not. So expecting every minute to entertain the wished messenger of death, he heard afar off the terrible roaring of two hunger-starved Lyons, which for the space of four days had been restrained from their food and natural sustenance, only to devour and slouch their hunger-starved bowels with the body of this thyce renowned Champion: which cry of the Lyons so terrified his mind that the hair of his head grew stiff, and his browes sweat water through anguish of his soul, so extremely he feared the remorseless stroke of Death, that by violence he burst the Chains in sunder wherewith he was bound, and rent the curled Tresses from his Head, that were of the colour of Amber, the which he wrapped about his Arms against the assault of the Lyons, for he greatly suspected them to be the messengers of his woful Tragedy, which indeed was so appointed, for at the same instant they descended the Dungeon, brought thither by the Janissaries, only to make a full period of the Champion's life: but such was the invincible fortitude of S. George, and so politic was his defence, that when the starved Lyons came running on him with open jaws, he valiantly thrust his sinewed arms into their throats (being wrapped about with the hair of his head) whereby they presently choked, and so he pulled out their hearts.

Which spectacle the Souldans Janissaries beholding, were so amazed with fear, that they ran in all haste to the Pallace, & certified the Souldan what had happened, who commanded every part of the Court to be strongly guarded with armed Souldiers, sup-



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passing the English Knight rather to be some Monster, ascended from the deep, than any creature of humane substance, & else o. e. possessed with some divine inspiration, that by the force of Arms, had accomplished so many adventurous Stratagems: such a terror assailed the Souldan's heart, seeing he had slain two Lyons, and slaughtered two thousand Persians with his own hands, and likewise had in elligerce how he slew a burning Dragon in Egypt, that he caused the Dungeon to be closed up with Bars of Iron, lest he should by Policy or Fortitude recover his Liberty, & so endanger the whole Countrey of Persia: where he remained in want, penury, and great necessity for the term of seven Winter, living only upon Rats and Mice, with other creeping Worms which he caught in the Dungeon. During which time he never tasted the Bread of Corn, but of Bran, & Channel water which daily was served him through Iron Gates, where now we leave S. George languishing in great misery, and return again into Egypt where we left Sabra the Champions. I. rothed Lady lamenting the want of his company, whom she loved dearer than any Knight in the World, Sabra that was the fairest Maid that ever mortal eye beheld, in whom both Art and Nature seemed to excell in curious Workmanship, her body being sterner than the stately Cedar, her beauty purer than the Paphian Queens: the one with over-much grief was quite altered, and the other stained with floods of brackish tears that daily trick'd down from her fair Cheeks: whereupon came the very Image of Discontent, the Spay of Woe, and the only Mirror of Sorrow, she accounted all company loathsome to her sight, and excluded the fellowship of all Ladies, only breaking her self to a solitary Cabinet, where she sat sowing many a woful story upon a crimson coloured Sampler: when sometimes she bathed wounded hearts, with lukewarm tears that fell from the conduits of her eyes, then presently with her crisped locks of hair which tangled down her snowy neck, she dried up the moisture of her sorrowful tears; then thinking upon the plighted promises of her dearly beloved Knight, fell into these passions and pitiful complaints.

O Love, (said she) more sharp than the pricking Brier, with what inequality dost thou torment my wounded heart, not lacking my dear Lord in the like affection of mind? O Venus if thou be impetuous in thy Deity, to whom both Gods and men obey, command my wandering Lord to return again, or grant that my soul may flie into the Clouds that by the winds it may be blown into his sweet bosom, where now lives my bleeding heart. But foolish standing that I am he hath rejected me, and thuns my company, as the

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the Syrens (elle had he not refused the Court of Egypt, where he was honoured as a King) and wandred the world to seek another Love. No, no, it cannot be: he bears no such unconstant mind, and I greatly fear, some treachery hath betrayed me of his flight, or elle my Iron Pulson includes my George from me. If it be so, sweet Morpheus, thou God of golden Dreams, reveal to me my Love's abiding, that in my sleep his shadow may appear, and report the cause of his departure. After this passion braches from the mansion of her Soul, she committed her watchful eyes to the government of sweet sleep, which bring no sooner closed, but she appeared as she thought; the shadow and very shape of her dearly beloved Lord, Saint George of England, not as he was wont to be flourishing in his glittering Burgonet of Steel, nor mounted on a stately Jenner, deckt with a crimson Plume of spangled Feathers, but in overworn and simple Attire, with pale looks, and a lean body, like to a Ghost risen from some hollow Grave, breathing as it were these sad and woful passions:

Sabra, I am betray'd for love of thee,  
And lodg'd in hollow Caves and dismal Night:  
From whence I never more shall come to see  
Thy loving countenance and beauty bright;  
Remain thou true and constant for my sake,  
That of thy love they may no conquest make.

Let Tyrants think if ever I obtain,  
What ere is lost by Treasons curst guile:  
False Egypt's scourge I surely will remain,  
And turn to streaming blood Morocco's smile;  
That damned dog of Barbary shall rue,  
The dolchful Stratagems that will ensue.

The Persian Towers shall smok with fire,  
And lofty Babylon be tumbled down:  
The Cross of Christendom shall then aspire  
To wear the proud Egyptian triple Crown,  
Jerusalem and Judah shall behold  
The fall of Kings by Christian Champions hold:  
Thou Maid of Egypt, still continue chaste,  
A Tyger seeks thy Virgins Name to spill;

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Whilst George of England is in Prison plac'd,  
Thou shalt be forc't to wed against thy will.

But after this shall happen wondrous things,  
For from thy womb shall spring three mighty Kings.

This strange and woful speech was no sooner ended but she awoke from her sleep, and presently reached forth her white hands thinking to embrace him, but she catched nothing but little Air, which caused her to renew her former complaints. O wherefore died I not in this my troublesome Dream (said the sorrowful Lady) that my Ghost might have haunted those inhumane Monsters which have thus falsely betrayed the bravest Champion under the Cope of Heaven! For his sake will I exclaim against the ingratitude of Egypt, and like ravisht Philomel, fill every corner of the Land with Echoes of his wrong: my woes shall exceed the sorrows of Dido Queen of Carthage, mourning for Aeneas. With such like passions wearied she the time away: till twelve Months were fully finished: at last her Father understanding what fervent Affection she bore to the English Champion, began in this manner to relate.

Daughter (said the Egyptian King,) I charge thee by the hand of Nature, and the true obedience thou oughtest to bear my Age, to banish and exclude all fond affections from thy mind, and not thus to settle thy Love upon a wandring Knight, that is unconstant and without habitation: thou seest he hath forsaken thee, and returned into his own Countrey, where he hath wedded a Wife of that Land and Nation: therefore I charge thee upon my displeasure to affect and Love the black King of Morocco, that rightfully hath deserved thee in Marriage, which shall be shortly honourably holden to the honour of Egypt; and so he departed without any Answer at all: By which Sabra knew he would not be cross in his Will and Pleasure: therefore she sigh'd out these lamentable words:

O unkind Father to cross the affection of his Child, and to force love where no liking is: Yet shall my mind continue true unto my dear beloved Lord; although my body be forced against nature to obey, and Almidor have the honour of my Marriage-bed, English George shall enjoy my true Virginity, if ever he return again into Egypt; and thereupon she pulled forth a chain of Gold, & wove it seven times about her Ivory Neck. This (said she) hath been seven days steep in Tigers blood, and seven nights in Dragons milk, whereby it hath obtained such excellent vertue, that so long as I wear it

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it about my Neck, no man on earth can enjoy my Virginity: though I be forced to the state of Marriage, and lie seven years in Wedlocks Bed, yet by the virtue of this Chain I shall continue a true Virgin.

Which words were no sooner ended, but Almidor entered her sorrowful Chamber, and presented her with a Wedding Garment, which was of the purest Median Silk, imbroid with Pearl and rich refined Gold, perfumed with sweet Syrian Powders, it was of the colour of the Lily when Flora hath bedecked the fields in May with Natures Ornaments: glorious and costly were her Vestures, and so stately were the Nuptial Rights solemnized, that Egypt admired the bounty of her Wedding: which for seven days was holden in the Court of Prolomy, and then moved to Tripoli, the chief City in Barbary, where Almidor's forced Wife was crowned Queen of Morocco: at which Coronation the Conduits ran with Greekish Wines, and the Streets of Tripoli were beautified with Pageants, and delightful Shews. The Court resounded such melodious Harmony, as though Apollo with his Silver Harp had descended from the Heavens: such Tilts and Tournaments were performed betwixt the Egyptian Knights, and the Knights of Barbary, that they exceeded the Nuptials of Hecuba the beauteous Queen of Troy: which honourable proceedings we leave for this time to their own contentments, some Masking, some Dancing, some Revelling, some Tilting, and some Banqueting. Also leaving the Champion of England Saint George, mourning in the Dungeon in Persia, as you heard before, and return to the other six Champions of Christendom, which departed from the Brazen Pillar, every one his several way, whose Knightly & noble adventures, if the Muses grant me the bounty of fair Castalian Springs, I will most amply discover in the Honour of all Christendom.

### C H A P. IV.

How S. Dennis the Champion of France lived seven years in the shape of an Hart, and how proud Eglantine the Kings Daughter of Theffsaly, was transformed into a Mulberry-Tree, and how they recovered their former shapes by means of Saint Dennis his Horse.

**C**alling now to mind the long and weary Trabels S. Dennis the Champion of France endured, after his departure from the other six Champions at the Brazen Pillar, as you heard in the beginning of the former Chapter, from which he wandered through

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through many a desolate Grove and Wilderness; without any adventure worthy the noting, till he arrived upon the Borders of Thessaly (being a Land as then inhabited only with wild Beasts:) wherein he endured such a penury and scarcity of Victuals, that he was forced the Space of seven years to feed upon the Herbs of the Field, and the Fruits of Trees, till the Hairs of his Head were like the Eagles Feathers, and the Halls of his Face as to Birds Claws; his drink the dew of Heaven, the which he licked from the flowers of Meadows, the Air he clothed his Body withall, Bar-leaves, and broad Dicks that grew in the wood, his Shirts the barks of Trees, whereon he travelled through many a thorny brake: But at last as it was his fortune or cruel destiny, (being over-pred with the extremity of hunger) to taste and feed upon the Berries of an enchanted Mulberry-tree, whereby he lost the lively Form and Image of his humane substance, and was transformed into the shape and likeness of a wild Hart: which strange and sudden transformation, this noble Champion little minding, till he espied his misshapen form in a clear Fountain, which Nature had erected in a cool and shady Valley; but when he beheld the shadow of his deformed substance, and how his Head, late honoured with a Burgonet of Steel, now dishonoured with a pair of Silvan Horns: his face whereon the countenance of true Nobility was lately character'd, now covered with a least-like similitude, and his Body late the true Image of magnanimity, now overspread with a hairy Hide, in colour like to the fallow Field; which strange alteration, not a little perplexed the mind of S. Dennis, that it caused him with all speed (having the natural reason of a man still remaining) to repair back to the Mulberry-tree again, supposing the Berries he had eaten, to be the cause of his Transformation, under which tree the distressed Knight laid his deformed Limbs upon the late ground, and thus wofully began to complain.

What Magick Charms (said he) or other bewitching Spells, remain within this cursed Tree? whose wicked Fruit hath confounded my future Fortunes, and converted me to a miserable estate; O thou Celestial director of the World, and all you pitiful Powers of Heaven, look down with kindly countenance upon my hapless Transformation: and bend your brows to hear my woful lamentation: I was of late a Man, but now a horned Beast, I was a Souldier, and my Countries Champion, but now a loathsome Creature, and a prey for Dogs, my glittering Armour is exchanged into a Hide of Hair, and my



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my brave Array, more baser than the low Earth: henceforth instead of Princely Pallaces, these shady Woods must serve to shrowl me in: wherein my Bed of Down must be a heap of Sun-burn'd Moss; my sweet recording Musick the blustering Winds, that with tempestuous Gulls, do make the Wilderness to tremble: the Company I daily keep must be the Silvane Satyrs, Dryades, and airy Nymphs, which never appear to worldly eyes, but in twilights, or at the prime of the Moon, the Stars that beautifie the Crystal Vail of Heaven shall henceforth serve as Torches to light me to my woful Bed: the scowling Clouds shall be my Canopy: my Clock to count how Time runs stealing on, the sound of hissing Snakes, or else the croaking of Toads.

Thus described he his own misery, till the watry tears of calamity gushed out in such abundance from the Conduits of his Eyes, and his scorching sighs so violently forced from his bleeding breast, that they seemed as it were to constrain the untamed Bears, and merciless Tigers to relent his moan, and like harmless Lambs sit bleating in the woods, to hear his woful exclamations.

Long and many days continued this Champion of France in the shape of an Hart, in more distressed misery than the unfortunate English Champion in Persia, not knowing how to recover his former likeness, and humane substance. So upon a time as he lamented the loss of Nature's Ornaments, under the branches of that enchanted Mulberry-tree, which was the cause of his Transformation, he heard a grievous and terrible groan, which he supposed to be the induction of some admirable accident that would ensue: So taking truce for a time with sorrows, he heard a hollow Voice breathe from the Trunk of that Mulberry-tree, these words following.

### The Voice in the Mulberry-Tree.

Cease now to lament thou famous man of France,

With gentle ears come listen to my moan,

In former times it was my fatal chance

To be the proudest Maid that e're was known:

By birth I was the Daughter of a King,

Though now a breathless Tree and senseless thing.

My Pride was such that Heaven confounded me,

A Goddess in my own conceit I was:

What

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What Nature lent, too base I thought to be,  
But deem'd my self all earthly things to pass:  
And therefore Nectar and Ambrosia sweet,  
The food of Heaven, for me I counted meet.

My pride contemned still the Bread of Wheat,  
But purer food I daily sought to find,  
Refined Gold was boyled in my Meat,  
Such self-conceit my Fancies fond did blind:  
For which the Gods above transformed me,  
From humane substance to this senseless Tree.

Seven years in shape of Hart thou must remain,  
And then the purest Rose by Heavens decree,  
Shall bring thee to thy former shape again,  
And end at last thy woful misery:  
When this is done be sure you cut in twain,  
This fatal Tree wherein I do remain,

After the Voice had breathed these Speeches from the Mulberry Tree, he stood so much amazed at the strangeness of the words, that for a time his sorrows bereaved him of his speech, and his long appointed punishment constrained his thoughts to lose their natural understanding: But yet at last recovering his senses, though not his humane likeness, he bitterly complained of his hard misfortunes.

Unhappy creature (said the woful Champion) more miserable than Progne in her Transformation, and more distressed than Adonis was, whose perfect Picture I am made: His misery continued but a short time, for his own Dogs the same day tore him in a thousand pieces; and buried his transformed Carcass in their hungry bowels: mine is appointed by the angry Destinies, till seven times the Summers Sun hath yearly repented his radiant Brightness, and seven times the Winters Rain hath washed me with the Showers of Heaven, such were the complaints of the Transformed Knight of France, sometimes remembering his former fortunes, how he had spent his days in the honour of his Countrey: sometimes thinking upon the place of his Nativity, renowned France, the Nurle and Mother of his Life: sometimes treading with his feet (as for hands he had none) in sandy ground, the print of the words the which the Mulberry-tree had repeated, and many

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many times numbing the minutes of his long appointed punishment, with the Flow'ers of the Field. Ten thousand a day he daily breathed from his breast; & still within the black and pitchy mantle of dark night, we saw the azure firmaments, and had drawn her Sable Curtains before the high som windows of the Heavens, all Creatures took their sweet repose: rest, and committed their eyes to quiet sleeps: All things were silent, except the murmuring of the running waters, whose sounding Musick was the perfect comfort this distressed Champion into: & the glistering Queen of Night, clad in her Crystal Robes, three times died times a year, was in tears of his nightly lamentations: the wandering Wanderer, that never sings but in the night, sat pining over his head: the woful weeping Nightingale, with mournful melody, cheerfully ascending on his Version: for during the imitation of his seven years misery, his truly deere never forsook him, but with all love and true diligence attended upon him day and night, never wandering away, but ever keeping him company: If the extreame heat of Summer grew intolerable, or the piercing cold of Winter violent, his booke would be a shelter to defend him.

At last, when the term of seven years was fully finished, and that he should recover his former substance, and humane shape, his good Spirit which he reard as the Apple of his eye, clamoured a high and steep mountain, which nature had beautified with all kind of fragrant Flowers, as odoriferous as the Garden of Hesperides, from whence he pulled a branch of purple Roses, and brought them to him: his teeth to his distressed master, and being in his former passions of discontent, under the Mulberry-tree. The which the Champion of France no longer beheld; but he remembered, that by a purple Rose he should recover his former humilitie, and so joyfully received the Roses from his trusty deere: then casting his eyes up to the Celestial Throne of Heaven, he cast yeilded these consecrated Flowers into his empty Stomach.

After which he laid him down upon the bosome of his mother Earth, where he fell into such a sound sleep, that all his Senses and vital Spirits were without moving for the space of four and twenty hours. In which time the Windows and Doors of Heaven were opened, from whence descended such a Shower of Hail, that it washed away his hairy foam and beast-like shape: his horned head, and long visage was turned again in a lovely Countenance, and all the rest of his members, both Arms, Legs,

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Hands, Feet, Fingers, Toes, with all the rest of Nature's Gifts,  
recovered the former Shape.

But when the good Champion awoke from his Sleep, and perceived the wonderful brotherhood of the Heavens, in transforming him to his humane likeness: First, he gave honour to Almighty God: next kissed the Ground, whereon he had lived so long in misery: then taking his Armour which lay hard by him, he found it then almost spoiled with rust: his Burgonet and keen edged Cuttle as beimed over with dirt: When lastly, pondering in mind, the faithful servce his trusty Steed had done him, during the time of his calamity, whose sable coloured mane being frizzling down his hairy Neck, which a while was wont to be pleasured curiously with artificiall knots, and his fore head which was wont to be beautified with a Watery Plume of Feathers, now disfigured with overgrown hair: whereat the good Champion, O Dennis of France so much grieved, that he stroaked down his grey back, till the hair of his body lay as smooth as Arabian Silk: then pulled he out his trusty Fauchion, which in so many fierce assaults and dangerous combats had been bashed in the blood of his Enemies, which by the long continuance of time lying idle, was almost consumed with rankered Rust, but by his labour and industrious pains, he recovered the former leavyn and brightness again.

When loth his Sword, his Horse, his Martial Furniture, and all in her Habilliments of War, being brought to their first and proper qualities, the noble Champion intended to persevere and go forward in the adventure, in cutting down the Gulberry tree: So taking his Sword, which was of the purest Spanish Steel, gave such a stroke at the Root thereof, that at one blow he cut it quite in sunder, where out presently dashed such a mighty Flame of Fire, that the Smoke from it to Horse neck was turned, a little the hat of his Head had been fired, if his helmet had not relieved him: and no sooner was the smoke extinguished, but there ascended from the hollow tree a naked Virgin (in shape like Daphne which Apollo turned to a Bay-tree) fairer than Pigmaleon's Ivory Image, or the Northern Syrian Snow, her Eyes more clear than the Top Mountains, her Cheeks like Roses dipped in Milk, her Lips more lovely than the Turkish Rubies, her Alabaster Teeth like Indian Pearls, her Neck seemed an Ivory Tower, her dainty Breasts a Garden where milk-white Doves sat and sung: the rest of Nature's lineaments a Rain to Juno, Rellus, or Venus

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at whose excellent beauty, this valiant and sublimed Champion more admired than her wonderful Transformation: For his eyes were so ravished with such exceeding pleasure, that his tongue could endure no longer silent, but was forced to unfold the secrets of his heart, and in these terms began to move his mind,

Thou most Divine and singular ornament of Nature, said he, fairer than the feathers of the Silvan Swans that swim upon Meanders Crystal Streams, and far more beautiful than Aurora's Morning Countenance, to thee the fairest of all fairs, most humbly and only to thy beauty do I here submit my affections: Also I swear by the honour of my Knight hood, and by the love of my Countrey of France (which vow I will not violate for all the Treasures of rich America, or the golden Mines of higher India) whether thou beest an Angel descended from Heaven, or a Fury ascended from the vast Dominions of Proserpine: whether thou beest some Faery or Silvan nymph, which inhabits in the fatal Woods, or else an earthly Treasure, for thy lust transformed into this Mulberry-tree, I am not therefore judge, Therefore since I have, to whom my heart must pay his due devotion, unfold to me thy Birth, Parentage and Name, that I may the better presume upon thy Courtship, At which demand this new-born Virgin, with a shamefast look, modest gesture, so sweet grace, and blushing countenance, began thus to Reply,

Sir Knight, by whom my Life, my Love, and Fortune are to be commanded, and by whom my humane Shape and Natural Form is recovered: First know, you magnanimous Champion, that I am by Birth the King of Thessaly's Daughter, and my Name was called for my beauty proud Eglantine: For which contemptuous pride, I was transformed into this Mulberry Tree, in which green substance I have continued fourteen years. As for my Love thou hast deserved it, before all Knights in the World, and to thee do I plight that true Promise before the Omnipotent judger of all things: and before that secret promise shall be infringed, the Sun shall cease to shine by Day, and the Moon by Night, and all the Planets forsake their proper Nature.

At which words the Champion gave her the Courtship of his Countrey, and sealed her promises with a loving kiss.

After which beautiful Eglantine being ashamed of her Nakedness, weaved her self a Garment of green Rushes intermixed with such variety of sundry Flowers, that it surpassed for workmanship the Indian Gardens curious Weeds: her crisped Locks



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of Paris continued still of the Court of the Epithymia, where  
she seemed like Flora in her greatest Royal when the fields  
were decked with Nature's Tapestries.

As she walked her Willy Lande said whose all used  
Face in the view of Heaven's which he had ever to mind of  
Alone's. This in green Elements, he intends in company  
of her true Love, (the valiant Knight of France) to take her  
Journey to her Father's Court, being as when the King of that  
Country: where after some few days travel, they arrived safe in  
the Court of Thessaly, whose welcomes were according to their  
wishes, and their entertainments most honourable: for no sooner  
did the King behold his Daughter's safe approach, of whose strange  
Transformation he was ever ignorant, but he fell in such a dead-  
ly swoon through the exceeding joy of her presence, that for a time  
his senses were without vital moving, and his heart embraced so  
kindly her pain's body, and proffered such Courtesie to the strange  
Knight, that Dr. Deamis acquainted him the mirror of all Courtesie,  
and the pattern of true Nobility.

After the Champion was unarmed, his stiff and weary Limbs  
were laid in new Silk and white Wine, he was conveyed to  
Sweet Smelling Fire made of Juniper, and the late Eglantine, in-  
duced by the maidens of Honour to a private Chamber, where  
he was disrobed of her Silken Array, and apparelled in a Wall of  
Purple Silk: in which Court of Thessaly we will leave this our  
Champion of France with his Lady, and go forward in the dis-  
course of the other Champions, discovering what Adversities  
happened to them during the seven years: But first how Dr. James  
the Champion of Spain fell in love with a fair Jew, and how for  
her sake he continued seven years dumb: and after, if Apollo  
grant my muse the gift of Scholarship, and dip my Pen in the  
Ink of Art, I will not rest my weary hand till I have explained  
the honourable proceedings of the Knights of England, France,  
Spain, Italy, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, to the honour of Christen-  
dom, and the dishonour of all the professed Enemies of Christ.

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## CHAP. V.

How St. James the Champion of Spain, continued seven years dumb for the love of a fair Jew, and how he should have been shot to death by the Maidens of Jerusalem, with other things which chanced in his Travels.

**N**OW must my Muse speak of the strange Adventures of St. James of Spain, the third Champion and renowned Knight of Christendom, & what hapn'd unto him in his seven years Travels through many a strange Country by Sea and Land, where his noble Acts were so dangerous and full of wonder, that I want skill to express, and art to describe: also I am forc'd for heart's sake, to pass over his fearful and dangerous arret with the ruining Drake upon the flaming mount in Sicily, which terrible Combat continued for the space of seven days and seven nights. Likewise I omit his Travel in Cappadocia, through a wilderness of monsters: with his passage over the Red Seas, where his Ship was devour'd with Whirlwinds, his Harriers drown'd, and himself, his Horse and Furniture safely brought to Land by the Sea Nymphs and Fairmaids: where after his long Travels, passed perils, and dangerous Tempests, amongst the boisterous billows of the raging Sea, he arriv'd in the unhappy dominions of Juda, unhappily by reason of the long and troublesome mile he endured for the love of a fair Jew. For, coming to the beautiful City Jerusalem, (being in that Age the wonder of the world, for her Buil'dings, Princely Palaces, gorgeous mountains, and time-wearing Temples) he so admir'd the glorious situation thereof (being the richest place that ever his eyes beheld) that he stood before the walls of Jerusalem, one while gazing upon her golden gates, glittering against the Sun's bright countenance, another while beholding her stately Pinnacles whose lofty peeping tops seem'd to pierce the clouds; another while wondering at her Towers of Jasper, Jet, and Ebony, her strong and fortified walls three times double about the City, the glittering Spires of the Temple of Sion, built in the fashion and similitude of the Pyramids; the ancient Monument of Greece, whose Parlements were covered with Steel, the Walls furnish'd with Silver, and the ground paved with Tin. Thus as this ennobled and famous Knight at Arms stood beholding the Situation of Jerusalem, there suddenly thund'ed such a Peal of Ordnance with in the City, that it seem'd in his ravish'd conceit,

to

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to shake the Wale of Heaven, and to move the deep Foundations of the fastned Earth: whereat his Horse gave such a sudden Start, that he leaped ten foot from the place whereton he stood. After this he heard the sound of Drums, and the cheerful Echoes of brazen Tumblers, by which the Valiant Champion expected some honourable Battine, or some great Turnament to be at hand, which indeed so fell out: for no sooner did he cast his vigilant eyes towards the East side of the City, but he beheld a Troop of well appointed Horse come marching through the Gates: after them twelve armed Knights mounted on twelve warlike Couriers, bearing in their hands twelve bloodred Serpents, whose man was wrought in with the picture of Adonis wounded with a Boar: after them the King drawn in a Chariot by Spanish Horses, (which being a certain kind of Serpents engendred by the wind) The Kings Guard were a 100 naked Boys, with Turkish Swords and Daggers, feathered with Ravens wings: after them marched Celestine the King of Jerusalem's fair Daughter, mounted on a tame Unicorn. In her hand a Jewel of Silver, and armed with a breast-plate of Gold, artificially wrought like the scales of a Porcupine, her Guard were an hundred Amazonian Dames clad in green Silk: after them followed a number of Squires and Gentlemen, some upon Barbarian Horses, some upon Arabian Packhorses, and some on foot, in pace more nimble than the tripping Deer, and more swift than the fastest Hart upon the Mountains of Thessaly.

Thus Nebucadrazar Great King of Jerusalem (for so was he called) solemnly hunted in the wilderness of Judah, being a Country very much annoyed with wild beasts, as the Lyon, the Leopard, the Boar and such like: in which exercise, the King appointed, as it was proclaimed by his chief Herald at Arms, (the which he heard repeated by the Shepherd in the Field) that whosoever slew the first wild beast in the Forest, should have in Reward a Collet of Steel richly engraven, that it should be worth a thousand shekles of Silver. Of which honourable enterprise when the Champion had understanding, and with what liberal bounty the adventurous Knight would be rewarded, his heart was fraught with insurmountable courage, thirsting after glorious attempts, not only for hope of gain, but for the desire of honour, at which illustrious and undaunted mind aimed, to eternize his Deeds in the memorable records of Fame, and to shine as a Crystal Spire out to all ensuing Times. So closing down his Beaver, and looking on his furniture, he scoured over the Plates before the Hunters of Jerusalem

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Jerusalem, in pace more swift than the winged winds, till he approached an old infrequented Forest, wherein he espied a huge and mighty wild Boar lying before his mossy Den, gnawing on the mangled remains of some Wallinger, which he had murdered as he travelled through the Forest.

This Boar was of wonderful length and vigour, and so terrible to behold, that at the first sight he almost daunted the Courage of the Spanish Knight: for his monstrous Head seemed ugly and deformed, his Eyes sparkled like a fiery Furnace, his Tusks more sharp than pikes of Steel, and from his nostrils fumed such a violent breath, that it seemed like a tempestuous whirlwind; his Whiskers were more hard than seven times melted Nails, and his Tail more like a lion than a wreath of Snakes: near whom when St. James approached, and beheld how he drank the blood of humane Creatures, and devoured their flesh, he blew his Silver Horn, which as then hung at the Pommel of his Saddle, in a Cloud of green Silk: whereas the furious Boar, enraged himself, and most fiercely assailed the Noble Champion, which most firmly leaped from his Hoofe, and with his Spear struck such a violent blow upon the Head of the Boar, that it shivered into twenty pieces: When drawing his good Paunch from his Side, he gave him a second encounter: but all in vain, for he struck as it were upon a Rock of Stone, or a Wall of Iron, nothing hurtful to the Boar: but he lost much time, and when he sparkled like a flaming Steel, and with open jaws, the fiery Monster assailed the Champion, intending to swallow him alive: but the nimble Knight as then trusted more upon policy than to fortitude, and to for advantage slipped from place to place, till on a sudden he thrust his keen edged Cut-throat below the intestine throat, and so most bravely split his head in sunder. The Boar being accomplished to his own desire, he cut off the Boar's head, and to present the honour of the combat to the King of Jerusalem, who as then with his mighty Train of Knights were but now entered the Forest: who having graciously received the gift, and bountifully fulfilled his promises, demanded the Champions Company, his Religion, and place of his Nativity: who no longer had intelligence that he was a Christian Knight, and born in the Territories of Spain, but presently his patience exchanged into a great fury, and by these words expelled his rancorous stomach toward the Christian Champion.

Knowest thou not, bold Knight (saith the King of Jerusalem) that

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that it is the Law of **Juda** to harbour no uncircumcised Man, but either to banish him the Land, or end his days by some untimely death? Thou art a Christian and therefore shalt die: not all thy Countrey Treasures, the Wealthy Spanish Mines, nor all the Alps, which divide the Countreys of Italy and Spain, were turned to Hills of luxuriant Gold, and made my lawful Heritage, they should not redeem thy Life. Yet for the honour thou hast done in **Ju**, I grant thee this favour by the Law of Arms to choose thy death, else hadst thou suffered a vigorous torment. Which severe Judgment so amazed the Champion, that desperately he would have kill'd himself upon his own Sword, but that he thought it a more honour to his Countrey to die in the defence of Christian Freedom. So like a true **Charles** Knight, fearing neither the threats of the Jews, nor the imperial Stroke of the fatal Sisters, he gave this sentence of his own death. First, he requested to be bound to a Vine-tree with his Breast laid open naked against the Sun: then to have an hour's respite to make his supplication to his Creator, and afterwards to be put to death by a true Virgin.

Which words were no sooner pronounced, but they disarm'd him of his furniture, bound him to a Vine-tree, and laid his Breast open, ready to entertain the bloody stroke of some unrelenting maiden: but such pity, meekness, mercy and kind lenity lodged in the heart of every maiden, that none would take in hand to be the bloody Executioner of so brave a Knight. At last the renowned **Nabuzardan** gave strict commandment upon pain of death, that **Lo** should be cast beneath the maies of **Juda** that were the present, and to whom the **Lot** fell, he should be the fatal Executioner of the condemned Christian. But by chance the **Lot** fell to **Celestine** the Kings own Daughter, being the person of beauty, and the fairest maid then living in **Jerusalem**, in whose heart no such deed of cruelty could be harboured, nor in whose hand no bloody weapon could be entertained. Instead of Death she fatal Instrument, she shot towards his Breast, a deep strained sigh, the true messenger of Love, and afterwards to Heaven, she thus made her humble Supplication.

Thou great Commander of Celestial moving Powers, convert the cruel motions of my Fathers's mind, into a spring of piteous tears, that they may wash away the blood of this innocent Knight, from the habitation of his stained purple Soul. O **Judah** and **Jerusalem**, within whose Bosoms lives a Wilderness of Tygers, regenerate from Natures kind, more cruel than the hungry Canibals, and  
more



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more obdurate than untamed Lions; What merciless Tygers can un-  
rip that breast, where lives the image of true Nobility, the very  
pattern of Knighthood, and the Map of a noble mind? No no, be-  
fore my hand shall be stained with Christians blood, I will like Scylla  
against all nature sell my Countries safety, or like Medea wander with  
the Golden Fleece to unknown Nations.

Thus, and in such manner complained the Leauteous Celestine  
the Kings Daughter of Jerusalem, till her sighs stopped the pas-  
sage of her speech, and her tears stained the natural beauty of her  
Roses cheeks: her hair which glistered like to Golden wires, be-  
belmeared in dust, and disrobed her self from her costly Garments,  
and then with a train of her Amazonian Ladies, went to the  
King her Father, where after a long suit, He not only obtained  
his life, but liberty, yet therewithall his perpetual Banishment  
from Jerusalem, and from all the borders of Juda, the want of  
whose sight more grieved her heart, than the loss of her own life.  
So this Noble and praise-worthy Celestine returns to the Chri-  
stian Champion that expected every minute to encounter the Sen-  
tence of Death, but this expectation fell out contrary: for the  
good Lady after she had sealed two or three kisses upon his pale  
Lips, being changed through the fear of Death, cut the bands that  
bound his body to the Tree, into many pieces, and then with  
a flood of salt tears, the motives of true love, she thus revealed her  
mind.

Most Noble Knight, and true Champion of Christendom, thy life  
and liberty I have gained, but therewith thy banishment from Juda,  
which is a Hell of horror to my Soul: for in thy bosome have I built  
my happiness, and in thy heart I account the Paradise of my true  
love, thy first sight and lovely countenance did ravish me, for  
when these eyes beheld thee mounted on thy Princely Palfrey, my  
heart burned in affection towards thee: therefore dear Knight, in  
reward of my love, be thou my Champion, and for my sake wear  
this Ring, with this Poëse engraven in it, *Adeo affectionem*, and so giving  
him a Ring from her Finger, and therewithall a Bill from her  
Mouth, she departed with a sorrowful sigh, in company of her  
Father and the rest of his honorable Train, back to the City of  
Jerusalem, being as then near the setting of the Sun. But now  
St. James the Champion of Spain, having escaped the danger of  
Death, and at full liberty to depart from that unhappy Nation, be-  
fell into many cogitations, one while thinking upon the true love  
of

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of Celestine: (whose name as yet he was ignorant of) another while upon the cruelty of her Father: then intending to depart into his own Countrey, but looking back to the Towers of Jerusalem, his mind suddenly altered, for thither he purposed to go, hoping to have sight of his Lady and Mistress, and to live in some disguised sort in her presence, and be his loves true Champion against all Comers. So gathering certain black Berries from the Trees he coloured his body all over like a Blackamoze: but yet considering that his Countrey Speech would discover him, intended likewise to continue dumb all the time of his residence in Jerusalem.

So all things ordered according to his desire, he took his Journey to the City, where with signs and other motions of dumbness, he declared his intent, which was to be entertained in the Court, and to spend his time in the service of the King. Whole countenance when the King beheld, which termed of the natural colour of the Moors, he little mistrusted him to be the Christian Champion whom before he greatly envied, but accounted him one of the bravest Indian Knights that ever his eye beheld: therefore he entailed him with the honour of Knighthood, and appointed him to be one of his Guard, and likewise his Daughters only Champion. Thus when S. James of Spain saw himself invested in that honourable place, his soul was ravished with such exceeding joy, that he thought no pleasure comparable to his, no place of Elifium but the Court of Jerusalem, and no goodnels but his beloved Celestine.

Long continued he dumb, casting forth many a loving sigh in the presence of his Lady and Mistress, not knowing how to reveal the secrets of his mind.

So upon a time, there arrived in the Court of Nabuzaradan, the King of Arabia, with the Admiral of Babylon, both presuming upon the love of Celestine, and craving her in the way of Marriage, but she exempted all their motions of love from her chaste mind, only building her thoughts upon the Spanish Knight, which she supposed to be in his own Countrey.

At whose melancholy passions her importunate Suitors, the King of Arabia, and the Admiral of Babylon marvelled: and therefore intended upon an Entertainment to present her with some rare devised Mask. So choosing out fit Comforts for their Courtly Passions, of which number the King of Arabia was chief, and first Leader of the Train, the great Admiral of Babylon was the second,

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cond, and her own Champion *S. James* the third, who was called in the Court by the name of the Dumb Knight, in this manner the Mask was performed.

First entered a most excellent Consort of Musick, after them the aforesaid Maskers in cloath of Gold, and most curiously imbroidered, and daunced a courle about the Hall, at the end whereof the King of Arabia presented Celestine with a costly Sword, at the Hilt whereof hung a silver Globe, and upon the point was erected a Golden Crown: then the Musick sounded another courle, of which the Admiral of Babylon was Leader, who presented her with a Vesture of pure Silk, of the colour of the Main-bow, brought in by Diana, Venus and Juno: which being done, the Musick sounded the third time, in which courle *S. James* though unknown was the Leader of the Dance, who at the end thereof presented Celestine with a Garland of sweet Flowers, which was brought in by the three graces, and put upon her head. Afterwards the Christian Champion intending to discover himself unto his Lady and Mistresse, took her by the lilly hand, and led her a stately Morisco Dance, which was no sooner finished, but he offered her the Diamond Ring which she gave him at his departure in the woods, the which she presently knew by the Posse, and shortly after had intelligence of his long continued Dumbness, his counterfeite Colours, his changing of Nature, and the great danger he put himself to for her sake: which caused her with all the speed she could possibly make, to break off company, and to retire into a Chamber which she had by, where the same Evening he had a long Conference with her true and faithful Lover and adventurous Champion: and to conclude, they made some agreement betwixt them, that the same night unknown to any in the Court, he had Jerusalem adeu, and by the light of Cynthia's glistering beams stole from her Father's Pallace, where in company of none but *S. James*, he took her Journey towards the Countrey of Spain. But this Noble Knight by policy prevented all ensuing dangers, for he had his Horse backwards, whereby when they were missed in the Court, they might be followed the contrary way.

By this means escaped the two lovers from the fury of the Jews, and arrived safely in Spain, in the City of Sivil, wherein the brave Champion *S. James* was born: where now we leave them for a time to their own contented minds. Also passing over the hurly burly in Jerusalem for the loss of Calahan, the vain pursuits of adventurous Knights, in leaving the Doors and Patens, the

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the preparing of fresh Boyle to follow them, and the mustering of  
Souldiers to pursue them, the frantick passions of the King for  
his Daughter, the melancholy moan of the Admirall of Babylon  
for his Mistress, and the woeful lamentation of the Arabian King, for  
his Lady and Love: we will return to the adventures of the other  
Christian Champions.

### CHAP. VI.

The terrible Battell betwixt St. Anthony the Champion of Italy,  
and the Gyant Blanderon: and afterwards of the strange entertain-  
ment in the Gyants Castle, by a Thracian Lady, and what hapned  
unto him in the same Castle.

It was the same time of the year when the Earth was newly  
deckt with the Summers livery, when the noble and Heroical  
infused Champion St. Anthony of Italy arriv'd in Thracia, where  
he spent his seven years travels to the honour of his Country, the  
glory of God, and to his own still lasting memory: For after he  
had travell'd through Woods and Wildernesses, by Hills and  
Dales, by Caves and Dens, and other unknown passages, he ar-  
riv'd at last upon the top of an high and steep Mountain, where-  
on stood a wonderful huge and strong Castle, which was kept by  
the most mighty Gyant under the cope of Heaven, whose puissant  
force all Thracia could not overcome, nor once attempt to with-  
stand, but with the danger of their whole Country. The Gyants  
name was Blanderon, his Castle of the purest Marble-stone, his  
Gates of yellow Brays, and over the principal Gate were graven  
these Verses following.

Within this Castle lives the scourge of Kings,  
Old furious Gyant, whose unconquer'd power,  
The Thracian Monarch in subjection brings,  
And keeps his Daughters Prisoners in his power.  
Seven Damfels lair this monstrous Gyant keeps,  
That sing him Musick while he nightly sleeps.

His bars of Steel a thousand Knights have felt,  
Which for their Virgins sake have lost their lives;  
For all the Champions bold that with him dealt  
This most invincible Gyant all survives.

Let

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Let simple passengers take heed betime,  
When up this steep Mountain they do clime,  
But Knights of worth and men of noble mind,  
If any chance to travel by this Tower,  
That for these Maidens sake will be so kind,  
To try their strength against the Gyants power,  
Shall have a Virgins prayer both day and night,  
To prosper them with good successful fight,

After he had read what was written over the Gate, desire of Fame so encouraged him, and the thirst of Honour so imboldened his valiant mind, that he either vowed to redeem those Ladies from their servitude, or die with honour by the fury of the Giant. So going to the Castle Gate, he struck so vehemently thereon with the Pummel of his Sword, that it sounded like a mighty thunder-clap: whereat Blanderon suddenly started up, being fast asleep close by a Fountains side, and came pacing forth of the Gate, with an Oak-tree upon his neck: who at the sight of the Italian Champion so lightly flourished it about his head, as though it had been a light Cattle-ear, and with these words gave the Noble Champion entertainment.

What surp hath incens'd thy overbolded mind (proud Blander) thus to adventure thy feeble force against the violence of my strong Arms: I tell thee hadst thou the strength of Hercules, who bore the Mountain Atlas on his shoulders; or the policy of Ulysses by which the City of Troy was ruin'd; or the might of Xerxes, whose multitudes drank up the Rivers as they pass'd: yet all so feeble, weak, and impotent, to encounter with the mighty Giant Blanderon; thy force I esteem like a blast of wind, and thy strokes as a few drops of water: Therefore beake thee to thy Weapon, which I compare to a Bulrush, for on this ground will I measure out thy grave; and after eat thy feeble Body with one of my hands heading down this steep Mountain.

Thus boasted the vain-glorious Gyant upon his own strength. During which time, the valiant & hardy Champion had alighted from his Horse, where after he had made his humble supplication to the heavens for his good speed, and committed his fortune to the imperial Queen of destiny, he approached within the Gyants reach, who with his great Oak so nimble bestir'd him with such vehement blows, that they seem'd to shake the earth, and to rattle

against



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against the wall of the Castle like mighty thunder-claps, and had not the politick Knight continually skipped from the fury of his blow, he had been bruised as small as dust unto the pot, for every stroke that the Giant gave, the root of his Oak entered at the least two or three inches into the ground. But such was the wisdom and policy of the worthy Champion, not to withstand the force of his weapon, till the Giant grew breathless, and not able through his long labour to lift the Oak above his Head, and likewise the heat of the Sun was so intolerable (by reason of the extreme height of the Mountain, and the mighty weight of his Iron Coat) that the sweat of the Giants brows ran into his eyes, & by reason he was so extreme fat, he grew so blind, that he could not see to endure combat with him any longer, & as far as he could perceive would have retired or run back again into his own Castle, but that the Italian Champion with a bold courage assailed the Giant so fiercely, that he was forced to let his Oak fall, & stand gasping for breath, which when this noble Knight beheld, with a fresh supply he redoubled his blows so courageously, that they battered on the Giant's Armour like a storm of winters hail, whereby at last Blanderon was compelled to ask the Champion mercy, and to crave at his hands some respite of breathing: but his demand was in vain, for the valiant Knight supposed now or never to obtain the honour of the day, and therefore rested not his weary arm, but redoubled blow after blow, till the Giant for want of breath, and through the anguish of his deep gashed wounds, was forced to give the world a farewell, and to yield the riches of his Castle to the most renowned Conquerour S. Anthony the Champion of Italy: But by that time the long and dangerous Encounter was finished, and the Giant Blanderon's Head was dismembered from his Body, the Sun sat mounted on the highest part of the Elements, which caused the day to be extreme hot and sultry, the Champions Armour so scalded him, that he was constrained to unbrace his Coatee, and to lay aside his Burgonet, and to cast his body on the cold earth, only to mitigate his over-burdened heat. But such was the unnatural coldness of the Earth, and so unkindly to his overheated body, that the melted grease of his inward parts was cooled suddenly, whereby his body received such unnatural dis temper, that the vapours of the Earth strooke presently to his heart, by which his vital air of life excluded, and his body without sense or moving: where in the mercy of pale Death he lay bereaved of feeling for the space of an hour.

During

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During which time fair Rosalinde (one of the Daughters of the Thracian King being as then Prisoner in the Castle) by chance looked over the Walls, and espied the body of the Giant headless, under whose subjection he had continued in great servitude; for the time of seven months, likewise by him a Knight unarmed as she thought panting for breath, the which the Lady judged to be the Knight that had slain the Giant Blanderon; and the man by whom her delivery should be recovered, she presently descended the walls of the Castle, and ran with all speed to the adventurous Champion, whom she found dead. But yet being nothing discouraged of his recovery, feeling as yet a warm blood in every member, retired back with all speed to the Castle, and fetcht a Hor of precious Balm, the which the Giant was wont to pour into his wounds after his encounter with any Knight: with which Balm this courteous Lady chased every part of the headless Champion's body, one while washing his stiff Limbs with her salt tears, the which like pearls fell from her eyes, another while dyping them with tresses of her golden hair, which hung dangling in the wind, then chasing his lifeless body again with a balm of a contrary nature, but yet no sign of life could she espye in the dead Knight, which caused her to grow desperate of all hope of his recovery. Wherefore like a loving meek and kind Lady, considering he had lost his life for her sake, she intended to bear him company in death, and with her own hands to finish her days, and to die upon his Breast, as Thisbe died upon the Breast of her true Pyramis: therefore as the Swan sings a while before her death, so this sorrowful Lady warbled forth this Swan-like Song over the body of the noble Champion,

Muses come mourn with doleful melody,  
Kind Sylvan Nymphs that sit in rose-bowers,  
With brackish tears commix your harmony,  
To wail with me both minutes, days, and hours,  
A heavy, sad, and Swan-like song sing I,

To ease my heart a while before I die,  
Dead is the Knight for whom I live and die,  
Dead is the Knight which for my sake is slain:  
Dead is the Knight, for whom my careful cry:  
With wounded soul, for ever shall complain,  
A heavy, sad, and Swan-like song sing I,

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I'll lay my breast upon a silver stream,  
And swim in Elysiums Lilly Fields :  
There in Ambrosia Trees I'll write a theme,  
Of all the woful sighs my sorrow yields,  
A heavy, sad, and swan-like song sing I, &c.

Farewell fair Woods, where sing the Nightingales,  
Farewell fair Fields, where feed the light-foot Doe,  
Farewell you Groves, you Hills, and Flowry Dales,  
But fare you ill the cause of all my woes :  
A heavy, sad, and swan-like song sing I, &c.

Ring out my ruth, you hollow Caves of stone,  
Both Birds, and Beasts, with all things on the ground :  
You senseless Trees be assistant to my moan,  
That up to Heaven my sorrows may resound.  
A heavy, sad, and Swan-like song sing I, &c.

Let all the Towns of Thrace ring out my knell,  
And write in leaves of Brass what I have said :  
That after ages may remember well,  
How Rosalinde both liv'd and dy'd a Maid :  
A heavy, sad, and swanlike song sing I, &c.

This woful ditty was no sooner ended, but the desperate Lady  
unsheathed the Champions sword, which was as yet all bespinn-  
led with the Giants blood, and being at the very point to execute her  
intended Tragedy, and the sharp edged weapon directly against her  
Booby breast, she heard the distressed Knight give a grievous and  
terrible groan, whereat she stopped her remorseless hand, and with  
more discretion tendered her own safety : for up this time the balm  
wherewith she anointed his body, by wonderful operation, reco-  
vered the dead Champion, insomuch that after some few gasps  
and deadly sighs, he rais'd up his stiff Limbs from the cold Earth,  
where like one cast into a trance, for a time he galled up and down  
the mountain, but at the last having recovered his lost Senses,  
espied the Thracian Damsel standing not able to speak one word,  
her joy so abundant : but after some continuance of time he reveal-  
ed to her the manner of his dangerous encounter, and successful  
victory ; & she the cause of his recovery, and her in ended Tragedy  
and here

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where after many kind salutations, she courteously took him by the hand, and led him into the Castle, where for that Night he lodged his weary Limbs in an easie bed stufed with Swisse feathers, and fastest chille down: the Chamber where he lay, had as many windows as there were Moons in the year, and as many doors as there were quarters in a year; and to reliefe the curious Architecture, and the artificial workmanship of the place, were too tedious, and a work without end.

But to be short, the noble minded Knight slept soundly after his dangerous Battle, without mistrusting of Treason, or rebellious Cogitations, till golden Phoebus had him good morrow. When rising out of his sloughful bed, he attired himself, not in his warred Habilliments of War, but in purple Garments according to the time of Peace, and so intended to overview the Marities of the Castle: but the *M. Rosalinde* all the morning was busied in looking to his Horse, preparing delicacies for his repast, and in making a fire against his uprising, where after he had refreshed his weary Steps with a dainty Banquet, and caroled down two or three hols of Greekish Wine, he after by the counsel of *Rosalinde*, it tyed the Giant from his Iron furniture, and left his naked body upon a craggy Rock, to be deuoured of hungry Ravens: whch being done, the Thracian Virgin discovered all the Castle to the adventurous Champion: first she led him to a leaden Tower, where hung a hundred well approved Costlers, with other martial Furniture, which were the spoils of such Knights as he had violently slain: after that, she brought him to a stable, wherein stood a hundred pampered Jades, which daily fed upon nothing but humane flesh, against it was directly placed the Gyants own Lodging, his Bed was of Iron, corded with mighty bands of Steel, the Roof and Covering of carved Wals, the Curtains were of frains of Gold, and the rest of a strange and wonderful substance of the nature of the Element: after this she led him to a broad Pond of Water, more cleare than quick Silver, the streams whereof lay continually as smooth as Crystal, wherein swam six milk white Swans with Crowns of Gold about their Necks.

Q here (said the Thracian Lady) begins the Hell of all my grief. At which words a pearded shower of tears ran from the泉 of her eyes, that for a time they stain the passage of her tongue: but having discharged her heart from a few tormentall sighs, she began in this manner to tell her forepassed fortunes:

These six milk-white Swans, most honourable Knights, you know hold

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bold swimming in this River (quoth the Lady Roshinde) be my natural Sisters, both by birth and blood, and all Daughters to the King of Thracia, being now Governour of this unhappy Countrey, and the beginning of our imprisonment began in this unfortunate manner:

The King my Father, ordained a solemn hunting to be holden through the Land, in which honourable pastime, my self, in Company of my six Sisters was present. So in the middle of our sports, when the Lords and Barons of Thracia were in chase after a mighty Stag, the Heavens suddenly began to lour: the Firmaments overcast, and a general darkness over-spread the face of the whole Earth: then presently rose such a storm of Lightning and Thunder, as though Heaven and Earth had met together: by which our Lordly troops of Knights and Barons were separated one from another, and we poor Maides forced to seek for shelter under the bottom of this high and steep Mountain: where when this cruel Giant Blarverock espied us, as he walked upon his Battlements, he suddenly descended the Mountain, and fetcht us all under his Arm up into the Castle, where ever since we have lived in great servitude: and for the wonderfull transformation of my six Sisters thus, it came to pass as followeth.

Upon a time the Giant being overcharged with Wine, grew enamoured upon our Beauties, and desired much to enjoy the pleasure of our Virginities, our excellent gifts of nature so inflamed his mind with lust, that he would have forced us every one to satisfy his lustful desires, he took my six Sisters one by one into his Lodging, thinking to deflower them, but their earnest prayers prevailed in the sight of God, that he presented their Chastities by a most strange and wonderfull miracle, and turned their comely bodies into the shape of milk white Swans, even in the same form as here you see them swimming. So when this monstrous Giant saw that his intent was crost, and how there was none left behind to satisfy his want, but my unfortunate self, he restrained his filthy lust, not violating my honour with any taste of lust, but kept me then first a most pure Virgin, until such time as hissing Duck should bring him to his death.

Thus have you heard (most Noble Knight) the true discourse of my most unhappy Story, and the wonderfull transformation of my six Sisters, whose fate is this way to greatly lamented throughout all Thracia: and thus have we made an end of her most tragical discourse, and will to night the rest of her story. Whereat the Knight being appalled at her story like to a man in doubt, and having said thus much, and thus kindly began to comfort her:

And

And



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Spot near and kind Lady, within whose countenance I see how  
 virtue is imprinted, and in whose mind lives the magnanimous  
 let these few words suffice to comfort thy sorrowful Cogitations.  
 First think that thy Prayers add most beneficial unto thee, in pre-  
 serving thy chastity from the Giant's insatiable desires: then for thy  
 deliver by my means from thy Raptivitude: thyself and lady  
 is, that thou remaining in thy natural shape and likeness, may live  
 to be the means of thy Sisters transformation: Wherefore dry  
 up these Crystal pearled tears, and bid thy long continued sor-  
 rows adieu, for grief is companion with despair, and despair a  
 precursor of infamous death.

Thus the woful Thracian Lady was comforted by the Noble  
 Christian Champion: whose after a little kind greetings, they intend-  
 ed to travel to her Fathers Court, there to relate what happened to  
 her Sisters in the Castle, likewise the Giant's confusion, and her  
 own safe delivery, by the illustrious promises of the Christian  
 Knight. In taking the Keys of the Castle, which were of a won-  
 derful weight, they locked up the Gates, and paced hand in  
 hand down the steep Mountain, till they approached the Thracian  
 Court, which was distant from the Castle some ten miles: but by  
 that time they had a sight of the Palace, the Sun was hidden in  
 the under world, and the light of Heaven far misten in a Cloud  
 of pitch, the which not a little disconcerted the weary Travellers,  
 but at last coming to her Fathers Court, they heard a solemn  
 sound of Bells ringing the funeral knell of some noble Person: the  
 cause of which solemn ringing they demanded of the Porter, who  
 in this manner expressed the truth of the matter to them.

Fair Lady and most renowned Knight (said the Porter) be it you  
 seem both by your Speeches and honourable demands, the cause of this  
 ringing is for the loss of the King's seven Daughters, the number of  
 which Bells be seven, called after the Names of the seven Princesses,  
 which never yet have ceased their doleful melody, since the departure  
 of the unhappy Ladies: nor never shall, until joyful news be heard of  
 their safe return.

Then now their tasks be ended (said the noble minded Rosalind)  
 for we bring happy news of the seven Princesses, who in the which  
 words the Porter being ravish'd with joy, in all haste ran to the King's  
 place, and caused the Bells to cease, whereas the King of Thracia  
 being at his royal Supper, and hearing the Bells to cease their  
 doleful melody, suddenly started up from his Princely seat, and  
 like a man amazed ran to the Palace Gate, where he found

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his Daughters Rosalinde in company of a strange Knight: which when he beheld, his joy so exceeded, that he sounded in his Daughters hearts: but being recovered to his former sense, he brought them up into his Princely Hall, where three Entertainmentes were so honourable and so gracious to the eyes of the whole Court, that to were too tedious and overlong to describe: but their joy continued but a short season; for it was presently taste with Rosalinde a magical discourse: for the good Old King when he heard of his Daughters transformations, and that they lived in the shape of milk-white Swans, he rent his locks of silver hair, which time had died with the pledge of wisdom: his rich garments he tore in many pieces, and clad his aged limbs in a dismal black, and sable mantle, as discontented then as the woful King of Troy, when he beheld his own Son dragged by the hair of the head up and down the streets: also he commanded that his Knights and adventurous Champions, instead of glittering Armour, should wear the weeds of Death, make black in hue when all others darrest nights; and all the Courty Ladies and gallant Thracian Maidens, instead of silken Elegance, he commanded to wear such heavy, sad and melancholy Garments, and even as unto a solemn funeral, to attend him to the Giant's Castle, and there obsequiously to offer up unto the angry destinies, many a bitter sigh and tear, in remembrance of his transformed Daughters; which Decree of the sorrowful Thracian King was performed with all convenient speed: for the next morning no sooner had Phoebus cast his beauty into the Kings Bed-chamber, but he apparelled himself in mourning Garments, and in company of his melancholy Train set forward to his woful Pilgrimage. But here we must not forget the Princely minded Champion of Italy, nor the noble minded Rosalinde, who at the Kings departure towards the Castle, craved leave to stay behind, and not so suddenly to begin new travels: whereunto quickly the King consented, considering their late Journey the Evening before: so taking the Castle Keys from the Champion, he had his Palace adieu, and committed his Fortune to his sorrowful Journey; where we leave him in a world of discontented passions, and a while discourse what hapned to the Christian Champion and his beloved Lady: for by that time the Sun had chace measured the World with his restless Beams, and thrice his sister was wandered to the West, the Noble Italian Knight grew weary of his long continuance rest, and thought it a great dishonour and a scandal to his val-  
ant

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arrived, to remain where nought but Champion-sports were re-  
sident, and desired rather to abide in a Court that entertained the  
doleful murmuring of Tragedies, or where the joyful sound of  
Dances and Tumblers should be heard: the squire he, as Rosalinde  
by the hand being taken in a dumpy for want of her Father, to whom  
the Noble Knight in this manner expressed his heart's desire,

My most devoted Lady and Mistress (as the Champion) a second  
Dido for thy love, a stain to Venus for thy beauty, Idelopes com-  
pare for constancy, and for chastity, the wonder of all Maids: the faith-  
ful love that hitherto I have found, since my arrival, for ever shall be  
shrined in my heart, and before all Ladies under the cope of Heaven; thou  
shalt live and die my Loves true Goddess; and for thy sake I'll stand as  
Champion against all Knights in the World: But to impair the honour  
of my Knighthood, and to live like a Carpet-Dancer in the laps of  
Ladies I will not; though I can tune a Lute in a Princes Chamber,  
I can sound a fierce Alarum in the field; Honour calls me forth, dear  
Rosalinde, and Fame intends to buckle on my Armour, which now  
lies rusting in the idle Court of Uriage. Therefore I am constrained  
(though most unwillingly) to leave the comfortable sight of thy Beauty,  
and commit my Fortune to a longer Travell; but I protest wherefore  
I become, or in what Region soever I be harboured, there will I main-  
tain to the loss of my Life, that both thy love, constancy, beauty, and  
chastity, surpasseth all Dames alive; and with this promise, my most  
Divine Rosalinde, I bid thee farewell. But before the honourable  
minded Champion could finish what he purposed to utter, the  
Lady being wounded inwardly with extreme grief, not able to  
endure to keep silent any longer, but with tears falling from her  
eyes, brake off his speech in this manner;

Sir Knight (said she) by whom my liberty hath been obtained: the  
Name of Lady and Mistress wherewith you entitle me, is too high and  
proud a Name, but rather call me Hand-Maid, or servile Slave; for  
on thy Noble person will I evermore attend: It is not Uriage can  
harbour me when thou art absent, and before I do forsake thy com-  
pany and kind fellowship, Heaven shall be no Heaven, the Sea no  
Sea, nor the Earth no Earth; but if thou provest unconstant, as when  
num did to Scilla, who for his sake stole her Fathers Purple Robe,  
whereof depended the safety of his Country, or like wandering Mo-  
neus forsake the Queen of Carthage: these tender and soft hands of  
mine shall never be uncloped, but hang upon thy Horse-bidle till  
my Body like Thebes's Son be dashed in sunder against hard stony  
Sonne: Therefore forsake me not dear Knight of Christendom.

ever

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ever Cathina proved to her Sonnet, or Alliance to her Lover, Rosalinde will be as true to thee: so with this plighted Promise she caught him fast about his Neck, from whence she would not unclose her Hands till he had vowed by the honour of true Chivalry, to make her his Companion, and only Partner in his Travels: and in this order it was accomplished:

They being both agreed, she was most richly attired like a Page in green Sarcenet, her hair bound up most cunningly with a Silk Liss, artificially wrought with curious knots, that she might travel without Suspicion of blamish of honour: Her Rapiere was a Turkish Blade, and her Bonnet of the finest fashion, which she wore at her back tied with an Orange-tawney coloured Scarf, besetted with Tassels of unknown silk, her Bushings of the finestest Kid-shins, her Spurs of the purest Lydia Steel, in which upon the noble and beautiful Lady was attired, she seemed in stature like the God of Love, when he is dandled upon Doves Back, or rather Amored Loves Minion, or Adonis, when Venus throws her white skin to entrap his eyes to her unchaste desires. Thus to be drest, all things being in readiness for their departure from Thrace, this famous worthy Knight mounted on his eager Horse, and the magnanimous Rosalinde on her gentle Palfrey, in pace more swift than the winged winds, or a Cock-boat floating upon Crystal Streams, they both had adieu to the Country of Thrace, and committed their Journey to the Queen of Chance: Whereto Smile Heavens, and guide them with a most happy Star, until they arrive where their Souls do most desire. The bravest and boldest Knight that ever wandered by the way, and the loveliest Lady that ever eye beheld.

In whole travels my muse must leave them for a season, and speak of the Thracian Journeys, which by this time had watered the Earth with abundance of their Ceremonious Tears, and made the Elements true witnesses of their sad Laments, as hereafter followeth in this next Chapter.

### C H A P. VII.

Now St. Andrew the Champion of Scotland, travelled into a Vale of walking Spirits, and how he was set at liberty by a going Fire, after his journey into Thrace, where he recovered the six Ladies to their natural Ropes, that had lived seven years in the likeness of white Swans, with other Accidents that befel the most Noble Champion.

Now of the honourable adventures of St. Andrew, the famous Champion of Scotland, must I discourse, whose seven years travels

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travels were as strange as any of the other Champions: For after he had departed from the Wyezen Hillar, as you heard in the beginning of the History, he travelled through many strange and unknown Nation, beyond the Circuit of the Sun, where it is one time in the year he takes his highdome beams; but continual darkness overspreads the whole Country, and there lives a kind of people, that have Heads like Dogs, that in extremity of hunger do devour one another, from which people this noble Champion was strangely delivered, where after he had wandered some certain days, neither seeing the glorious brightness of the Sun, nor the comfortable countenance of the Moon, but only guided by darkle Planets of the Elements, he came to a vale of walking Spirits, which he supposed to be the very dungeon of Hell, as Acheron, where he heard the howling of sixteen Furies, howling of Furnaces, rattling of Armour, trampling of Horses, ringing of Chains, lurching of Iron, roaring of Spirits, and such like horrid noises, that it made the Scottish Champion almost at his wits end. But yet having an undaunted Courage, and being all fear, he durst make his supplication to Heaven, that God would deliver him from that discomfited place of darkness, and so presently as the Champion knelt down upon the barren ground (wherein grew neither herb, flower, grass, or any other green thing) he beheld a certain Game of Fire walking up and down before him, whereto he grew in such an ecstasy of love, that he stood for a time amazed, whether to love, or to be loved, by so stand still: that yet retaining his senses, he remembered himself, how he had used in former times of a going Fire, called by the name, the Fire of Destiny: by some, Will with the Wisp, or Will with the Lanthorn: and likewise, by some Angle Country people, The fair Maid of Ireland, which commonly used to lead wandering Travellers out of their ways: the like imaginations entered the Champions mind: so incouraging himself with his own conceits, and clearing up his dull thoughts, his hyperbolic fancy exalted, he directly followed the going Fire, which he follow'd as close him, that by that time the guides of the Spirit had almost chafed against in the contact, he was safely be brought to the vale of walking Spirits, by the attention of the going Fire. Thus began the Sun to show itself, the Sun, which he had not seen in many many days, he saw it as bright as the sun, and being long walked before him, he was at last brought to the vale of walking Spirits, as though he had walked to a dead end.



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be deckt with all kind of fragrant Flowers. At last, without any further molestation, he arrived within the Territories of Thracia, a Country as you have heard in the former Chapter, adorned with the beauty of many fair woods and Forests, through which he travelled with small rest, and less sleep, till he came to the foot of the Mountain, whereupon stood the Castle wherein the woful King of Thracia, in company of his sorrowful subjects, still lamented the unhappy destinies of his six daughters turned into Swans, having Crowns of Gold about their Necks; when the valiant Champion S. Andrew beheld the lofty situation of the Castle, and the invincible strength it seemed to be of, he expected some strange adventure to befall him in the said Castle, to preparing his Sword in readines, and buckling close bys Armour, which was a shirt of silver Mail for lightness in travel, he climbed the mountain; whereupon he espied the Giant lying upon a craggy Rock, with his Limbs and Members all rent and torn, by the fury of hunger-starved Fowls: which loathsome Spectacle was no little wonder to the worthy Champion, considering the mighty stature and bigness of the Giant, to see leaching his purfled body to the winds, he approached the Gates: where after he had read the Inscription over the same, without any interruption, entered the Castle, whence he expected a fierce encounter by some Knight that should have defended the same; but all things fell out contrary to his imagination: for after he had found many a strange novelty & hidden secret closed in the same, he chanced at last to come where the Thracians duly observed their ceremonious Performances, which in this order were daily performed, first upon Sundays, which in that Countrey is the first day in the Week, all the Thracians attired themselves after the manner of Bacchus Priests, & burned perfumed Incense, with sweet Arabian Frankincense, upon a religious Altar, which they offered to the Sun as chief Governor of that day, thinking thereby to appease the angry Destinies, and to recover the unhappy Ladies to their former shape: upon Mondays, clad in Garments after the Solvanes, & colour like to the waves of the Sea, they offered up their seats to the Moon, being the ruler and Mistress of that day: upon Tuesdays like Scythians trailing their harners in the dust, and drums sounding sad and doleful melody, in sign of discontent, they commended their proceeding to the presence of Mars, being ruler and guide of that day: upon Wednesdays like Scythians with Harpings, upon Thursdays like Persians, and on Fridays like Jews, with their

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sounding Musick to Venus; and upon Saturday, like manual professors, to the angry and discontented Saturn.

Thus the woful Thracian King, and his sorrowful subjects, consumed seven Months away, one while accusing Fortune of despight, another while the Heavens of injustice; the one for his Children's transformations, the other for their long limited Punishments. But at last when the Scottish Champion heard what bitter moan the Thracians made about the River, he demanded the cause, and to what purpose they observed such ceremonies, condemning the Wifedom of Jehovah, and only worshipping but outward and vain Gods, to whom the King after a few sad tears strained from the conduits of his aged eyes, Replied in this manner.

Most Noble Knight, for so you seem by your gesture and other outward appearance, (quoth the King,) if you desire to know the cause of our continual grief, prepare your ears to hear a Tragick and woful tale, whereat methinks I see the Elements begin to mourn, and cover their asured countenance with sable Clouds: These milk-white Swans you see, whose Becks are beautified with Golden Colours, are my six natural Daughters, transformed into this Swan-like substance, by the appointment of the Gods; for of late this Castle was kept by a cruel Giant, named Bladderbon, who by violence would have ravished them, but the Heavens to preserve their chastities, prevented his lustful desires: and transformed their beautiful bodies to these milk-white Swans; and now seven years the cheerful Spring hath rennewed the Earth with a Summers Livery, and seven times the stirring Winter Frosts have bereaved the Trees of Leaf, and Bud, since first my Daughters lost their Virgin Hopes: seven Summers have they swam upon this Crystal Stream, where in Head of rich Attire, and imbordered Vestments, their smooth Silver-coloured Feathers adorn their comely Bodies: Princely Gallies, wherein they were wont, like tripping Dea-Symphons, to dance their measures up and down, are now exchanged into cold streams of water: wherein their chiefest melody, is the murmuring of cold liquid bubbles, and their joyful pleasure to hear the harmony of humming Bees, which some Poets call the Gules birds.

Thus have you heard (most worthy Knight) the woful Tragedy of my Daughters, for whose sakes I will spend the remnant of my days heavily, complaining of their long appointed Punishments, about the banks of this unhappy River. Which sad Discourse was no sooner ended, but the Scottish Knight (having a

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mind furnished with all princely thoughts, and a tongue walke in the Fountain of Eloquence) thus replied, to the comfort and great restoring of the Company.

Most Noble King (quoth the Champion) your heavy and dolorous discourse hath constrained my heart to a wonderful passion, and compelled my very soul to rue your daughters miseries. But yet a greater grief and deeper sorrow than that hath taken possession of my heart, whereof my eyes have been witnesses, and my ears unhappy hearers of your misbelief, I mean your unchristian faith: For I have seen since my first arrival into this same Castle, your prophane and vain worship of strange and false Gods, as of Phebus, Luna, Mars, Mercury, and such like Poetical Fables, which the Majesty of high Jehovah utterly contemns. But magnificent Governour of Thracia, if you seek to recover your Daughters by humble prayer, and to obtain your Souls content by true tears, you must abandon all such vain Ceremonies, and with true humility believe in the Christian God, which is the God of wonders, and chief Commander of the rolling Elements, in whose quarrel this unconquered Arm, and this undaunted Heart of mine shall fight: and now be it known to thee great King of Thracia, that I am a Christian Champion, by birth a Knight of Scotland, bearing my Comeries Arms upon my breast, (for indeed thereon he bore a Silver Cross, set in blue Silt) and therefore in the honour of Christendom, I challenge thee the bravest Knight at Arms, against whom I will maintain that our God is the true God, and the true Christian and only Ceremonies.

Which sudden and unexpected Challenge, so daunted the Thracian Champions, that they stood amazed for a time, gazing upon one another, like men drop from the clouds: but at last consulting together, how the Challenge of the strange Knight, tows to the dishonour of their Country, a later stand of Arms, and Dignity, they with a general consent, desired leave of the King, that the challenge might be taken, who as willingly consented as they demanded. So both time and place was appointed, which was the next morning following, by the Kings commandment, upon a large and plain meadow close by the River side, whereon the Swans were swimming, whereupon after the Christian Champion had cut down his deep Challenge, and the Thracian Knight accepted thereof, both departed for that night, the Challenge to the East side of the Castle to his lodging, and the Defendants to the West, where they slept quietly till the next morning, who by

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the break of day, were wakened by a Herald of Arms: but all the passed night, our Scottish Champion never entertained one motion of rest, but buſied himself in trimming his Horse, buckling on his Armour, Lacing on his Burgonet, and making prayers to the divine Father of God, for the Conquest and Victory, till the mornings beauty chased away the darkness of the night, and no longer were the windows of the day full opened, but the valliant and noble minded Champion of Christendom entered the List, where the King in company of the Thracian Lords was present to behold the Combat: and so after S. Andrew had choise of three traced his Horse up and down the Lists, bravely flourishing his Lance, at the top whereof hung a Pendant of Gold, whose Doffie was thus written in Silver Letters, This day a Martyr or a Conquerour: Then entered a Knight in exceeding bright Armour, mounted upon a Courſer as white as the Northern Snow, whose Caparillon was of the colour of the Elements, betwixt whom was a fierce Encounter: but the Thracian had the Foil and with disgrace departed the Lists. Then secondly, entered another Knight in Armour, harnished with green varnish, his Steed of the colour of an Iron Gray, who likewise had the Repulle by the moony Christian. Thirdly, entered a Knight in a black Cozzlet, mounted upon a big boned Walſey, covered with a bair of fable Silk, in his hand he bore a Lance nailed round about with plates of Steel: which Knight, amongst the Thracians was accounted the strongest in the world, except it were those Giants that descended from a monstrous Linage; but no longer encountered these hardy Champions, but their Lances shivered in lunder, and flew so violently into the air, that it much amazed the beholders, then they alighted from their Steeds, and so ballantly belaboured them with their keen Faulchions, that the fiery sparkles flew so fierce from these noble Champions sleek helmets, as from an Iron Anvil: But the Combat endured not very long, before the most hardy Scottish Knight cried an advantage, wherein he might show his matchless fortitude: whereupon he struck such a mighty blow upon the Thracian's Burgonet, that it cleaved his head just down to his shoulders: whereat the King suddenly started from his seat, and with a wrathfull countenance, threatened the Champions death in this manner:

Proud Christian (said the King) thou shalt repent his death, and curse the time that ever thou comest to Thracia: his blood we will revenge upon thy head, and quit thy committed cruelty with a thyren death: and so in company of a hundred armed Knights, he

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encompassed the Scottish Champion, intending by multitudes to murder him. But when the valiant Knight S. Andrew saw how he was suppeld by treachery, & environed with mighty Troops, he called to Heaven for succour, and animated himself by these words of encouragement: Now for the honour of Christendom, This day a Martyr or a Conquerour: and therewithall he so valiantly behaded himself with his Curle-Ar, that he made Ranes of marche'd men, and felled them down by multitudes, like as the Harbest men do mow down ears of ripened Corn, whereby they fell before his face like leaves from trees, when the Summers pice declines her glozy. So at the last after much bloodshed, the Thracian King was compelled to yield to the Scottish Champions mercy, who swore him for the safety of his life, to forsake his poyphane Religion, and become a Christian, whole living true Con the Thracian King vowed for evermore to worship, and thereupon he kiss the Champion's Sword.

This conversion of the Pagan King, so pleased the Majesty of God, that he presently gave end to his Daughters punishments, and turned the Ladies to their former shapes. But when the King beheld their smooth Feathers, which were as whites as Willies, exchanged to natural fairnes, and that their black Bills and slender Becks were converted to their self created Beauty (where for external fairnes the Queen of Love might build her Paradise) he had adieu to his grief and long continued sorrows, murthering ever after to continue a true Christian for the Scottish Champion's sake, by whom and by whose Divine Pillons, his Daughters obtained their former Features; so taking the Christian Knight in company of the six Ladies, to an excellent rich Chamber prepared with all things according to their wishes, where first the Christian Knight was unarm'd, then his wounds washed with White-wine, new Milk, and Rose-water, and so after some dainty Repast, conveyed to his night's repose. The Ladies being the joyfulllest Creatures under Heaven, never entertained one thought of sleep, but pass'd the night in their Fathers company, (whose mind was ravish'd with unspeakable pleasures) till the mornings messengers had them good morn'g.

Thus all things being prepared in a readiness, they departed the Castle, not like Bourners to a heavy Funeral, but in triumphing manner, marching back to the Thracian Palace, with streaming banners in the wind, Drums and Trumpets sounding joyful melody, and with sweet inspiring Musick, called the Air to resound



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resound with Harmony: But no sooner were they entered the Pallace which was in distance from the Giant's Castle, some ten miles) but their Triumphs turned to exceeding sorrow, for Rosalinde with the Champion of Italy, as you have heard before, was departed the Court; which unexpected news so daunted the whole company, but especially the King, that the Triumphs for that time were deferred, and Messengers dispatched in pursuit of the adventurous Italian, and lovely Rosalinde.

Likewise when Sir Andrew of Scotland had intelligence how it was one of those Knights which was imprisoned with him under the wicked enchantress Kalyb, as you heard in the first beginning of the History, his heart thirled for his most honourable company, and his eyes seldom closed quietly, nor took any rest, until he was likewise departed in the pursuit of his sworn friend, which was the next night following, without making any acquaintance with his intent: likewise when the six Ladies understood the secret departure of the Scottish Champion, whom they esteemed dearer than any Knight in the world, they stored themselves with sufficient creature, and by stealth took their Journeys from their Fathers Pallace, intending either to find out the Wickedness and approve Knight of Scotland, or to end their lives in some Foreign Region.

The rumour of whose departure no sooner came to the King's ears, but he purposed the like travel, either to obtain the sight of his Daughters again, or to make his Tomb beyond the circuit of the Sun. So arming himself in homely Ruffes, like a Pilgrim, with an Ebony Staff in his hand, ripe with silver, took his Journey all unknown from his Pallace, whose sudden and secret departure struck such an earthquake and intolerable heaviness in the Court, that the Pallace Gates, were sealed up with sable mourning cloth, the Thracian Lords exempted all pleasure, and like flocks of Sheep strayed up and down without Shepherds, the Ladies and Council Gentles sat sighing in their private Chambers: where he will leave them for this time, and speak of the success of the other Champions, and how Fortune smiled on their adventurous proceedings.

CHAP.

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## CHAP. VIII.

How St. Patrick the Champion of Ireland redeemed the six Christian Ladies out of the hands of thirty bloody-minded Satyrs, and of their purposed travel in a pursuit after the Champion of Scotland.

**B**Ut now of that valiant and hardy Knight at Arms, St. Patrick the Champion of Ireland, must I speak, whose adventurous accidents were so nobly performed, that if my Pen were made of Steel, I should wear it to the stumps to declare his Exploits, and worthy Adventures. When he departed from the Brazen Pillar, from the other Champions, the Heavens smiled with a kind aspect, and sent him such a star to be his guide, that it led him to no Courtly pleasures, nor to vain-delights, but to the Throne of Fame, where Honour sat enthroned upon a Seat of Gold. Thither travelled the Warlike Champion of Ireland, whose illustrious Battels the Northern Isles have Chronicled in leaves of Brass: therefore Ireland be proud, for from thy Bomets did spring a Champion, whose Exploits made the Enemies of Christ to tremble, and watered the Earth with streams of Pagans blood: witness wherof the Isle of Rhodes, the key and strength of Christendom, was recovered from the Turks, by his martial and invincible Exploits; where his dangerous Battels, fierce Encounters, bloody Skirmishes, and long Assaults would serve to fill a mighty Volume, all which I pass over, and wholly discourse of things appertaining to this History. For after the Wars of Rhodes were fully ended, St. Patrick (accounted sole ruler the while of that island) had Rhodes farewell, being then strongly fortified with Christian Soldiers, and took his Journey through many an unknown Country, where at last, it pleased so the Queen of Chance, to direct his steps into a solitary Wilderness, inhabited only by wild Satyrs, and a people of inhumane qualities, giving their wicked minds only to Murder, Lust, and Rape: wherein the Noble Champion travelled up and down many a weary day, not knowing how to quench his hunger, but by his own industry in killing of Menison, & pressing out the blood between two flat stones, and daily roasted it by the heat of the Sun, his longing was in the hollow trunk of a blasted tree, which nightly preserved him from the

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the dropping Showers of Heaven, his chief Companions were sweet resounding Echoes, which commonly re-answered the Champions words.

In this manner lived St. Patrick the Irish Knight in the woods, not knowing how to set himself at liberty, but wandring up and down as it were in a maze wrought by the curious workmanship of some excellent Gardiner, it was his chance at last to come into a dismal shady Thicket beset about with baleful Spicketoe, a place of horrour, wherein he heard the cries of some distressed Ladies, whose bitter Lamentations seemed to pierce the Clouds, and to crabe succour of the hands of God, which unexpected cries not a little daunted the Irish Knight, so that it caused him to prepare his Weapon in readines against some sudden encounter: So crouching himself under the Root of an old withered Oak (which had not flourished with green leaves many a yeare) he espied afar off a crew of bloody-minded Satyrs, hailing by the hair six unhappy Ladies, through many a thorny brake and dyer, whereby the beauty of their crimlon cheeks was all besmear'd with purple gore, and their eyes, (which whole clear Glasses one might behold the God of Love dancing) all to be rent and torn by the Fury of the Byers, whereby they could not see the light of Heaven, nor the place of their unfortunate abiding: which woful spectacle forced such a terror in the Heart of the Irish Knight, that he presently made out for the rescue of the Ladies, to redeem them from the fury of the merciless Satyrs, which were in number about some thirty, every one having a club upon his neck, which they had made with Bows of young Oaks and Pine-trees; yet this adventurous Champion being nothing discouraged, but with a bold and resolute mind, set on at the furthest Satyr, whose Armour of Defence was made of Bulls-hide, which was dyed to hard against the Sun, that the Champion's Curle-Ar prevailed not: after which the best Satyr accompanied the Christian Knight round about, and so mightily oppress him with down-right blows, that had he not by good fortune leapt under the boughs of a spreading Tree, his life had been forced to give the world a speedy farewell. But such was his nimbleness and active poltze, that ere long he breasted his thorn-porced Champion in one of the Satyr's bracks: which wound mightily caused all the rest to flee from his presence, and left the six Ladies to the pleasure and disposition of the most gentle and courageous Christian Champion:

Who after he had sufficiently breasted, and cooled himself in the chill

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chill Air, (being almost windless through the long encounter, and bloody skirmish) he demanded the cause of the Ladies Travels, and by what means they hapned into the hands of those merciless Sarpis, who cruelly and tyrannically attempted the ruine and endless Spoil of their unspotted Virginities. To which courteous demand one of the Ladies, after a deep fetcht sigh or two, (being strained from the bottom of her most sorrowful heart) in the behalf of her self and the other distressed Ladies, replied in this order:

Know brave minded Knight, that we are the unfortunate Daughters of the King of Thyre, whose lives have been unhappy ever since our Births, for first we did endure a long imprisonment under the hands of a cruel Giant, and after the Heavens to preserve our chastities from the wicked desire of the said Giant, transformed us into the shape of Swans, in which likeness we remained seven years, but at last recovered by a worthy Christian Knight, named St. Andrew, the Champion of Scotland, after whom we have travelled many a weary step, never crost by any violence, until it was our angry fates to arrive in this unhappy wilderness, where your eyes have been true witnesses of our misfortunes. Which sad Discourse was no sooner finished, but the worthy Champion thus began to comfort the distressed Ladies.

The Christian Champion after whom you take in hand this weary Travel (said the Irish Champion) is my approved Friend, for whose company and wished sight, I will go more weary miles, than there be Trees in this vast wilderness, and number my steps with the sands hidden in the Seas: Therefore most excellent Ladies, true ornaments of Beauty, be sad Companions in my Travels, for I will never cease till I have found our honourable Friend, the Champion of Scotland, or some of those brave Knights, whom I have not seen these seven Summers.

These words so contented the sorrowful Ladies, that without any exception they agreed, and with as much willingness contented as the Champion demanded. So after they had recreated themselves, eased their weariness, and cured their wounds, which was by the secret vertues of certain Herbs growing in the same Woods, they took their Journeys anew under the conduct of this worthy Champion St. Patrick, where after some days travel they obtained the sight of a broad beaten way, where committing their Fortunes to the Fatal Willers, and setting their Faces toward the East, they mercily journeyed together. In whose fortunate travels we will leave them, and speak of the seventh Christian Champion

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Champion whose adventurous Exploits and Knightly Honours deserve a golden Pen, dypt in Ink of true Fame to discourse at large.

### CHAP. IX.

How St. David the Champion of Wales, slew the Count Palatine in the Tartarian Court, and after how he was sent to the Enchanted Garden of Ormandine, wherein by Magick Art he slept seven years.

**S**aint David the most Noble Champion of Wales, after his departure from the Brazen Pillar, whereat the other Champions of Christendom divided themselves liberally to seek foreign Adventures, he achieved many memorable things, as well in Christendom, as in those Nations that acknowledged no true God: which as for this time I omit, and only discourse what happened unto him among the Tartarians: For being in the Emperour of Tartary's Court (a place very much honoured with valorous Knights, highly graced with a Train of beauteous Ladies) where the Emperour upon a time obtained a solemn Joust and Turnament to be holden in the honour of his Birth-day: whither resorted at the time appointed, (from all the Borders of Tartary) the best and the hardiest Knights there remaining. In which honourable and princely exercise, the noble Knight S. David was appointed Champion for the Emperour, who was mounted upon a Moroccan Steed; betrapped in a rich Caparison, wrought by the curious work of Indian Women, upon whose shield was set a golden Christ rampant in a Field of Blue.

Against him came the Count Palatine, Son and Heir apparent to the Tartarian Emperour; brought in by twelve Knights, richly furnished with Habillments of Honour, who paced three times about the Lists before the Emperour and many Ladies that were present to behold the honourable Turnament. The which being done, the twelve Knights departed the Lists, and the Count Palatine prepared himself to encounter with the Christian Knight. (Being appointed chief Champion for the day) who likewise prepared himself; and at the Emperours Command by the Refrains appointment, they ran so fiercely each against other, that the ground seemed to shake under them, and the Skies to resound with the noise of their mighty strokes.

At the second Race the Champions ran, S. David had the



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world, and was constrained through the forcible strength of the Count Palatine to lean backward, almost beside his Saddle, where at the Trumpets began to sound in sign of Victory: but yet the valiant Christian nothing dismayed, but with a courage (within whose eyes sat knightly Revenge) ran the third time against the Count Palatine, and by the violence of his strength, he overthrew both horse and man, whereby the Count's body was so extremely bruised with the fall of his horse, that his heart blood issued forth by his mouth, and his vital spirits pressed from the mansion of his breast, so that he was forced to give the world a farewell.

This fatal overthrow of the Count Palatine, abashed the whole Company, but especially the Tartarian Emperor, who having no more sons but him, caused the Lists to be broken up, the knights to be unarmed, and the murdered Count to be brought, by four Squires, into his Palace, where after he was depouled of his armour, and the Christian knight received in honour of his Victory, the mortal Emperor bathed his sons body with tears, which dropped like crystal pearls from the congealed blood, and after many sad sighs he breathed forth this mournful lamentation.

Now are my triumphs turned into everlasting woes, from a Comical Pastime to a direful and bloody Tragedy: O most unkind Fortune, never constant but in change! why is my life deferred to see the downfall of my dear Son, the noble Count Palatine? Why sends not this accursed Earth whereon I stand, and presently swallow up my body, into her hungry bowels? is this the use of Christians? for true honour to repay dishonour? Could not base blood serve to stain his deadly hands withall, but the Royal blood of my dear Son, in whose revenge the face of the heavens is stained with blood; and cries for vengeance to the Majesty of mighty Jove. The dreadful Furies, the direful Daughters of dark night, and all the baleful company of burning Acheron, whose Loins shall be girt with Serpents, and hair beclanged with wreaths of Snakes, shall haune, pursue; and follow that accursed Christian Champion, that hath betrayed my Country, Tartary of so precious a Jewel as my dear Son, the Count Palatine was, whose magnanimous Prowess did surpass all the Knights of our renown.

Thus followed the mortal Emperor for the death of his noble Son: lamenting making the Orchestra of his Lamentations, piece the Elements; another while forcing his bitter curses to sink in the deep foundations of Acheron: one while intending to be revengeful, and so the Christian Champion, then meted, his intent

## seven Champions of Christendom.

intent was cross with a contrary imagination, thinking it was against the Law of Arms, and a great dishonour to his Countrey by violence to oppress a strange Knight, whose actions had ever been guided by true honour; but yet at last this firm resolution entered into his mind.

There was adjoining upon the Borders of Tartary, an enchanted Garden, kept by Magick Art, from whence never any returned that attempted to enter; the Governour of which Garden was a notable and famous Perromancer, named Omandine, to which Magician the Tartarian Emperour intended to send the adventurous Champion S. David, thereby to revenge the Count Palatine's death. So the Emperour after some few days passed, and the Obediences of his Son being no longer performed, but he caused the Christian Knight to be brought into his presence, to whom he committed this heavy Task, and weary Labour.

Proud Knight (said the angry Emperour) thou knowest since thy arrival in our Territories, how highly I have honoured thee, not only in granting liberty of life, but making thee chief Champion of Tartary, which high honour thou hast repaid with great ingratitude, and blemished true Nobility, in doing my dear Son's Tragedy: for which unhappy deed thou rightly hast deserved death. But yet know accursed Christian, that mercy hath prevailed in Princely minds; and where honour is enthronized, there Justice is not too severe: Although thou hast deserved death, yet if thou wilt adventure to the Enchanted Garden and bring me the Magician's Head, I grant thee not only Life, but thereunto I will add the Crown of Tartary after my decease; because I see thou hast a mind furnished with all Princely thoughts, and adorned with true Magnanimity.

This heavy task and strange adventure not a little pleased the Noble Champion of Wales, whose mind ever thirsted after worthy Adventures: and so after some considerate thoughts, in this manner replied:

Most hard and magnificent Emperour, (said the Champion) were this Task which you enjoyn me to, as wonderful as the Labours of Hercules, or as fearful as the Enterprize which Jason made for the Golden Fleece, yet would I attempt to finish it, and return with Triumph to Tartary, as the Macedonian Sonarchy did to Babylon, when he had conquered part of the whole World; which wars were no longer ended, but the Emperour bound him by his Oath of Knighthood, and by the love he bore unto his native

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Country, never to follow other Adventure, till he had performed his promise, which was to bring the Magician Ormandine's head into Tartary, whereupon the Emperour departed from the Noble Knight S. David, hoping never to see him return, but rather to hear of his utter confusion, or everlasting imprisonment.

Thus the valiant Christian Champion, being bound to his Promise, within three days prepared all Necessaries in readiness for his departure: and so travelled West-ward, till he approached the sight of the Enchanted Garden, the Situation whereof somewhat daunted his valiant courage: for it was encompassed with a Hedge of withered Thorns and Briers, which seemed continually to burn: upon the top thereof sat a number of strange and deformed things, some in the likeness of Night-Owls, which wondered at the presence of S. David; some in the Shape of Progne's transformation, foretelling his unfortunate success, and some like Ravens, that with their harsh throats ring forth hateful knells of woeful Tragedies: The Element which covered the Enchanted Garden, seemed to be over-spread with misty clouds, from whence continually shot flames of fire, as though the skies had been filled with blazing comets: which fearful spectacle, as it seemed the very pattern of Hell, struck such a terror into the Champions heart, that twice he was in mind to return without performing the Adventure, but for his Oath and honour of Knighthood, which he had pawned for the accomplishment thereof: So laying his hope on the bold earth, being the first Rule and Father of his Life, he made his humble Devotion to God, that his mind might never be oppressed with Cowardice, nor his heart daunted with faint Fears, till he had performed what the Thracian Emperour had bound him to, the Champion rose from the ground, and with cheerful looks beheld the Elements, which seemed in his conceit to smile at the enterprise, and to foretew a lucky event.

So the Noble Knight S. David with a valiant courage went to the Garden Gate, by which stood a Rock of Stone, over-spread with Moss: In which Rock by Magick Art was enclosed a Sword, nothing outwardly appearing but the Hilt, which was the richest in his judgment, that ever his eyes beheld, for the Steel-work was engraven very curiously, beset with Jaspers and Sapphire Stones; the Pommel was in the fashion of a Globe, of the purest Silver that the Mines of Rich America brought forth: about the Pommel, was engraven with Letters of Gold, these Verses following.

My

## Seven Champions of Christendom.

My Magick Spells remain most firmly bound,  
The worlds strange wonder, unknown by any-one,  
Till that a Knight within the North be found;  
To pull this Sword from out this Rock of Stone:  
Then ends my Charms, my Magick Arts and all,  
By whose strong hand, wife Dymandine must fall.

These Verses made such a conceited imagination into the Champions mind, that he supposed himself to be the Northern Knight by whom the Necromancer should be conquered: Therefore without any further advisement, he put his hand into the Hilt of the rich Sword, thinking presently to pull it out from the Enchanted Rock of Ormandine: but no sooner did he attempt that vain enterprize, but his valiant courage and indomitable fortitude failed him, and all his senses were overtaken with a sudden and heavy sleep, whereby he was forced to let go his hold, and to fall flat upon the barren ground, where his eyes were so fast locked up by Magick Art, and his waking senses drowned in such a dead number, that it was as much impossible to recover himself from sleep, as to pull the Sun out of the Firmament. The Necromancer, by his Magick skill had intelligence of the Champions unfortunate success, who sent from the Enchanted Garden four Spirits, in the similitude & likeness of four beautiful Damsels, which wrapped the drowsie Champion in a sheet of fine Arabian Silk, and conveyed him into a Cave, directly placed in the middle of the Garden, where they laid him upon a soft bed, more softer than the Down of Culvers: where those beautiful Ladies through the Art of wicked Ormandine, continually kept him sleeping for the Term of seven years: one while singing with sweet lugared songs, more sweet and delightful than the Syrens Melody: another while with rare conceited Musick, surpassing the Sweetness of Arions Harp, which made the Dolphins in the Sea dance at the sound of his sweet inspiring melody; or like the Harmony of Orpheus when he journeyed down into Hell, where the devils rejoiced to hear his admired Notes, and on earth trees and stones leaped when he did but touch the Silver strings of his Ivory Harp.

Thus was St. David's adventure cross with a wonderful bad success, whose days travels was turned into a nights repose, whose nights repose was made a heavy sleep, which endured until seven years were fully finished, where we will leave St. David.

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to the mercy of the Necromancer Ormandine, and return to the most Noble and magnanimous Champion St. George, where we left him imprisoned in the Souldan's Court. But now, Gentle Reader, thou wilt think it strange, that all these Champions should meet together again, seeing they be separated into so many Borders of the World: First, S. Dennis the Champion of France, remaineth now in the Court of Theffaly with his Lady Eglantine: S. James the Champion of Spain, in the City of Sicill with Celestine, the fair Lady of Jerusalem: S. Anthony the Champion of Italy, travelling the World, in the company of the Thracian Waldens, attired in a Pages Apparel: S. Andrew the Champion of Scotland, seeking after the Italian: S. Patrick the Champion of Ireland, after the Champion of Scotland: S. David of Wales sleeping in the Enchanted Garden, adjoining to the Kingdom of Tartary: and S. George the Famous Champion of England, imprisoned in Persia: of whom, and whose Noble Adventures, I must a while discourse, till the honoured Fame of the other Champions compels me to report their Noble and Princely Achievements.

### CHAP. X.

How S. George escaped out of Prison at Persia, and how he redeemed the Champion of Wales from his Enchantment, with other things that happened to the English Knight, with the Tragical Tale of the Necromancer Ormandine.

**N**OW seven times had frosty Bearded Winter covered both Herbs and Flowers with Snow, and behung the Trees with Crystal Icicles: seven times had Lady Ver beautified every Field with Pastures Dynammies: and seven times had withered Autumn robbed the Earth of Spring Flowers, since the unfortunate S. George beheld the cheerful light of Heaven, but li-  
berobscurely in a dismal Dungeon, by the Souldan of Persia's com-  
mandment, as you heard before in the beginning of the History: his unhappy fortune so discontented his restless thoughts, that a thousand times a year he wishe an end of his life, and a thousand times he cursed the day of his creation: his sighs in number did counterball a heap of sand, whose top might seem to reach the skies, the which he vainly breathed forth against the walls of the Prison, many times making his humble supplications to the Heavens to  
redeem



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redem him from the vale of misery, & many times seeking occasion desperately to abridge his days, and in triumph in his own Cageody.

But at last, when seven years were fully ended, it was the Champion's lucky fortune to find in a secret corner of the Dungeon a certain Iron Cagin, which time had almost consumed with Rust, wherewith, with long labour, he digged himself a passage through the ground, till he ascended full in the middle of the Souldan's Court, which was at that time of the night, when all things were silent: the Heavens he then beheld beautified with Stars, and bright Cynthia, whose glistering beams he had not seen in many hundred nights before, seemed to smile at his safe delivery, & to stay her wandering course, till he most happily found means to get without the compass of the Persian's Court, where danger might no longer attend him, nor the strong Gates of the City hinder his flight, which in this manner was performed. For now the Noble Knight being as fearful as the Bird newly escaped from the Fowler's Net, gazed round about, and listened where he might hear the voice of People, at the last he heard the Grunts of the Souldan's Stable, furnishing forth Hoies against the next morning for some Noble Archiement. Whereupon the Noble Champion that George taking the Iron Cagin, wherewith he redeemed himself out of Prison, he burst open the Doors, where he drew all the Churns in the Souldan's Stable: which being done, he took the strongest Balfrey, and the richest Furnings, with other necessaries appertaining to a Knight at Arms, and so rode in great comfort to one of the City Gates, where he satired the Porter in this manner, *ad videri*

Porter, open the Gates, for S. George of England is escaped, and hath murdered the Grooms, in whole pursuit of the City in Arms, which words the simple Porter believed for truth, and so with all speed opened the Gates, whereat the Champion of England departed, and left the Souldan in his dead sleep, his man nor doing his sudden escape.

But by that the purple spotted morning had painted with her gray, and the Sun's bright countenance appeared on the Mountain tops, S. George had ridden 20 miles from the Persian Court, and being his horse weary, was staid in the Souldan's Palace, the English Champion had recovered the sight of Exceps, pastured himself the Persian King his, that followed him with all due speed.

By this time the extremity of hunger lastly compelled him, that he could travel no further, and most contented in his himself with certain wild & herbous food of the land, and other

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Oranges instead of drink, and such faint food as grew by the way as he cravelled, where the necessity and want of Victuals compelled the Noble Knight to breath forth this pitiful complaint.

Oh hunger, hunger, (said the Champion) more sharper than the stroke of death, thou art the extreamest punishment that ever man endured; If I were now King of Armenia, and chief Potentate of Asia, yet would I give my Diadem, my Scepter, with all my Provinces, for one shiver of hyson bread: O that this Earth would be so kind, as to open her bowels and cast up some food, to suffice my want: or that the Air might be choakt with mists, whereby feathered Fowl for want of breath might fall, and yield me some succour in this my punishment, and extreame penury: or that the Oceans would outspread their branched Arms, and cover these Sun-burnt Valleys with their Treasures, to satisfie my hunger; but Oh now I see, both Heaven and Earth, hills and dales, skies and seas, fish and fowls, birds and beasts, and all things under the cope of Heaven, conspire my utter overthrow: better had it been if I had ended my days in Persia, than here to be fastned in the hyson world, where all things by Natures appointment are ordained for man's use. Now instead of Courtly Delicacies, I am forced to eat the fruit of Trees, and instead of Grackin Wine, I am compelled to quench my thirst with morning dew, which mightily falls upon the blades of Grass.

Thus complained Sir George, till glittering Phoebus had mounted the top of Heaven, & drawn the misty vapours from the ground, whereby he might behold the Prospects of Grecia, and which way to travel most safely. And as he looked, he espied directly before his face a Woman, standing upon a chalky Cliff, distant from him some three miles, whither the Champion intended to go, not to seek for Adventures, but to rest himself after his Journey, and to get such Victuals as thence he could find to suffice his want.

As setting forward with a speedy pace, the Heavens seemed to smile, and the Birds to sing chirping peals of melody, as though they did prognosticate a fortunate Event. The way he found to plain, and the journey so easie, that within half an hour he approached before the said Woman: where upon the Wall stood a most beautiful woman, attired after the manner of a distressed Lady, and her looks heavylie like the Queen of Troy, when she beheld her Palace on fire. The valiant Knight Sir George, after he had as lighted from his Horse, he gave her this courteous salutation.

Lady, (said he) for so you seem by your outward appearance, if  
ever

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ever thou pist a Traveller, or graven trooper, or a Christian Knight, give to me one meale meat, now almost faint. To whom the Lady after a short tiron of two, answered in this manner.

Sir Knight (quoth she) I advise thee with all speed to depart, for here thou shalt have a cold Dinner: my Lord is a mighty Giant, and his strength in Mahomet, and if he rise do thou understand that thou art a Christian Knight, and all the Gods of higher India, and the riches of wealthy Babylon, can preserve thy life. Now let the Honour of my Knight-hood (replied S. George) and by the great God that Christendom adores, were thy Lord more stronger than mighty Hercules that bore Goliath on his back, here will I either obtain my Dinner, or die by his wrangled hands.

These words so abashed the Lady, that she went with all speed from the Tower, and told the Giant, how the Christian Knight remained at the Gate, which had sworn to suffice his hunger in the sight of his will: whereat the furious Giant suddenly started up, being as then in a sound sleep, for it was the middle of the day, who took a bar of Iron in his hand, and came down to the Window Gate. His stature was in height five yards, his head looked like a Boar, a bar there was between his horns, his eyes hollow, his mouth wide, his lips were like to fangs of steel, in all his proportion more like a Devil than a Man. Which deformed Monster so daunted the courage of S. George, that he prepared himself to death: not through fear of the monstrous Giant, but for hunger and feebleness of body: but here God provided for him, and restored to him his decayed strength, that he endured barel till the closing in of the Evening, by which time the Giant grew almost blind, through the sweat that ran down from his monstrous Brows, whereat S. George got the advantage, and wounded the Giant so cruelly under the short ribs, that he was compelled to fall to the ground, and to give end to his life.

After which happy event of the Giant's slaughter, the invincible Champion S. George first gave the honour of his Victory unto God, in whose power all his fortune consisted. When entering the Tower, whereas the Lady presented him with all manner of Delicacies and pure viands; but the English Knight, suspecting treachery to be hidden in her mothered courtesy, eschewed her dainties of every kind, the more of his willing, lest some violent poison should be therein committed: finding all things pure and wholesome as Nature required, he satisfied his hunger, called for warm Water, and refreshed his Thirst.

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And so leaving the Tower in keeping of the Lady he committed his fortune to a new travel: where his reviv'd spirits never entertain'd longer rest, but to the refreshing of himself and his people, so travelled he through part of Greece, the coasts of Phrygia, and into the Borders of Tarrary, within whose Territories he had not long journeyed, but he approached the sight of the enchanted Garden of Ormandine, where S. David the Champion of Wales had so long slept by Magick Art. But no sooner did he behold it a wonderful situation thereof, but he eyed Ormandine's Sword enclosed in the enchanted Rock: where after he had read the Description written about the Dummel, he assayed to pull it out by strength, where he sooner put his hand into the Fire, but he drew it forth with much ease, as though it had been hung by a thread of unspun silk: but when he beheld the glittering brightness of the Blade, and the wonderful richnets of the Dummel, he accounted the Prize more worth than the Armour of Achilles, which caus'd Ajax to run mad, and more riches than Medea's golden Fleece: But by that time S. George had triumphantly lookt into every secret of the Woods, he heard a strange and dismal voice thunder in the Forest, a terrible and mighty trembling in the Earth, inherent both Hills and Mountains shook, Rocks removed, and Oaks rent into pieces: After this the Gates of the Enchanted Garden flew open, whereat inconveniently came forth Ormandine the Bagician, with his Hair raising on his Head, his Eyes sparkling, his Cheeks blushing, his Hands quivering, his Legs trembling, and all the rest of his Body discomposed, as though Legions of Spirits had encompassed him about: he came directly to the mighty English Knight that remained still by the Enchanted Rock, from whence he had pulled the Bagician's Sword: whence after the Accompanyer had sufficiently beheld his Princely Countenance, wherein true honour sat enthroned, and viewed his partly Personage, the Bridge of our Neighbourhood, the which turned in the Bagician's Eyes to be the rarest look that ever Nature formed: First he took the most valiant and magnanimous Champion S. George of England, by the steel Cannel, and with great humility kissed it, then proffering him the courtesies due unto Strangers, which was performed very graciously: he afterwards conducted him into the Enchanted Garden, to the Cave where the Champion of Wales was kept sleeping by our Virgins singing delightful songs, and after setting him a Chair of Ebony, Ormandine thus began to relate of wonderful things.

Resolv'd

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Renowned Knight at Arms (said the Necromancer) James Worthless Champion, whose strange Adventures all Christendom in time to come shall applaud: be silent till I have told my Tale, for never after this must my Tongue speak again: The Knight which thou seest here incas'd in this Sheet of Gold, is a Christian Champion, as thou art, sprung from the ancient seed of Trojan Marston, who likewise attempted to drave this Enchanted Sword, but my Magick Spells so prevailed, that he was intercepted in the enterprise, and forced ever since to remain sleeping in this Cave: but now the hour is almost come of his recovery, which by thee must be accomplished: thou art that adventurous Champion, whose invincible hand must finish up my desolated life: and send my fleeing Soul to drave thy fatal Chariot upon the banks of burning Acheton: for my time was limited to remain no longer in this Enchanted Garden, but till thou from the North should come a Knight that should pull this Sword from the Enchanted Rock, which thou happily hast now performed: therefore I know my time is short, and my hour of destiny at hand: What I report, write in seven lines, for the time will come when this discourse shall highly benefit thee. Take heed thou observe three things: First, that thou take to wife a pure Maid: Next that thou erect a Monument over thy Fathers Grave: And lastly, that thou continue a profess'd foe to the enemies of Christ Jesus, bearing Arms in the honour and praise of thy Country. All these things being truly and justly observed, thou shalt attain such honour, that all Kingdoms of Christendom shall admire thy Dignity: what I speak is upon no vain imagination, sprung from a fantastick Brain, but pronounced by the mystical and deep Art of Necromancy.

These words there no longer ended, but the most honourable fortunate Champion of England, requested the Magician to describe his past Adventures, and by what means he came to be Governour of the Enchanted Garden.

To tell the discourse of my own Life (Replied Commanding) will breed a new sorrow in my heart, the remembrance of which will rend my very Soul: but yet most noble Knight, to satisfy thy Request, I will force my Tongue to declare what my Heart desires to utter: Therefore prepare thine Ear to entertain the most full Tale that ever Tongue delivered. And so after Sir George had sat a while silent expecting his discourse, the Magician spake as followeth.



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The most Tragical Discourse pronounced by the Necromancer  
 the Commandeur, of the misery of his Children, his Son and his Daughter  
 of the first of the name of Scythia, my Name Ormandie,  
 I took in former time (so long as fortune smiled upon me) the  
 Graced in my youth with two fair Daughters, whom Nature had  
 not only made beautiful but replenish'd them with all gifts that  
 Art could bestow: the elder whose Name was Castria, the fairest  
 that was, her eyes like burning  
 torches, so dazzled her beholders, that like attractive Adamants,  
 they caused them to admire her Beauty: among the number of  
 knights that were enamored with her Love, there was one Flori-  
 don, Son to the King of Armenia, equal to her in all Orna-  
 ments of Nature, a lovelier couple never trod on earth, or graced  
 any Kingdoms Court in the whole World. Long time they continued  
 in their Floridous friendship, but an affection with the admitted  
 Castria, that he listned after her Virginity, and practis'd both by  
 policy and false promises to enjoy that precious pleasure, which  
 after sold on his own destruction: for upon a time, when the man-  
 ners of dark night had clouded the light of Heaven, and the  
 whole Court had entertained silent rest, both Floridon and  
 Castria were sitting in the Chamber, amidst others, as her  
 hand lay upon the bosom of her Sister, and she lay  
 within her Arms, that before many days were expired, her  
 hand began to appear, and the deceived Lady was contrived to  
 reveal her mind to Floridon, who for the mean time has been  
 desired to his younger Daughter, whose Name was Marcilla, no  
 less beautified with features gift than her elder Sister: but when  
 the honest Maid Floridon perceived that her Sister began to grow  
 dim with the darkness of his unhappy deed, she unwinded her with  
 shame, playing dishonour in her dish, calling her betrayer, with  
 many ignominious words, forswearing himself never to have com-  
 mitted any such villainous deed, protesting that he ever longed to  
 seek his woman's hands, and counted that his love was deadly sting,  
 and a deep infection to the honour of his Knight hood.

These unkind speeches drove Castria into such extreme passion  
 of mind, that she with a blackish look and bluish cheeks, after  
 what manner I doubt not her mind unto him still of our  
 What knows not the passion of a Knight, whom his last  
 bath stained with dishonour? See, see, unconstant Knight the  
 Plodge

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Pledge of faithless Vows, behold the Womb where springs thy lively image; behold this mark which stains my Father's ancient House, and sets a shamefac'd blush upon my cheeks, always when I behold the company of chaste Virgins: dear Floridon shadow this my shame with Marriage Rites, that I be not accounted a by-word to the World; nor that this my Babe in time to come, be termed a base born Child, remember what plighted Promises, what Vows and Protections, past betwixt us, remember the place and time of my dishonour; and be not like furious Tygers that repay love with despire.

At which words Floridon with a wrathful countenance, replied in these words:

Ogreous and shameless creature (quoth he) with what hazen face darrest thou out-bade me thus: I tell thee, Castria, my Love was ever yet to follow Arms, to hear the sound of Drums, to ride upon a nimble Steed, and not to trace a Carpet dance, like Priam's Son, before the lustful eyes of Menelaus Wife: Therefore be gone, disturbing Dromper, go sing thy harsh melody in company of Night-birds, for I tell thee, the day will blush to cover thy monstrous shame.

At which reproachful speeches being no longer ended, but Floridon departed her presence, not leaving behind him so much as a kind look; whereat the distressed Lady being oppressed with insupportable grief, sunk down dead, not able to speak for a time; but at last recovering her senses, she began anew to complain.

I that was wont (quoth she) to walk with troops of Ladies must now abandon and utterly forsake all company, and seek some secret Cave, wherein I may sit for evermore and bewail my lost Virginity: If I return unto my Father he will refuse me; if to my Friends, they will be ashamed of me; if to strangers they will scorn me; if to my Floridon, Oh he will deride me, and account me light as ominous as the baleful Crocodile. What I might be the shape of a Bird, or like the ravished Philomela, by others scorned and wilderness with my dishonour, for now I am neither a chaste Virgin, nor honest Wife, but a shameless Dromper, & the Malice will scorn, whereat methinks, I see how her mother and shall forbear point and term me a vicious Dame. Unconstant Floridon, thou dost promise to shadow this fault with Marriage, but now when I see, are vain: thou hast forsaken me, and tied thy faith unto my Sister Marcella, who must enjoy thy love, because she hath never chaste without any spot of dishonour. Oh, was in the unconstant night, the flattering eyes deceived me, and thy moving tongue spurs me to commit that sin, which all the Ocean streams can never

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rebet wash away: why stand I relating thus in vain: the deed is done, and Floridon will triumph in the spoil of my Virginity: while he lies ballying in my Sisters Arms: Nay, first the fatal lights of Funerals shall mask about his Marriage-bed, and his Widow-blaze I'll quench with blood: for I will go unto their Marriage-chamber, where as these hands of mine shall rend my Sisters womb, soe she shall enjoy the interest of my Bed: rage heart! instead of Love delight in Spurrer, let Vengeance be ever in thy thoughts till thou ha I quencht with blood the furies of disloyal Love.

Thus complained the woful Castria, reb'ng up and down the Court of Scythia, until the Mistress of the Righ: had spent five months: at the end of which time, the appointed Marriage of Floridon and Marcilla drew nigh, the thought whereof proved an endless terror to her heart, and of more intolerable burthen, than the pains of her Womb, she which she girde in so screamily for fear of suspicion, and partly under colour of being about her intended tragedy, which was in this bloody and execrable manner accomplished and brought about.

The day at last came, whereon Floridon & Marcilla should tie that sacred knot of Marriage, and the Prince, and Potentates of Scythia, were all present to see Hymen's Holy Nices: in which Honourable Assemblies, none were more buie than Castria, to beautifie her Sisters Wedding. The Ceremonies being no longer performed, and the day spent in pleasures, fitting the honour of so great and mighty a train, but Castria requested the use of the Country, which was this, that the first night of every Maidens Marriage, a known Virgin should lie with the Bride, which honourable task was committed to Castria: who provided against the hour appointed a silver Woomin, and hid it secretly in the tresses of her hair, wherewith she intended to prosecute revenge. The Brides Lodging-chamber was appointed far from the hearing of any one, lest the noise of people should hinder her quiet sleep.

Was at last when the hour of her wishes approached, that the Bride should take leave of her Ladies, and Maidens that attended her to her Chamber, the new-married Floridon, in company of many Scythian Knights, committed Marcilla to her quiet rest, little mistaking the bloody purpose of her Sisters mind.

But now behold how every thing fell out according to her desires. The Ladies and Gentlemen were no longer departed, and Silence taken possession of the whole Court, but Castria with her own hand locked the Chamber-door, and secretly condeyed the Woomin under

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under the Bed-head, not perceived by the betrayed Marcilla; which way Lady after some speeches departed to Bed; wherein she was no longer layed, but a heavy sleep over-mastred her senses, whereby her tongue was forced to bid her sister good-night, who as then lay discontented by her Bed-side, watching the time wherein she might conveniently hit the bloody Tragedy: upon a Court-Cupboard stood two burning Tapers, that gave light to the whole Chamber, which in her conceit seemed to burn blue: which facial spectacle encouraged her to a more speedy performance: and by the light of the two Lamps she undressed her Vestures, and stripped her self into her milk-white Smock, having not so much upon her head, as a Caul to hold up her golden hair: after this she took her silver Bookin, that before she had let itty binden in her hair, and with a wistful countenance, (upon whose cheek lay the image of pale death) she came to her new-married sister, being then overcome with a heavy slumber, and with her Bookin pierced her tender Breast: who immediately at the stroke thereof started from her sleep, and gave such a pitiful shriek, that it would have wakened the whole Court, but that the Chamber stood far from the hearing of company, except her bloody-minded sister, whose hand was ready to rebound her fury, with a loud shriek.

But when Marcilla beheld the sores and ornaments of her Bed bestained with purple gore, and from her Breast ran streams of crimson blood, which like to a fountain trickled from her bosom, she breathed forth this cruel exclamation against the cruelty of Castria.

O Sister (quoth she) hath nature harboured in thy breast a bloody mind! what fury hath incens'd thee thus to commit my Tragedy? In what have I misdone, or wherein hath my tongue offended thee? What cause hath been occasion, that thy remorseless hand against nature, hath converted my joyful Nuptials to a woful Funeral: This is the cause (Replied Castria, and therewithall flung her bloody gown bag through the window of her Chubb) that I have bathed my hands in thy detested blood.

See, see, Marcilla (said she) the unhappy Bed, wherein thy accursed Husband hath sown his seed, by which my Virgin honour is for ever stained, this is the spot which thy heart blood must wash away, and this is the flame that nothing but death shall quench; therefore a sweet revenge, and a present murder likewise will I commit upon my self, whereby my loathed Soul in company of my unborn Babe shall wander with my Ghost along the Egyptian Lakes.

Which

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Which words being no longer finished, but she violently pierced her own breast whereby the two Sisters blood were equally mingled together: But now Marcilla being the first wounded, and the nearest drawing toward death, she wofully complained with this dying Lamentation.

Draw near (said she) you blazing Stars, you earthly Angels, you embroidered Girls, you lovely Ladies, and flourishing Dames of Ethiopia, behold her woful end, whose glories mounted to the Elements, behold my Marriage-bed here beautified with Tapisstry, converted to death's bloody habitation, my brave Attire to earthly Mould, and my Princely Pallaces to Elizium shades, being a place appointed for those Dames that lived and died true Virgins, for now I feel the pains of Death closing my Lives windows, and my Heart ready to entertain the stroke of destiny. Come Floridon, come instead of Arms, get Eagles wings, that in thy bosom I may breath my murdered Ghost. Wouldst fare thou well, I was too proud of my inticing pleasures: thy Princely Pomp and all thy glittering Ornaments, I must for ever bid adieu. Father, farewell, with all my masking Train, Courtly Ladies, Knights and Gentlewomen: my Death, I know will make thy Palace Deaths gloomy Regiment; and last of all, farewell my noble Floridon, for thy sweet sake Marcilla here is murdered.

At the end of which words the dying Lady being faint with the abundance of blood that issued from her wounded breast, gave up the Ghost. No sooner had pale death seized on her lifeless body, but Calista through the extremity of her wounds was ready to entertain the stroke of her fatal Sifter, who also complained in this manner: Hearken to me you loving Girls, (said she) to you I speak, that know what endless grief disloyal and false Love breeds in constant minds, the thought whereof is so intolerable to my Soul, that it exceeds the torment of Pannaus daughters, which continually fill water in bottomless Tubs in Hell. Oh that my ears had never listened to his lugubrious speeches, nor never known what Courtly pleasures meant, where beauty lives a bait to every lustful eye: but rather to have lived a Country Lass, where sweet content is harboured, and beauty shrouded under true humility, then had not Floridon bereaved me of my sweet Virginity, nor had this accursed hand committed this cruel murder. But Oh! I feel my soul passing into Elizium shades, where Cressus Widow and Dido's Ghost have their abiding: rather doth my spirit die, to be entertained amongst those unhappy Ladies whom unconstant love hath murdered: Thus Calista not being able to speak any longer



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longer, gave a very grievous sigh, and so bad adieu to the world.

Now when the morning Sun had chased away the darkness night, Floridon who little mistrusted the Tragedy of the two Sisters, repaired to the Chamber-door, with a Consort of skilful Musicians, where the inspiring Harmony sounded to the walls, and Floridon's moaning salutations were spent in vain: for death so stopp'd the two Princesses ears that no rebound of thanks at all re-answered his words, which caus'd Floridon to depart, thinking them to be asleep, and to return within an hour after, who with out any company came to the Chamber-door, where he again found all silent: at which suspecting some future event, he burst open the Door, where being no longer enter'd, but he found the two Ladies weltring in their own gore: which woful spectacle presently to bereaved him of his wits, that like a frantic man he raged up and down, and in this manner bitterly complain'd.

O immortal powers open the woful gates of Heaven, and in your justice punish me, for my unconstant Love hath murder'd two of the bravest Ladies that ever Nature framed, rebide sweet Dames of Scythia, and hear me speak, that am the wofullest wretch that ever spake with a tongue: If Ghost may here be given for Ghost, dear Lady take my life and live, or if my heart might dwell within your breasts, this hand shall equally divide it: but words I see are vain, and my proffer cannot purchase life nor recover your breathing spirits: yet vengeance shall you have, this hand shall untwine my fatal twist, and bereave my bloody breast of life, whereby my happy Ghost shall follow you through Tartar Gulfs, through burning Lakes, and through the lowering Shades of dreadful Cocytus: gape, gape, sweet earth, and in thy Tomb make all our Tombs together.

Which woful Lamentation being no longer heard from his sorrowful breast, but he finish'd his days, by the stroke of that same-accus'd Rodkin, that was the bloody Instrument of the two Sisters death: the which he found still remaining in the remoulded hand of Calista.

Thus have you heard (most worthy Knight) the true Tragedy of three of the most goodliest Personages that ever Nature framed: but now with diligent ears listen unto the unfortunate discourse of my own misfortune, which in this unhappy manner fell out: for no sooner came the dying news of the march'd Phylotis to my ears, but I grew into such a discontented passion that I abandoned my self from company of people, and sat for seven months in a  
solitary

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solitary passion, lamenting the loss of my Children, like weeping Niobe, which was the sorrowfullest Lady that ever lived.

During which time the report of Floridon's unhappy Tragedy was brought to his Father's ears, being the sole King of Armenia: whose grief to exceed the bounds of Reason, that with all convenience first he gathered the greatest strength Armenia could make, and in revenge of his Son's murder, entered my Territories, and with his well appointed Warriours subdued my Dominions, slaugtered my Soldiers, conquered my Captains, slew my Commons, burnt my Cities, and left my Countrey Villages desolate, where, when I beheld my Countrey overspread with famine, fire, and sword, three intestine plagues, wherewith Heaven scourged the sins of the wicked, I was forced to safeguard my life, to forsake my native Habitation, Kingly Government, only committing my Fortune (like a banished Exile) to wander in unknown passages where care was my chief companion, and discontent my only solicitor: at last it was in my destiny to arrive in this unhappy place, which I supposed to be the walks of despair, where I had not remained many days in my melancholy passions, but methought the many jaws of deep Avernus opened, from whence ascended a most fearful Devil, that enticed me to bequeath my fortune to his disposing, and he would defend me from the fury of the whole world: to which I presently condescended upon some assurance; then presently he placed before my face this enchanted Mirror, so finely closed in stone, that it should never be pulled out, but by the hands of a Christian Knight; and till that task was performed, I should live exempt from all danger, although all the Kingdoms of the Earth assailed me: which task (most adventurous Champion) thou hast now performed, whereby I know the hour of my death approacheth, and my time of confusion is at hand.

This discourse pronounced by the Portentous Omendine, was no sooner finished, but the worthy Champion Sir George heard such a rattling in the skies, and such a louding in the earth, that he expected some strange event to follow: then casting his eyes aside, he saw the enchanted Garden to vanish, and the Champion of Wales to awake from his long sleep, wherein he had remained seven years: who like one risen from a tomb, for a time stood speechless, nor able to utter one word, till he beheld the noble Champion of England that he had slain, upon the same Omendine: who at the sight of the Enchantment, presently gave a most terrible groan and died.

The

## seven Champions of Christendom.

The two Champions after many courteous embraces and kind greetings, revealed each to other the strange Adventures they had passed. S. David told how he was bound by the Oath of Knighthood, to perform the Adventure of Ormandine; whereupon Saint George presently delivered the Enchanted Sword, which he presently dismembered from his body. But here must my weary Muse leave S. David travelling with Ormandine's Head to the Tartarian Emperor, and speak of the following Adventures that hapned to S. George, after his departure from the Enchanted Garden.

### CHAP. XI.

How S. George arrived at Tripoly in Barbary, where he stole away Sabra the Kings Daughter of Egypt, from the Blackmoor King, and how she was known to be a pure Virgin by the means of the Lion, and what hapned unto him in the same Adventure.

Saint George, after the recovery of S. David, as you heard in the former Chapter, dispatched his Journey toward Christendom, whose pleasant Banks he long desired to behold, and thought every day a year, till his eyes enjoyed a sweet sight of his Native Countrey of England, upon whose Chalky Cliffs he had not rode in many a weary Summers day: therefore committing his Journey to a fortunate Success, he travelled through many a dangerous Countrey, where the people were not only of a bloody disposition, given to all manner of wickedness, but the Soil greatly annoyed with wild beasts, through which he could not well travel without danger: therefore he carried continually in one of his hands a weapon ready charged, to encounter with the Beasts, when People, if occasion should serve, and in the other hand a bright blade of Fire to defend him from the fury of wild Beasts, if by violence they assailed him.

Thus in extreme danger travelled the Noble and adventurous Champion S. George, till he arrived in the Territories of Barbary, in which Countrey he purposed for a time to remain, and to seek for some noble achievement, whereby his fame might be increased, and his honourable name ring through all the Kingdoms

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of the world: and being encouraged with this Princely cogitation, the noble Champion of England, climbed to the top of a huge Mountain; where he unlocked his Beaver, which before had not been lifted up in many a day, & beheld the wide and spacious Countrey, how it was beautified with lofty Pines, and adornoed with many goodly Pallaces. But amongst the number of the Towiers, and Cities which the English Champion beheld, there was one which seemed to exceed the rest both in Situation and brave Buildings, which he supposed to be the chiefest City in all the Countrey, and the place where the King usually kept his Court: to which place S. George intended to travel, not to furnish himself with any needful thing, but to accomplish some honourable adventure, whereby his worthy deeds might be eternized in the Books of memory. So after he had descended from the top of the steep Mountain, and had travelled into a low Valley about some two or three miles, he approached an old and almost ruinated Hermitage over-grown with Poles, and other weeds: before the entry of this Hermitage sat an ancient Father upon a round Stone, taking the heat of the warm Sun, which cast such a comfortable brightness upon the Hermit's face, that his white Beard seemed to glister like Silver, and his Head to exceed the whiteness of the Northern Iicles; to whom after S. George had given the due reverence that belonged unto Age, he demanded the name of the Countrey, and the City he travelled to, and under what King the Countrey was governed: To whom the courteous Hermit thus replied:-

Most Noble Knight, for so I guess you are, by your furniture and outward appearance, you are now in the confines of Barbary, the City opposite before your eyes is called Tripoly, remaining under the Government of Almidor, the black King of Morocco, in which City he now keepeth his Court, attended on by as many gallant Knights as any King under the cope of Heaven.

At which words the Noble Champion of England suddenly started as though he had intelligence of some baleful news, which deeply discontented his Princely mind: his heart was presently incited with a speedy revenge, and his mind so extremely ebullient after Almidor's Tragedy, that he could scarce answer again to the Hermit's words: But hiding his fury, the angry Champion spake in this manner:

Woe-worthy Father (said he) through the treachery of that accursed King, I endured seven years imprisonment in Persia, where I suffered both hunger, cold, and extreme misery; but if I had my good

S. George

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Sworn Askalon, and my trusty Father, which I left in the Egyptian Court, where remains my betroched Lady, the King's Daughter of Egypt, I would be avenged upon the head of Alondor, were his Guard more strong than the Army of Xerxes, whose multitudes drank Rivers dry. Why said the Hermit, Sabra the King's Daughter of Egypt is Queen of Barbary, and since her Raptures are solemnly performed in Tripoly, are seven Summers fully finished.

Now by the honour of my Countrey England (replied S. George) the place of my Raptures, and as I am a true Christian Knight, these eyes of mine shall never close, this undaunted heart never entertain one thought of peace, nor this unconquered hand receive one minutes rest, untill I have obtained a sight of the sweet Princess, for whose sake I have endured so long imprisonment: therefore dear Father be thus kind to a Traveller, as to exchange thy Clothing for this my rich Furniture and lusty Breed, which I brought from the Sculdan of Persia, for in the Habit of a Palmer I may enjoy the fruition of her sight without suspicion: otherwise I must needs be constrained by violence with my trusty Satchion to make way into her Princely Pallace, where I know she is attended on most carefully, by many a valiant and courageous Knight, therefore courteously deliver me thy Hermit's Gown, and I will give to thee with my Horse and Armour, this Box of costly Jewels: which when that grave Hermit beheld, he humbly thanked the noble Champion, and so with all the speed they could possible make, exchanged apparel, and in this manner departed.

The Palmer being glad, repaired to his Hermitage with St. George's Furniture, and S. George in the Palmer's Apparel towards the City of Tripoly: who no sooner came to the sumptuous Buildings of the Court, but he espied a hundred pale Palmers kneeling at the Gate, to whom S. George spake after this manner, nor with lofty and Heroical speeches, becoming a Princely Champion, but with meek and humble words, like an aged Palmer.

O my dear Brethren (said the Champion) for what intent remain you here, or what expect you from this honourable Court?

We abide here (answered the Palmers) for an Alm, which the Queen once a day hath given this seven years, for the sake of an English Knight named S. George, whom she affected above all the Knights of the world: but when will this be given, said S. George?

In the Afternoon (replied the Palmers) until which time upon our tenced knees we hourly pray for the good Fortune of that most noble English Knight. Which Speeches so pleased the Western



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hant minded Champion S. George, that he thought every minute a whole year: till the golden Sun had past away the middle part of Heaven: for it was but newly risen from Aurora's Bed, whose light as yet with a flaming & radiant blush, distained the Eastern Skie.

During which time, the most valiant and magnanimous Champion, S. George of England, one while remembering the execrable misery he endured in Persia, for her sake, whereas he let fall many crystal tears from his eyes: another while thinking upon the terrible Battel he had with a burning Dragon in Egypt, where he redeemed her from the fatal jaws of death: as last it was his chance to walk about the Court, beholding the sumptuous Buildings, and the curious engraven works by the artful verment of Man, bestowed upon the glittering Walladatos: where he heard, to his exceeding pleasure, the heavenly Voice of his beloved Sabra, descending from a Window upon the West side of the Palace, where she warbled forth this sorrowful Ditty upon her Throat.

Die all desires of joy and Courtly Pleasures,

Die all desires of Princely Royalty,

Die all desires and worldly Treasures,

Die all desires of stately Majesty:

Such he is gone that pleased most mine eye,

For whom I wish ten thousand times to die.

O that mine eyes might never cease to weep,

O that my tongue might ever moe complain,

O that my Soul might in his bosom sleep,

For whose sweet sake my Heart doth live in pain:

In woe I sing with brinish tears besprent,

Out worn with grief, consum'd with discontent.

In time my sighs will dim the Heavens fair light,

Which hourly lie from my tormented breast,

Except Saint George, that noble English Knight,

With life return abandon my misery;

Then careful cries shall end with deep annoy,

Exchanging weeping tears, for smiling joy.

Before

## Seven Champions of Christen-om.

Before the face of Heaven this Vow I make,  
Though unkind friends have wed me to their will,  
And crown'd me Queen my ardent flames to slake,  
Which in despite of them shall flourish still,  
Bear witness Heavens and Earth, what I have said,  
For George's sake I live and die a Maid.

Which sorrowful Dirge being no sooner ended, but she departed  
the window, quite from the hearing of the English Champion,  
that stood gazing up to the Caisements, preparing his ears to en-  
tertain her sweet tuned melody the second time: but it was in  
vain, whereat he grew in more perplexed passions than Aeneas, when  
he had lost his beloved Creusa amongst the Arms of the Grecians;  
sometimes wishing the day to vanish in a moment, that the hour  
of her benevolence might approach, other times confounding his  
sad cogitations with the remembrance of her true beauty, and  
long continued constancy for his sake; comparing her love unto  
Phisbe's, her chastity to Diana's, and her constancy to Penelope's.

Thus spent he the time away, till the glorious Sun began to  
decline the Western parts of the Earth, when the Walmeys found  
recieve her wonted benevolence: against which time, the English  
Champion placed himself in the midst of them, that expected the  
wished hour of her coming, who at the time appointed, came to  
the Wallace Gate, attired in mourning Vesture, like Polixena  
King Priam's Daughter, when she went to sacrifice: her hair as-  
ter a careless manner being wavering in the wind, almost changed  
from yellow burnish brightness, to the colour of silver; though  
her long continued sorrows and grief of heart, her eyes seemed to  
have wept seas of tears, and her wonted beauty, (so whole fairness  
all the Ladies in the world did sometimes yield asyliance) was  
now stained with the pearly dew that trickled down her cheeks:  
where after the sorrowful Queen had justly numbered the Walmeys,  
and with vigilant Eyes beheld the Countenance of her  
George, her colour began to change from red to white, and from  
white to red, as though the Lilly and the Rose had strife for superi-  
ority: but yet consulting her cogitations under a smock which first  
delivered her Arms to the Walmeys, then raising to George as  
she, with him she thus kindly began to converse: Prince (said she)  
thou resemblest both in Princely Countenance and courteous beha-  
viour, that thrice-honoured Champion of England; for whose sake  
I have daily bestowed my benevolence for this seven years: his name

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is *S. George*, his fame I know thou hast heard reported in many a Countrey to be the bravest Knight that ever buckled on Steel Helm. Therefore for his sake will I grace thee with the chiefest honour in this Court, instead of thy Russet Gaboridine, I will cloath thee in Purple Silk, and instead of thy Ebon Staff, thy hand shall wield the richest Sword that ever Princely eye beheld. To whom the Noble Champion *St. George* replied in this courteous manner.

I have heard (quoth he) the Princely Achievements and magnanimous Adventures of that honoured English Knight, which you so dearly affected, bruited through many Princes Court, and how for the love of a Lady, he hath endured a long imprisonment, from whence he never looked to return, but to spend the remnant of his days in lasting misery: at which the Queen let fall from her eyes such a shower of pearled tears, and sent such a number of straited sighs from her grieved heart, that her sorrow seemed to exceed the Queens of Carthage, when she had for ever lost the sight of her beloved Lord. But the brave minded Champion purposed no longer to continue secret, but with his discovery to convert her sorrowful means to smiling joy: and so casting off his Palmers weed, acknowledged himself to the Queen, and thereunto hallicked the half King *Imberton* was engraven this Double Ardoor affection: which King in former time (as you may read before) they had very equally bestowed, to wit them to be kept in remembrance of their plighted Faiths.

Which unexpected sight highly pleased the beauteous *Sabra*, and her joy so exceeded the bounds of Reason, that she could not speak one word, but was constrained through her new conceived pleasure to breath a sad sigh or two into the Champion's bosom, who like a true enabled Knight, entertained her with a loving kiss, where after these two Lovers had fully discoursed each to other the secrets of their Souls, *Sabra* how she continued for his love a pure Virgin, through the secret vertue of a golden Chain kept in *Myrrors* hand, the which she more seven times double about her Ivory Neck, took him by the gentle hand, and led him into a beauteous Chamber, where was his appointed Baitery, which she for seven years had led with her own hands: who no longer eluded the return of his Baiter, but he more proud of his presence, than *Bucephalus* of the Macedonian Monarch, when he most joyfully returned in triumph from any victorious Conquest.

Now is the time (said the excellent Prince *Sabra*) that thou mayest seal up the guarantee of our former loves: therefore with all convenient speed take thy appointed Baiter, and thy trusty  
Sword

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Whom Askalon which I will presently deliver into thy hands, and with all celerity convey me from this unhappy Countrey: for the King my Husband with all his adventurous Knights, are now rode forth on hunting, whose absence will further our flight: but if you stay till his return, it is not a hundred of the hardiest Knights in the world can bear me from this accursed Pallace. At which words St. George having a mind graced with all excellent virtues, replied in this manner:

Thou knowest, my divine Mistress, that for thy love I would endure as many dangers, as Jason suffered in the Isle of Calcos, so I might at last enjoy the pleasure of true Virginity. For how is it possible thou canst remain a pure Maid, when thou hast been a Crowned Queen these seven years, and every night hast entertained a King into thy Bed?

If thou findest me not a true Maid (quoth she) in all that thou canst say or do, send me back hither again unto my foe, whose Web I count more loathsome than a den of Snakes, and his sight more ominous than the Crocodiles. As for the Moroccoes Crown, which by force of friends was set upon my head, I wish that it might be turned into a blaze of quenchless fire, so it might not endanger my body: and for the name of Queen, I account it a vain Title; for I had rather to be the English Lady, than the greatest Empress in the World.

At which speeches St. George willingly condescended, and with a speed purpos'd to go into England: and therewithall sent an assurance such as sweet as life, as Paris gave to lovely Helen, when she consented to forsake her Native Countrey, and to travel from her Husband Menelaus into Troy. So losing no time, but being mightily in danger, Sabra furnished her self with sufficient Treasure, and speedily delivered to St. George his trusty Herald, which he had kept seven years for his sake, with all the Furniture belonging to his appointed Office, who no longer retained her former gifts, which he accounted dearer than the Asian Goddess, but presently he saved his Poole, and beautified his strong Limbs with rich Caparisons. In the mean time, Sabra through fair speeches and promises, obtained the good will of an Eunuch, that was appointed for her Guard in the Kings absence, to accompany them in their travel, and to serve as a trusty Guide, if occasion required: which with the Lady she made at the Champions commandment: who no longer had furnished himself with Habillments of War, belonging to so dangerous a journey, but

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but he set his beloved Mistress upon a gentle Palfrey; which al-  
ways knelt down until he had alighted the Saddle; and likewise  
her Eunuch was mounted upon another Steed; whereon all their  
rich Furniture, with costly Jewels, and other Treasures was born.

So these three worthy Personages committed their Travels to  
the guide of Fortune, who preferred them from the dangers of per-  
suing enemies, which at the King's return from hunting, followed  
amain to every Port and Haven; that divided the Kingdom of  
Barbary from the confines of Christendom: but kind destiny so gui-  
ded their steps, that they travelled another way, contrary to their  
expectations: for when they looked to arrive upon the Territories  
of Europe, they were cast upon the fruitful Banks of Grecia: in  
which Country we must tell what hapned to the three Travel-  
lers, and omit the vain pursuit of the Morocco Knights, the wryth-  
ful melancholy of the King, and the wicked rumour that was a-  
mongst the Commons at the Queens departure, who caused the  
Lacina Bells to be rung out, and the Beacons set on fire; as  
though the Country had eured their Country.

But now belovome, thou English Sister of the Dutes; Re-  
port what misadventure hapned to these three Travelers in the  
confines of Grecia, and how their smiling Comedy was by ill hap  
turned into a weeping Tragedy; for when they had journeyed some  
three or four Leagues, over many a lofty Hill, they came nigh unto  
a mighty and vast Wilderness, through which the ways seemed so  
thick, and the Sun-beams so exceedingly blotted, that Salm, what  
for a dismal Travell, and the extreme heat of the day, was com-  
forted to rest under the shelter of a mighty Oak, whose branches  
had not been lost in many a year: where she had not long remain-  
ed, but her heart began to faint for hunger, and her colour that  
was but a little before as fair as any Ladies in the world, began to  
change for want of a little drink, whereat she most famous Chan-  
cion to George, full dead with very grief, comforted her as well  
as he could, in this manner:

Faint not my dear Lady (sister) here is that good Sward that once  
preserved thee from the burning Dragon; and before thou shalt die for  
want of Sustainance, it shall make way to every corner of the Wilderness;  
where I will either kill some Venison to refresh thy hungry Stomack, or  
make my Tomb in the bowels of some monstrous Beast; therefore abide  
thou here under this Tree in company of thy faithful Shadow, till I re-  
turn either with the flesh of some wild Beest, or else some flying Bird to  
refresh thy spirits for a new Travell.

Thus



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Thus left he his beloved Lady with the Eunuch to the mercy of the Woods, and travelled up and down the Wilderness, till he espied a Herd of fatted Deer, from which company he singled out the fairest, and like a tripping Satyr courted her to death: then with a keen edg'd Sword cut out the godliest Pouch of Menison that ever hunters eye beheld; which gift he supposed to be most welcome to his beloved Lady. But mark what hapned in his absence to the two weary Travellers abiding under the Tree: where after S. George's departure, they had not long sitten discoursing; one while of their long Journeys, another while of their safe delivery from the Blackamoor King, spending the striding time aloop with many an ancient Story; but there appeared out of a Thicket two huge and monstrous Lions, which came directly pacing towards the two Travellers: which fearful Spectacle when Sabina beheld, having a heart over-charged with the extreme fear of death, wholly committed her Soul into the hands of God, and her body almost famished for Food, to suffer the hunger of the two furious Lions, who by the appointment of Heaven, practised not so much as to lay their wrathful Paws upon the smallest part of her Garment, but with eager mouth assailed the Eunuch, until they had buried his Body in the empty bowles of their hungry Bowels: then with their Teeth lately clogged in blood, rent the Eunuch's Skirt into small pieces: which being done, they came to the Lady, which lay quaking half dead with fear, and like two Lambs couched their heads upon her lap, where with her hands she stroked down their bristled hairs, not having almost to breathe, till a heavy sleep had over-masted their furious senses, by which time the princely minded Champion S. George returned with a piece of Menison upon the point of his Sword: who at that unexpected sight, stood in a maze, whether it was held to his for safeguard of his life, or to venture his fortune against the furious Lions. But at last the love of his Lady encouraged him to forwardness, when he beheld quaking before the dismal gates of Death: So laying down his Menison, he like a victorious Champion leaped his approved Favourite most furiously in the bowels of one of the Lions. Sabina kept the other sleeping in her lap till he was almost dead, like which she killed him: which adventure being performed, she first thanked Heaven for Safety, and then in this kind manner comforted his Lady: Now (Sabina said he) I have by this sufficiently proved thy true Virginity: for it is the nature of a Lion, he never so furious,

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not to harm the unsporting Virgin, but humbly to lay his bristled Head upon a Maidens Lap. Therefore divine Paragon, thou art the Worlds chief wonder for Love and Chastity, whose honoured Vertues shall ring as far as Phœbus sends his Lights, and whose constancy I will maintain in every Land where I come, to be the trust under the Circuit of the Sun: At which words he cast his eyes aside, and beheld the bloody spectacle of the Nunns Tragedy; which by Sobra was woefully discoursed, to the grief of S. George, where sad sighs served for a doleful knell to bewail his untimely death: but having a noble mind not subject to vain sorrow, where all hope of life is past, ceased his grief, and prepared the Wenison in readiness for his Ladies Depast, which in this order was dressed.

He had in his Pocket a Fire-lock, wherewith he struck fire, and kindled it with Sun-burnt Pels, and encreased the Flame with other dry wood, which he gathered in the wilderness: against which they roasted the Wenison, and sufficed themselves to their own contentments. After which joyful depast, these two Princely Persons set forward to their wonted Travels, whereby the happy guide of Heaven so conducted their steps, that before many days passed, they arrived in the Grecian Court, even upon that day, when the Marriage of the Grecian Emperour should so solemnly holden: Which Royal Suppials, in former times had been invited into every Nation in the World, as well in Europe, as Africa and Asia: at which honourable Marriage the bravest Knights then living on Earth were present: for golden Fame had invited the rest of them to the ears of the seven Champions: in Thessaly, to S. Dennis the Champion of France, there remaining with his beautiful Eglantine; into Civill to Saint James the Champion of Spain, where he remained with his lovely Celestine; to Saint Anthony the Champion of Italy, then travelling into the Borders of Seydis, with his Lady Rosalinde: likewise to Saint Andrew, the Champion of Scotland, to Saint Patrick the Champion of Ireland, and to Saint David the Champion of Wales, who all achieved many memorable adventures in the Kingdoms of Tartary as you have heard before discoursed at large.

But now Fame, and smiling Fortune consented, to make their mighty Achievements to shine in the eyes of the whole World, whereby by the conduction of Heaven, they generally arrived in the Grecian Emperours Court: of whose Likes and Arguments therein performed, to the honour of his Majesty, my worthy Wife is bound to discourse.

CHAB.

# Seven Champions of Christendom.

## CHAP. XII.

How the Seven Champions arrived in Grecia at the Emperour's Nuptials, where they performed many noble achievements, and how after open Wars were proclaimed against Christendom by the discovery of many Knights, and how every Champion departed into his own Country.

**T**O speak of the number of the Knights, that assembled in the Grecian Court together, were a labour over tedious, requiring the Pen of Homer: Wherefore will I omit the Honourable Train of Knights and Ladies that did attend him to the Church; their costly Garments and glistering Ornaments, exceeding the Royalty of Hecuba, the beauteous Queen of Troy. And also I pass over the sumptuous Banquets, the Honourable Services, and delicious Cheer that beautified the Emperours Banquets, with the stately Mask and Courtly Dances performed by many Noble Personages, and chiefly discourse of the Knightly Achievements of the Seven Champions of Christendom, whose honourable proceedings, and magnanimous Encounters have deserved a golden Pen to relate: for after some few days spent in Chamber Music, to the great pleasure of the Grecian Prince, the Emperour presently proclaimed a solemn Jousting to be holden for the space of seven days, in the honour of his Marriage, and appoints for his chief Champions the Seven Christian Knights; whose names at then were not known by any one except their own Attendants.

Against the appointed day the Turnaments should begin, the Emperour caused a wonderful large Frame of Timber-work to be erected: whereon the Emperours and his Lady might stand, for the better view of the Matters, and at pleasure behold the Champions Encounters, most nobly performed in the honour of their Mistresses: likewise in the compass of the Ark were pitched seven Tents of seven several Colours, wherein the Seven Champions might remain till the sound of the Silver Trumpets summoned them to appear.

Thus every thing prepared in readiness, being to treat a Royalty, the Princes and Ladies placed in their seats, the Emperour with his new married Empress in their lofty Throne, strongly guarded with a hundred Armed Knights the King's Guards solemnly proclaimed the Turnaments, which in this most royal manner began.

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The first day S. Dennis of France was appointed chief Champion against all comers, who was called by the Title of the golden Knight, who at the sound of the Trumpet entered the Lists, his Tent was of the colour of the Sparigold, upon the top an artificial Sun framed, that seemed to beautifie the whole assembly: his Horse of an Iron Gray, graced with a spangled Plume of Feathers: before him rode a Page in purple silk, bearing upon his Crest three golden Flower de lues, which did signifie his Arms. Thus in this Royal manner entered S. Dennis the Lists: where after he had traced twice or thrice up and down, to the open view of the whole company, he prepared himself in readinels to begin the Tournament: against whom ran many Grecian Knights, which were foyled by the French Champion, to the wonderful admiration of all the beholders: but to be brief, he so worthily behaved himself, and with such fortitude, that the Emperour applauded him for the braver Knight in the World.

Thus in great Royalty, to the exceeding pleasure of the Emperour, was the first day spent, till the dark evening caused the Men to break off company, and repair to their Rites Repose. And the next morning no sooner did Phœbus shew his splendid brightness, but the King of Heralds under the Emperour, with a noise of Trumpets awaked the Champions from their silent sleep, who with all speed prepared for the second days Exercises. The chief Champion appeared for that day, was the victorious Knight S. James of Spain, whose after the Emperour and Emperess had taken themselves with a dainty train of beautiful Ladies, entered the Lists upon a Spanish Deyner, deckt with a rich Caparison: directly over against the Emperour's Throne his Tent was pitcht, which was of the colour of Duck Silver, wherein was portrayed many fine Devices: before the tent attended four Squires, bearing four several Emblems in their hands, wherein were curiously painted the four Elements: likewise he had the Title of the Silver Knight; who behaved himself no less worthy of all princely commendations than the French Champion the day before. The third day S. Anthony of Italy was chief Challenger in the Tournament, whose Tent was of the colour of the Skies, his Horse furnished with costly Equipments: his Armour after the Barborean manner, his shield placed round about with Steel, whereon was painted a golden Eagle in a field of blue, which signified the ancient Arms of Rome: likewise he had the Title of the Azure Knight, whose marvellous Chivalry for that day, won the Prize from all the

Grecians

## Seven Champions of Christendom.

Grecian Knights, to the great rejoicing of the Lady Rosalinde, the King of Thracia's Daughter, that still remained in Dages Aetire, wherein for the dear love she bore to S. Anthony) disguised the stole from the Court, whose discovery shall hereafter be cruelled. The fourth day by the Emperours appointment, the valiant and worthy Knight S. Andrew of Scotland obtained the honour as to be chief Challenger for the Tournament: his Tent was framed in the manner of a Ship swimming upon the waves of the Sea, inspired about with Dolphins, Tritons, and many strange contrived Mermaids: upon the top stood the picture of Neptune the God of the Seas, bearing in his hand a Screamer, whereon was wrought in Crimson Silk a conquer Crest, which seemed to be his Conquerers Arms: he was called the Red Knight, because his Targe was covered with a bloody vail, his worthy Achievements breath'd such favour in the Emperours eyes, that he shew'd him his Silver Gauntlet, which was prized at a thousand Portagues, whereafter his Noble Encounters he enjoyed a sweet repose. The fifth day S. Patrick of Ireland as chief Champion entered the Lists upon an Irish Hobby, covered with a vail of green, attended on by six Savane Knights, every one bearing upon his Shoulder a blooming Tree: his Tent resembled a Summers Bower, at the entry whereof stood the Picture of Flora beautified with a wreath of flow'ring Smelling Roses: he was named the green Knight, whose worthy Promises he daunted the Defendants, that before the Tournament began they gave him the honour of the day. Upon the sixth day the valorous and noble minded Champion of Wales obtained such honour at the Emperours hands, that he likewise was chief Challenger, who entered the Lists upon a Tartarian Palfrey, covered with a veil of black, to signify a black and Tragical day should befall to those Grecian Knights, that durst oppose his invincible might: his Tent was built in the manner and form of a Castle, in the middle end of the Lists, before the entry whereon was a golden Shield, whereon was lively portrayed a Silver Griffin rampant upon a golden Helmet, which signified the Ancient Arms of Ireland. His Princely Achievements, not only obtained him commendations at the Emperours hands, but of the whole assembly of the Grecian Ladies, wherein they applauded him to be the most noble Knight that ever shined there, and the most fortunate Champion that ever entered into the Grecian Court. Upon the seventh and last day of these honourable Tournaments and most Noble proceedings, the Famous and Valiant Knight of Arms, S. George



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of England, as chief Challenger, entered the Lists upon a Noble coloured Steed, becrapt with fars of burnisht gold, his Forehead leau:shied with a gorgeous Plume of Purple Feathers, from whence hung many pendants of Gold, his Armour of the purest Lydian Steel nailed fast together with silver plates, his Helmet ingrauen very curiously, beset with Indian Pearl, and Jasper-stones: before his Breast-place hung a silver Table in a Damask Scarf, whereon was pictured a Lion Rampant in a bloody field, bearing three golden Crowns upon his Head: before his Tent stood an Ivory Chariot guarded by twelve cole-black Negroes; wherein his beloved Lady and Mistress Sabra, sat invested upon a silver Globe, to behold the Heroical encounters of her most noble and magnanimous Champion St. George of England: his Tent was as white as the Swans Feathers, glittering against the Sun, supported by four jointlets Elephants, framed of the purest brays, about his Helmet he tied a wreath of Virgins Hair, where hung his Ladies Globe, which he wore to maintain her excellent gifts of Nature to exceed all Ladies on the earth: these costly Habelliments ravished the beholders with such unspeakable pleasure, that they stood gazing at his Furniture, not able to withdraw their eyes from so heavenly a sight. But when they beheld his victorious Encounters against the Grecian Knights, they supposed him to be the invincible Tamer of that seven-headed Monster that climbed to the Elements, offering to pull Jupiter from his Throne. His Steed never gave encounter with any Knight, but he tumbled horse and man to the ground, where they lay for a time bereft of sense. The Tournaments durd for that day, from the Suns rising, till the cole-black evening star appeared, in which time he conquered five hundred of the hardiest Knights then living in Asia, and shivered a thousand Lances, to the wonderful admiration of the beholders.

Thus were the seven days brought to end by the seven worthy Champions of Christendom, in reward of whose noble achievements, the Grecian Emperour being a man that highly favoured Knightly proceedings, gave them a golden Tree with seven branches, to be divided equally amongst them. Which honourable Prize they conveyed to St. George's Pavilion, where in dividing the branches, the seven Champions discovered themselves each to other, and by what god fortune they arrived in the Grecian Court, whose long wished sight so rejoiced their hearts, that they all accounted that happy day of meeting, the joyfulest day that ever they beheld. But now after the Tournaments were fully ended, and the Knights rest-

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ed themselves some few days, recovering their wonted agility of body, they fell to a new exercise of Pleasure; not appearing in glistering Armour before the Tilt, nor following the loud sounding Drums and Silver Trumpets, but spending away the time in Courtly dances amongst their beloved Ladies and Mistresses in more Royalty than the Phrygian Knights when they presented the Paragon of Asia with an Embroidered Mask. There wanted no inspiring Musick to delight their Ears, no pleasant Dancers to ravish their Senses, nor no curious Dances to please their Eyes. Sabra she was the Mistress of the Revels, who graced the whole Court with her excellent beauty, which seemed to exceed the rest of the Ladies in fairness, as far as the Moon surpasseth her attending Stars in a frosty night, and when she danced, she seemed like Thetis tripping on the Silver sands, with whom the Sun did fall in love: and if she chanced to smile, the cloudy Clements would weep, and drop down heavenly dew, as though they mourned for love. There likewise remained in the Court the six Thracian Muses that in former time lived in the Shape of Swans, which were as beautiful Ladies as ever eye beheld, also many other Ladies attended the Company, in whose companies the seven Champions daily delighted: sometimes discoursing of amorous Conceits, sometimes delighting themselves with sweet sounding Musick: then spending the day in Banqueting, Revelling, Dancing, and such like pastimes, not once injuring their true betrothed Ladies. But their Courtly Pleasures continued not long: for they were suddenly dashed with a certain news of open Wars proclaimed against all Christendom, which fell out contrary to the expectation of the Christian Knights. There arrived in the Grecian Emperour's Palace, a hundred Heralds, of a hundred several Provinces, which proclaimed utter defiance to all Christian Kingdoms, by these words.

We the high and mighty Emperours of Asia and Africa, great Commanders both of Land and Seas, Proclaim by general consent of all the Eastern Potentates, utter ruine and destruction to the Kingdoms of Christendom; and to all those Nations where any Christian Knights are harboured: First the Souldan of Persia, in revenge of a bloody slaughter done in his Pallace, by an English Champion: Secondly the Egyptian King, in revenge of his Daughter, violently taken away by the same Knight: Thirdly the black King of Abyssinia in revenge of his Queen, likewise taken away by the said English Champion: The great Governour of Abyssinia, in revenge of his

Daughter;

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daughter, taken away by a French Knight: The King of Jerusalem in revenge of his Daughter, taken away by a Spanish Knight: The Tartarian Emperour, in revenge of his Son Count Palatine, slain by the unhappy hand of the Champion of Wales: the Thracian Monarch, in revenge of his vain Travel after his seven Daughters, now in keeping of certain Christian Knights: in revenge of which injuries, all Kingdoms from the further parts of **Western John's** Dominions to the Borders of the Red Seas, have sent down their Hands and Seals to be aiders in this bloody War.

This Proclamation was no sooner ended, but the Grecian Emperour likewise consented to their bloody determination, and thereupon gave speedy commandment to muster up the greatest strength that Grecia could afford, to join with the Pagans; to the utter ruin and confusion of Christendom: which bloody Edict, or rather inhumane Judgment pronounced by the accursed Infidels, compelled the Christian Champions to a speedy departure, and every one to hasten to his own Country, there to provide for the Pagans entertainment: so after due considerations the Champions departed, in company of their betrothed Ladies, who chose rather to live in their Husbands boloms, than with their misbelieving Parents: where after some few days they arrived in the spacious Bay of Portugal, in which Haven they vowed by the honour of true Knighthood to meet again within six months ensuing, there to conjoin all their Christian Armies into one Legion: upon which plight Resolution, the worthy Champions departed one from another: **S. George** into England, **S. Dennis** into France, **S. James** into Spain, **S. Anthony** into Italy, **S. Andrew** into Scotland, **S. Patrick** into Ireland, **S. David** into Wales. Whose pleasant Banks they had not beheld in many years before; where their entertainments were as honourable as their hearts desired; but to speak of the mustering up of Soldiers in every Christian Kingdom, and what strength arrived at the appointed time in the Bay of Portugal: shall be discoursed in the sequel of this History; and how trouble some wars overspread the whole earth, where the Heroical deeds of these noble Champions shall at large be described: Also the overthrow of many Kings and Kingdoms, ruines of Towns and Cities, and the decay of many flourishing Common-wealths: Likewise of the bloody Tragedies of many unchristian Princes: whereat the heavens will mourn, to see the effusion of blood trickle from the breasts of murdered Infants, the heaps of slaughtered Danfells trampled to pieces by Soldiers  
Voices,

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Boyes, and the streets of many a City sprinkled with the blood of  
reverend Age: Therefore, gentle Reader, accept of this my labour  
with a smooth brow and kind countenance, and my weary Quill  
shall never rest, till I have finished the pleasant History of these  
Persical Champions.

### CHAP. XIII.

How seven Champions of Christendom arrived with all their Troops  
in the Bay of Portugal; the number of the Christian Armies, and  
how Saint George made an Oration to the Souldiers,

**A**fter the seven Champions of Christendom arrived in their  
native Countries, & y<sup>e</sup> true reports had blazed abroad to eve-  
ry Princes ear, the bloody resolution of the Pagans, and how he  
Provinces of Africa & Asia had mustred up their forces to the Inva-  
sion of Europe: all Christian Kings then at the entreaty of the  
Champions appointed mighty Armies of well appointed Souldiers,  
both by Sea and Land, to intercept the Infidels wicked intention.  
Likewise by the whole consent of Christendom, the noble and for-  
tunate Champion of England S. George, was appointed chief Ge-  
neral, and principal Leader of the Armies, and the other six Cham-  
pions were Chosed for his Council and chief Assistants in all at-  
tempts that appertained either to the benefit of Christendom, or the  
furberance of their Fortunate proceedings.

This honourable War so fired the hearts of many youthful  
Gentlemen, and so encouraged the minds of every common Sou-  
der, that some mortgaged their Lands, and at their own proper  
charges furnished themselves: some sold their Patrimonies to  
serve in these honourable Wars: and other some forsook Wives &  
Kindred, Father, Children, Friends, and acquaintance, and w<sup>o</sup>l-  
one constraint of pressing offered themselves to follow to noble &  
General, as the renowned Champion of England, and to spend their  
blood in the just quarrel of their native Countrey. So be brief, one  
might behold the Streets of every Town and City throughout all  
the Dominions of Europe, beautified with troops of Souldiers,  
which thirsted after nothing but Fame and Honour. When the  
joyful sound of thundering Drums, and the Echoes of silver crum-  
pers summoned them to Arms; that followed to th<sup>e</sup> as much  
willingness as the Grecians followed Agamemnon to the fatal  
patheos of Troy: for by that time the Christian Champions had  
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Spotted

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spoiled themselves in the bosome of their kind Mistresses, the forward captains taken their courtly Pastimes, and the willing Souldiers had adue to their friends and acquaintance, the Spring had covered the earth with a New Libery: which was the appointed time the Christian Armies should meet in Portugal, there to joyn their severall troops into one Legion: which promise caused the champions to bid adue to their Native countries, and with all speed to buckle on their Furnitures, to hoist up sails, where after a short time, the wind with a calm & prosperous Gale, cast them happily into the Bay of Portugal.

The first that arrived in that spacious Haven, was the noble champion S. George, with an hundred thousand courageous English Souldiers, whose forwardness betokened a fortunate success, & their willing minds a joyful victory. His Army set in battle-ray, seemed to counterbail the number of the Macedonian Souldiers, where with worthy Alexander conquered the western World, his Horsemen being in number twenty thousand, were armed all in black cozzers: their Lances bound about with Plates of Steel, their Swords covered with Mail three times double: their colours were the sanguine cross, supported by a golden Lyon: his sturdy Bowmen, whose conquering gray Goose wing in former times hath enriched the circled earth, being in number likewise twenty thousand, clad all in red Spandilians, with caps of the same colour, bearing thereon likewise a sanguine cross, being the true badge and honour of England: their Bows of the strongest Pew, & their arrows of the soundest ash, with forked heads of steel, and their feathers bound on with green wax and twisted silk. His Muskettiers being in number ten thousand, their Muskets of the widest bore, with Firelocks, wrought by curious workmanship, yet of such wonderful lightness, that they required no rest at all to ease their right aiming Armes. His caliver shot likewise ten thousand of the smallest timbered Men, but yet of as courageous minds, as the tallest Souldiers in his Army. His Pikes & Bills to guard the maying Cullens, thirty thousand, clad all with glittering bright Armour: likewise followed ten thousand labouring Diggers if occasion seemed, to undermine any town or castle, to trench Fosses or Sconces, or to make a passage through Hills and Mountains, as worthy Hannibal did, when as he made away for his Souldiers through the lofty Alpes, that divide the countreys of Italy and Spain.

The next that arrived within the Bay of Portugal, was the Prince



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Princely minded champion S. David of Wales, with an Army of fifty thousand of true born Britains, furnished with all habiliments of War, to so noble and Valiant a service, to the high renown of his country, and true honour of his Progeny: their Armour in richness nothing inferior to the English men: their colours were a golden cross, supported by a Silver Chiffin: which scutcheon signified the ancient Armes; of Wales, for no sooner had S. George a sight of the Valiant Britains, but he caused his Musket to be presently to entertain them with a Volley of shot, to express this: happy and joyful welcome to those, which speedily they performed in courageously with such a rushing noise, as though the Firmament had burst in funder, & the Earth made Echo to their thundering melody. But no sooner were the Skies cleared from the smok of the reaking Powder, and that S. George might at pleasure discern the Noble and Paganimous Champion of Wales, who as then rode upon a mill-white Hobby in Silver Armour, guarded with a train of Knights in purple Vestures, but he greeted S. David with kind courtesies, and accompanied him to the English Tent, which they had erected close by the Host side, where for that night these two Champions remained, spending the time with unspeakable pleasure: and so upon the next day after, S. David departed to his own tent, which he had caused to be pitcht some quarter of a League from the English Army.

The next that arrived on the fruitful Banks of Portugal, was S. Patrick, the Noble Champion of Ireland, with an Army likewise of fifty thousand, attired after a strange and wonderful manner: their Furnitures were of the skins of wild beasts, but red more unpierceable than the strongest Armour of Proof: they bore in their hands mighty darts, tipped at the end with picking steel, which the courageous and valiant Irish Soldiers by the agility of their Arms, could throw a full flight shot, & with so visible strength, would strike three or four inches into an Oak; & with such a certain aim, they would not miss the breadth of a foot.

These adventurous and hardy Soldiers no sooner arrived on the shore, but the English merchants gave them a Princely entertainment, & presently conducted the Noble minded Champion, S. Patrick to the English Tent, where the three Champions of England, Wales, and Ireland, passed away the time with exceeding great joy, ally, laying down plots how to pitch their Camps to the most disadvantage of the unbelieving Enemy, and setting perfect directions which way they were best to march, and such like devices for their own safeties, and the benefit of Christendom.

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The next that landed on the Banks of Portugal, was S. Andrew the worthy Champion of Scotland, with threescore thousand of well appointed soldiers: his Horsemen, the bold adventurous Galloways, clad in quilted Jackets, with Lances of the Turkish fashion, thick and short, bearing upon their Beavers the Armes of Scotland, which was a cockatrice supported by a naked Virgin: His Pikemen the stiff and sturdy men of Orkney, which continually lye upon freezing Mountains, the Sea Rovers the Snowy Wallies; his the lightfooted Pallidonians, that if occasion be, can climb the highest Hill, and for nimblesteas in running over go the swift sooted Stag. These bold adventures Scottish men in all forwarde, deserved as much honour at the English Champions hands as any other Nations before, therefore he commanded his shot on their first entry on Land, to give them a Noble Entertainment, which they perceived most happily, and also conducted S. Andrew to the English Tent, whither after he had given S. George the courtesie of his Countrey, repaired to his Tent, which was distant from the English Tent a mile.

The next that arrived was S. Anthony the Champion of Italy, with a band of fourscore thousand brave Italian Soldiers mounted on warlike Couriers: every Horseman attended on by a naked Negro, bearing in his hand a streamer of warlike Silk, with the Armes of Italy thereon set in Gold, every footman furnished with approbated furniture in as stately manner as the Englishmen, who at their landing received as Royal an entertainment, as the other Nations, and likewise S. Anthony was as highly honoured by the English Champion, as any of the other Christian Knights. The next that arrived was S. Dennis the victorious Champion of France, with a band of fourscore thousand. After him marched Dukes of several Duchies, then under the Government of the French King, every one at his own proper cost, and charges maintained two thousand Soldiers in their Christian Colours: their entertainments were as glorious as the rest.

The last of the Christian Champions that arrived upon the fruitful Banks of Portugal, was the magnificent Knight S. James of Spain, with a band likewise of fourscore thousand: with him he brought from the Spanish Duchies great store of rich Gold, only to maintain Soldiers in the defence of Christianity: who no sooner landed with his Troops, but the six Champions gave him the honourable welcome of a Soldier, and ordered a solemn Banquet for the general Armies, whose number fully surrounded the

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The hundred thousand: which Legions they conformed into one Camp-Royal, and after placed their Banners and Squadrons Battle-wise, chiefly by the direction of S. George being then chief General by the consent of the Christian Kings: who after he had overthrown the Christian Armies, his Countenance seemed to prognosticate a crowned Victory, and to foretel a fatal overthrow to the unbelieving Potentates: therefore to encourage his Princely Followers to persevere in their warred willingness, pronounced this Princely Oration.

You Men of Europe (said he) and my Countrey-men, whose conquering fortunes never yet have feared the enemies of Christ, you see we have forsook our native Lands, and committed our Duties to the Queen of Chance, not to fight in any vain quarrel, but in the true cause of Israel's Anointed, not against nature to climb to the Heavens, as Nimrod and the Giants proffered in former time: but to prevent the Invasion of Christendom, the ruine of Europe, and the intended overthrow of all Christian Potentates, the bloody minded Infidels have mustered up Legions, in numbers like blades of grass, that grow upon the flourishing banks of Italy, or the fars of Heaven in the coldest quarters north, growing to fill our Countreys with seas of blood, to scatter our trees with mangled Limbs, and convert our glorious Cities into flames of quenchless fire: Therefore dear Countrey-men, live not to see our Christian Virgins spoiled by lustful Rape, nor dragged along our Streets, like guiltless Lambs to a bloody slaughter: nor live to see our harmless Babes, with dainty daints dash against hard stony Pavies, nor live to see our infancy age, whose hair resembles silver spines, lie bleeding on the hardie Pavements: But like true Christian Soldiers fight in the quarrel of your Countreys. What though the Pagans be in number ten to one, yet Heaven I know will fight for Christendom, and cut them down before our faces, like masts of Ashel Brothers. Be not dismayed to see them in armed ranks, nor fear nor when as you behold the Arminies positing in the morning mist, when as their breasted ranks like in a thorn Forest will overgrow whole Countreys: thousands of them I know will have no heart to fight, but sit with cowardly fear like flocks of sheep before the green Lion. I am for a Ladg of your noble minds, that never fought in vain, nor ever called off for retreat with Conquest. Then every one with me shall upon this Princely Resolution, For Christendom we fight. For Christendom

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we live and die. This Soldier-like Oration was no sooner finished, but the whole Army with a general voice cried, to Arms, to Arms, with victorious George of England: which noble Resolution of the Soldiers, so rejoyced the English Champion, and likewise encouraged the other Christian Knights with such a forwardness of mind, that they gave speedy commandment to remove their Tents, and to march with easie journeys towards Tripoly in Barbary, where Almidor the black King of Morocco had residence, in which travel we must leave for a while the Christian Army, and speak of the innumerable Troops of Pagan Knights, that arrived at one instant in the Kingdom of Hungary, and how they fell at variance in the Election of a General: which civil mutiny caused much effusion of blood, to the great hurt both of Africa and Asia, as here followeth.

### C H A P. XIV.

Of the dissention and discord that hapned amongst the Army of the Pagans in Hungary; the Battel betwixt the Christians and the Moors in Barbary; and how Almidor the black King of Morocco was sodden to death in the Cauldron of boyling Lead and Brimstone.

**T**He treful Pagans after they had levied their partial Forces both by Sea & Land repaired to their general place of meeting, there to conclude of the utter ruine of Christendom: for no sooner could Winter with his cold Frost from the North, and Flora took possession of his place, but the Kingdom of Hungary suffered excessive penury, through the numberless Armies of accursed Infidels, being their appointed place of meeting: for though Hungary of all other Countreys both in Africa and Asia, then was the richest and plentifullest of Minerals to maintain a Camp of Men, yet was it mightily over-prest and greatly burthened with multitudes, not only with want of Necessaries to relieve Soldiers, but with extreame cruelties of those bloody minded Mercenaries, that through a civil discord which happened amongst them, about the Election of a General, they converted their union into a most inhumane slaughter, and their triumphant Victory to a dismal bloody Tragedy: for no sooner arrayed their Legions upon the plains of Algerno, being in length and breadth one and twenty Leagues, but the King of Hungary caused their Quarter-Rolls to be publicly read, and

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and justly numbred in the hearing of the Pagan Knights, which in this manner was proclaimed through the Camp.

First, Be it known unto all Nations that fight in the Quarrel of Africa and Asia, under the conduct of our three great Gods Bahmet Tarmagant, and Apollo, what invincible Forces be now arrived in this renowned Kingdom of Hungary, a Land honoured through the World, not only for Arms, but curious buildings, and plentifulled with all manner of Riches.

First, We have from the Emperour of Constantinople, two hundred thousand. From the Emperour of Grecia, two hundred and fifty thousand. From the Emperour of Tartary, a hundred threescore and three thousand. From the Souldan of Persia; two hundred thousand. From the King of Jerusalem, four hundred thousand. Of Moors one hundred and twenty thousand. Of Cole-black Pegars, one hundred and forty thousand. Of Arabians, one hundred and sixty thousand. Of Babylonians, one hundred and thirty thousand and odd. Of Armenians, one hundred and fifty thousand. Of Macedonians, two hundred and ten thousand. Of Sicacussans, Fifteen thousand six hundred. Of Hungarians three hundred and six thousand. Of Sicilians, seven thousand three hundred. Of Scythians, one hundred and five thousand. Of Parthians, ten thousand and three hundred. Of Whrygiens, seven thousand and three hundred. Of Ethiopians, sixty thousand. Of Thracians, fourscore thousand. Likewise from the Provinces of Prester John three hundred thousand of unconquered Knights, with many other petty Dominions and Dukedoms, whose number I omit for this time, lest I should seem over tedious to the Reader.

But to conclude, such a Camp of Armed Souldiers arrived in Hungary, that might in one Month have destroyed Christendom, had not God defended them from those Barbarous Nations, and by his invincible power confounded the Pagans in their own practices: for no sooner had the Herald proclaimed through the Camp what a number of Nations joined in Arms together, but the Souldiers fell at dissention one with another, about the election of a General: some vowed to follow none but the King of Jerusalem: some Ptolomy the Egyptian King: and some the Souldan of Persia; either to persevere in their own wills, or to lose their lives in the same quarrel.

Thus in this manner, party were taken on all sides, not onely by the meaner sort, but by Leaders and Commanders of Bands; whereof



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whereby the Kings and Potentates were forced to commit their wills to their Souldiers pleasure. This civil broyl so illou-aged the whole Army, that many withdrew their Forces and presently marched homewards, as the King of Morocco with his Tawary Boys, and cole-black Negars: likewise the Sultan of Persia, Prohomy the Egyptian King, the Kings of Arabia and Jerusalem, every one departed to their own Countreies, cursing the time they attempted first to vain an Enterprize. The rest not minding to pocket up at us, fell from brawling boasts to down-right blows, whereby grew such sharp and bloody War, that it cost more Souldiers lives, than the civil mutiny at the destruction of Jerusalem. Which battel by the ireful Pagans continued without ceasing for the space of three days, in which Encounters, the murdered Infidels, like scattered corn, overspread the fields of Hungary: the fruitful Valleys lay drowned in purple goze: the fields of Corn consumed with flames of fire: their Towns and Cities ruined with wasting war; wherein the Fathers were sad witnesses of their Childrens slaughters, and the Sons beheld their Parents renowned hairs, more white than crined Silver, besmeared with clotted blood: there might the Mothers see their harmlesse Babes torn up and down the streets upon Souldiers Lances: there might they see their silken Ornaments and rich Attire in pools of blood lie swimming up and down: there might they see the brains of honest Dames and pure Virgins dash against hard stony stones: there might they see their Courts and Palaces by Souldiers buried to the ground; there might they see how Counsellors in their scarlet gowns lay burning in the fire: there might they see how Kings and Queens were arm in arm consumed to ashes: there might they behold & see how melted Gold in choaked Sinks lay every where: there might they see the most lamentable Tragedies that ever eye beheld, and the worstest news that ever Christians ears heard told. In this long and bloody war, one sucking Child was not left alive to report the story to ensuing ages, no not a Souldier to carry Arms throughout the Kingdom of Hungary, so fully was the vengeance of God throned upon the heads of these misbelieving Infidels, that durst attempt to lift their hands against his true anointed Nations: for no doubt but the invincible Army of Pagans had ruined the borders of Europe, had not the mighty hand of God with his unspeakable mercy been Christendoms defence, and confounded the Infidels in their own civil Wars, which bloody and strange overthrow of those unchristian people, let us for ever bury in.

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in the lake of oblivion, and persevere in the fortunate proceedings of the seven Champions of Christendom, who had entered the Borders of Barbary, before Almidor the Black King of Morocco, with his scattered Troops of Moors and Negars returned from Hungary, & by fire and sword had wasted many of their chief Towns and Forts, whereby the Countrey was much weakened, and the commons compelled to sue for mercy at the Champions hands, who tearing true Christian minds, with in their hearts continually, pictured, harrowed, vouchsafed to grant mercy to those that yielded their lives to the pleasure of the Christian Knights: but when S. George had intelligence of Almidors approach with his weakened Troops, he presently prepared his Souldiers in readiness to give the Moors a bloody Banquet, which was the next Morning by break of Day performed, to the high Honour of Christendom: but the night before, the Moors knowing the Countrey better than the Christians, got the advantage both of Wind & Sun: whereat S. George being something dismayed, but yet not discouraged, imboldened his Souldiers, with many heroic speeches, proffering them frankly the enemies spoils, and so with the Sun up-rising entered Battle, where the Moors fell before the Christians Swords, as ears of Corn before the Reapers Sickles.

During this conflict, the seven Champions still in the forefront of the Battle, so adven-turously behaved themselves, that they slew more Negars than a hundred of the bravest Knights in the Christian Armies. At last Fortune intended to make S. George's Proofs to shine brighter than the rest, singled out the Morocco King, between whom and the English Champion, was a long and dangerous Fight: but S. George so courageously behaved himself with his trusty Sword, that Almidor was constrained to yield to his mercy. The Army of the Moors seeing their King taken Prisoner, presently would have fled: but that the Christians being the lighter of foot, overtook them, and made the greatest slaughter of them that ever happened in Barbary.

Thus after the Battle ended, and the joyful sound of Victory rung through the Christian Army, the Souldiers furnished themselves with the Enemies spoils, and marched by S. George's direction to the City of Tripoly, being then almost unpeopled through the late slaughter which was there made: in which City the Moors had rested some days, and refreshed themselves with wholesome food, the English Champion, in revenge of his former proffered injuries by the Morocco King, gave this severe sentence of death.

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First, he commanded a brazen Cauldron to be filled with boiling Lead and Brimstone: the Almador to be brought to the place of death by twelve of the Noblest Wars in Barbary, therein to be consumed, flesh, blood, and bones: which was duly performed within seven days following. The Brazen Cauldron was erected by the appointment of S. George, directly in the middle of the chiefeſt Market place, under which a mighty hot fire continually burned, for the space of eight and forty hours: where, y<sup>e</sup> boiling Lead and Brimstone seemed to sparkle like fiery Furnaces in hell, and the heat to exceed the burning Oven at Babylon.

Now all things being thus prepared in readines, and the Christian Champions present to behold the wondrous spectacle, the condemned Black-a-more King came to the place of Execution in a shirt of fine Indian silk, his hands ynnion'd together with a chain of Gold, & his face covered with a Damask scarf, his attendants and chief conductors twelve Moors, Wars, clad in sable Gowns of Tassary, carrying before him the wheel of Fortune, with the picture of an Emperour climbing up, with this Motto, on his breast, I will be King in spite of Fortune: upon the top of the wheel the picture of a Monarch vaunting, with this Motto on his breast; I am a King in spite of Fortune: Lastly, on the other side of the wheel, the picture or perfect Image of a deposed Potentate, falling with his head downwards, with this Motto on his breast, I have been a King while it pleased Fortune: which plainly signified the change of War, and of inconstant destiny: his Guard was a hundred Christian Soldiers, holding Fortune in disdain: after them had attended a hundred of Morocco Virgins in black Dymments, their hair bound up with silver Wrethes, and covered with Wreaths of black Silk, signifying the sorrow of their Countrey for the loss of their Sovereign. In this mournful manner came the unfortunate Almador to the boiling Cauldron: which when he came near, his heart wared cold, and his tongue devoid of utterance for a time, at last he brake forth into these earnest Protestations, proffering more for his life, than the whole Kingdom of Barbary could perform.

Most mighty and invincible Champion of Christendom. (quoth he) let my life be ransomed, and thou shalt yearly receive ten Tunns of tryed Gold, five hundred webs of woven silk, the which our Indian Maids shall sit and spin with silver Wheels: a hundred Ships of Spices and refined Sugar shall be yearly paid thee by our Barbary Merchants: a hundred Waggones likewise laden with Pearl and

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and Jasper stones, which by our cunning Lapadists shall be yearly chosen forth and brought thee home to England, to make that blessed Country the richest within the Dominions of Europe: likewise I will deliver up my Diadem, with all my Princely Dignities, and in company of these Morocco Lords, like bridled Horses draw thee daily in a silver Chariot up and down the circled Earth, till death give end to our lives Pilgrimage: therefore most admired Knight at Arms, let these salt tears that trickle from the Conduits of my eyes, obtain one grant of comfort at thy hands, for on my bended knees I beg for life, that never before this time did kneel to mortal Man.

Thou speakest in vain (replied Sir George): not the Treasures hidden in the deepest Seas, nor all the golden Spices of rich America, shall redeem thy life: thou knowest accursed Homicide, thy wicked practices in the Egyptian Court, where thou professedst wrongfully to bereave me of my life; though thy treachery I endured a long imprisonment in Persia; where for seven years I drank foul Channel water, and suffered my hunger with bread of Bran and Beal: my food was loathsome flesh of Hares and Pige, and my resting place a dismal Dungeon, where neither Sun nor the cheerful light of Heaven lent me comfort during my long continued misery: for which inhumane dealing and professed injuries the Heavens enforce me to as speedy revenge, which in this manner shall be accomplished.

Thou seest the torment prepared for thy death, this brazen Cauldron filled with boiling lead and brimstone, wherein thy curst body shall be speedily cast, and boiled till thy detested limbs be consumed to a watery substance in this sparkling liquor: therefore prepare thy self to entertain the violent stroke of death, and willingly bid all thy kingly dignities farewell: but yet I let thee understand, that mercy harbours in a Christians heart, and where mercy dwells, there faults are forgiven upon some humble penitence: though thy Treasures deliver no pity but severe punishment, yet upon these considerations I will grant thee liberty of life: First, that thou forsake thy Gods Tammuz and Apollo, which be the vain imagination of men, and believe in our true and everlasting God, under whose banner we Christians have taken in hand this long War. Secondly thou shalt give commandment, that all thy Barbarous Nations be Christianed in the Faith of Christ. Thirdly, and lastly, that thy three Kingdoms of Barbary, Morocco, and India, swear true Allegiance to all Christian Kings, and never to bear Arms, but in the truest

quartel

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quarrel of Christ and his anointed Nations. These things duly observed, thy life shall be preserved, and thy A very obtained, otherwise look for no mercy but a speedy and most terrible death.

These words more displeased the unchristian King of Morocco, than the sentences of his condemnation, whereupon in these brief speeches he set down his resolution.

Great Potentate of Europe (rep'ed Almidor) by whose mightines Fortune sits fettered in the Chains of power, my Golden Diadem, and Regal Scepter by constraint I must deliver up: but before I forsake my Country gods, I will endure a hundred deaths; and before my conscience be reformed to a new Faith, the Earth shall be no Earth, the Sea no Sea, the Heaven no Heaven. Thinkst thou now proud Christian, by thy threatened torments, to make me forget my Creator, and believe in thy God the supposed King of the Jews, and basely born under an Ox's Stall? No, no, accursed Christians, you off spring of Cain, you generation of Unbelief, you seed of Vipers, and accursed through the World, look for a speedy shew of Vengeance to rain from Heaven upon you wicked Nations: your bloody practices have pierc'd the Battlements of Jobe, and your Tyrannies beaten open the Gate of mighty Babel, who had provided whips of burning Wye to scourge you for your Cruelties, proffered against his blessed worshippers: now with this deadly curse I bid you all farewell: the Plagues of Egypt light upon your Kingdom: the curse of Cain upon your Children, the Famine of Jerusalem upon your Friends, and the misery of Oedipus upon your selves.

This wicked resolution & baleful curse, was no sooner ended by the desperate minded Almidor, but the impatience of S. George was so highly moved, that he gave present commandment to the appointed Executioners to cast him into the boiling Cauldron; which incontinently they performed to the terror of all the Beholders: So for this fearful spectacle, the Battlements of the temple were so thronged with people, the houses covered with women & Children, & the streets filled with armed Soldiers that it was a wonder to behold: amongst which multitudes there were some particular Persons, that as the King of Almidors death fell down and broke their necks, but the general number, as well of Pagans as Christians cried with cheerful voices, Honour and Victory follow Saint George of England, for he hath redeemed Barbary from a miserable servitude, which joyful beating is delighted the seven Champions of Christendom, that they raised their conditions to run with Wines, the Streets to be beautified with Bonfires and



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and a sumptuous Banquet to be proclaimed throughout the City, which after continued for the space of seven days; in more magnificent Royalty, than the Banquet at Babylon when the Macedonian Monarch returned from the worlds conquest.

The Champions Liberty procured such faithful love in the hearts of the Morocco Beers, that with a general consent they chose S. George for their lawful King, where after they had invested him in the Princely Seat of the Morocco Potentate they set the Croton upon his Head, and after presented him with an Imperial Pall, which the Kings of Barbary usually wore upon their Coronation day, protesting to forsake their prophane Religion, and be Christened in the Faith of Christ.

This promised conversion of the Infidels, more delighted the English Champion, than to have the whole Worlds Honour at command: for it was the chiefest point of his knightly Duty to advance the Faith of Christ, and to enlarge the Bounds of Christendom: after his Coronation was so solemnly performed, the other six Champions conducted him to a Princely Palace, where he took true allegiance of the Morocco Lords, by plighted Duty to be true to his Croton: after this he established the Christian Laws to the benefit of the whole Countrey: then he commanded all the ceremonious Rites of Mahomet to be trodden under feet, and the true Gospel of Christ to be preached: likewise he caused all that did remain in Barbary to be Christened in the new Faith: but these observations continued but a time, as hereafter shall be discovered at large; for same not intending to let the worthy Champion long to remain in the idle bowers of peace, summoned them to persevere in the noble Achievements, and to make up anew their Soldiers, whose Armour cankered ease had almost ruin'd with rust: therefore S. George committed the Government of the Countrey, to four of the principal Beers of Morocco, and marched towards the Countrey of Egypt, where lived treacherous Polony, the Father of his beloved Lady Sabra, whom he had left in the Kingdom of England: In which Journey and happy arrival in Egypt, we will leave the seven Champions for a time, and speak of the faithless Infidels in Barbary, after the departure of the Christians, whose former Honours they slightly regarded: For no longer had S. George with his Martial Arms driven their Countrey alien, but the faithless Beers reconciled themselves to their former Gods, and purposed a speedy revenge for the death of Almidor, against all Christians that remained within the limits of that Pagan Nation: For there

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there were many Souldiers wounded in the late Battel, likewise a number oppressed with sickness, which the Christian Champions had left behind for their better recoveries: upon whom the barbarous Boys committed their first tyranny: for they caused the distressed Souldiers to be drawn upon sleds to the uttermost parts of the City, and there put them into a large and old Monastery, which they presently set on fire, and most inhumanely burned the Christian Souldiers, and after converted the place into a filthy Leasall: many Women & succourless Childzen they dragged up and down the streets, till their brains were dashed against the stones and the blood had covered the earth with a purple hue: Many other cruelties were committed by the wicked Infidels, against the distressed Christians, which I purpose to pass over, and wholly discourse of the woful and bloody murder of an English Merchant and his Wife in the same City of Tripoly: the report whereof may force even merciless Tygers to relent, & choke eyes to shed springs of tears that never wept before. The bloody minded Negars violating both Oaths and Promises before plighted to St. George, by violence set upon the Merchants Houie, where first they made a Sacrifice of his Servants, and before his face cast their dead bodies to hunger starved Dogs: then coming to the Merchant, they bound him fast with hempen cords, to the strongest post in his house, and after took his Childzen, being seven of the goodliest Boys that ever nature framed, whom they likewise tied round about him: then one of the Boys being crueller than the rest, proffered to devour the Merchants Wife before his face; but she in chastity like Camma, chusing rather an honourable death than an infamous life, spit in the Negars face, and most bitterly reviled him, yielding neither to his force, nor his bloody threats: but snatching a knife from his girdle, vowed to reach it in her bosom, before she would lose her precious gem of honour, that once being gone could not be recovered for all the Worlds Treasure.

This resolution of the English Merchants Wife, caused the stern Negar to exceed in cruelty, but the principal of that wicked company, being a bloody and merciless Tyrant, stabbed one of the silly Childzen before the Others face.

Now stubborn Dame (quoth he) wilt thou yield to my desires, and preserve the lives of the other six Childzen: Whereof thou shalt behold them butchered in the same manner. To sell my Honour for the lives of my Childzen (replied she) will be an offence to God, and a continual corrective to my Husbands heart.

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if we live together: Therefore accursed Monster, prosecute your cruelty: It is not all your threats and bloody dealings shall convert my chaste mind, nor once enforce my thoughts to give any consent therunto.

These words being no longer ended, but the lustful Boy took another of her Children, and stabled before her Husband's face, thinking thereby to force the Merchant to entrust his Wife, to consent to the wicked Negar's determinations, but he being as resolute as his veracious Wife, spake in this manner:

O you cursed black dogs of Barbary, more worse in quality than bloody Tygers and more merciless than wicked Cannibals, think you that the Murder of our Children shall enforce our Hearts to yield to your lustful desires? No, no, persevere in your tyrannies: if I had an hundred Children, twice the number of King Priam's, yet would I lose them all, before I would endure to see my Wife's dishonour: Children may be begotten again, but her honour never recovered.

These words pricked the Negar to the gall, and caused them to commit the wickedest Deed that ever was practised under the Celestial Noe of Heaven: First they stealed their Womans in the breasts of all the Merchants Children, whose guiltless blood stained all the Chamber with a crimson colour, then with their Fauchions did they cut their bodies all asunder, and caused seven Woes to be made of their flesh, and after served in a banquet to their woful Parents, whom the merciless Moors set at a square Table, the Merchant placed directly opposite against his Wife, where they were constrained either to feed upon their own Children, or starve for want of other Sustenance.

This woful Spectacle strook such a grief into the English Merchants heart, that he could scarce endure to speak for weeping: His Wife, when she beheld the heads of her lovely Sons lying upon the Table, as it were looking to Heaven for revenge, stretched forth this dying Lamentation.

O silly Foes, would you had been strangled in my Womb at your first conception: then should not these accursed Infidels have triumphed thus in your unhappy Tragedies, nor your unfortunate Parents bewail this luckless day, wherein I may that never Sun may shine again, but is accounted an ominous day, throughout the whole world, for Heaven I hope (your fathers) will rain a flood of vengeance on their heads, that have caused this our untimely death, and with this prayer I now bid the world farewell.

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At which words her grief so increased the bounds of reason, that it stayed the passage of his breath, whereby she was forced to sell her Soul to the Parable of Beasts. She being no longer dead, but the sorrowful Merchant likewise bitterly exclaimed against the injustice of Fortune, and the Tyranny of the malicious Moors, not counting his destiny more hapless than the Thracian Kings, that hurled his Children in his own Bowels: and the cruelty of these Infidels to exceed the Tyranny of Nero: that caused his Spacheta to be opened that he might behold the place of his concealing: but when the Merchant had sufficiently bewailed the murder of his Children, the death of his Wife, and his own misery, he yielded his Soul to the furious stroke of death. The end of whose long languishments, when the wicked Moors had intelligence of, they caused their dead bodies to be carried to the top of a high Mountain, and there left for the prey of hungry Ravens: But the Sun consumed them like the morning dew: and by the wonderful workmanship of Heaven, in the same place sprung a Flower of Roses to signify the unspotted honour of the Merchant and his virtuous Wife; which miracle we leave to the wonder of the Moors, and speak of the Christian Champions proceeding, that by this time were arrived in the Kingdom of Egypt.

## C H A P. XV.

How the Christians arrived in Egypt, and what hapned to them there: The Tragedy of the lustful Earl of Cheshire. How Sabza was bound to a stake to be burned: and how Saint George redeemed her: Lastly, how the Egyptian King cast himself from the top of a Tower, and broke his Neck.

**D**URING the time of the bloody Murder wrought by the malicious Moors upon the English Merchant and his Wife, with his seven Children, as you heard in the former Chapter, the Champions of Christendom arrived upon the Mountains of Egypt, where they supposed to have adventures them: thus upon the chance of war: but all things fell out contrary to their expectations; found the Gates of every City shut open, and every Village and Town was open to the Communion of the people of the Christians arrival, freely let them Treasures in the Caves of the Earth, in very Wells, and such like hidden places, and a general and an extreme present assailed the Egyptians, as well the Powers of the Land, as the

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the simple Country peopleman as his two horses and his maulster, and cloie his eyes when in hollow Trees: many such places in the ground, where they thought best to remain in safety: and many such as high Mountains, where they were more safe in great extremity, looking upon the walls of the City: In great the Egyptians loved the Army of the Christians, and they expected nothing but the ruin of their Country, and the loss of their wives, and the murder of their Children and Countrymen.

But to speak of the Christian Champions, who saving the Country befores of people, suffered long very paine in the Egyptians, thinking them to have mistreated their bodies, to be to his them Death: therefore Sir George sent a messenger through the whole Camp, that was a man of great name, and great power in his hand, but much more in his heart, who was to be placed in encounter Death, as though the Egyptians had placed themselves against them: and he said to them, the Christian Soldiers were not such, as they were, but they were of Cities not the Town of Jerusalem, but Jerusalem was not in their hearts, nor did they desire to be the City of Egypt, till they approached the front of King Solomon's Temple: which when the whole Christian Army of England heard, in this manner encouraged by his Followers.

Behold (said he) you invincible Captains of Christendom, power those cursed Towers where wicked Ptolome keeps his court: those Harlequins, I say, were they as richly built as the great Temples of Greece, yet should they be inhabited and laid as level with the ground, as the City of Carthage: there hath this accursed Ptolome his residence, that for preserving his Daughter from the burning Dragon, treacherously sent me into Persia, where for seven years I live in great extremity in a dismal Dungeon where the Sun did never give me light, nor the company of people comfort: In revenge whereof, my heart shall never rest in quiet, till I see the building of his Palace set on fire, and converted into a place of desolation, like to the glorious City in Phrygia: now over-throw with flaming words and loathsome puddles: therefore let all Christian Soldiers, that fight under the Banner of Christendom, and all that love George of England your chosen General, dash forth your warlike weapons and like the angry Greeks overturn those glittering Harlequins: let not one come upon another, but lay it as level with the ground, as the Partisee keeps to holes of exposed men, let your wrathful swords fall upon these



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these Terrors like drops of April Showers, or like Storms of winter's  
Hail, that it may be waisted through the whole World, what just  
revengeance did light upon the Prince of Egypt: leave not (I say) as  
you love your General, when you have subverted the Palace, not  
one man alive, no not a sucking Babe, but let them suffer venge-  
ance for the wickedness of their King: This is my Decree, wipe  
Knights of Christendom, the story march forward: Heaven and  
Fortune be your good Spies.

At which words the Souldiers gave a general shout, in sign  
of their willing minds. Then began the silent Screamers to  
flourish in the Air, the Drums cheerfully to sound forward, the  
silver Trumpets recorded Echoes of Victory: the battle Scream  
grew up by this attempt, and would stand upon no ground  
but fear, and danced with as much courage, as did Bucophanus the  
Horse of the Macedonian Alexander alwaies before any notable  
Victory: yea, every thing gave an evident sign of good success, as  
well senseless things as living creatures.

Such this resolution made the Christians, purposing the utter  
conquest of the Egyptian, and the total ruine and destruction of  
Pharaohs sumptuous Palace. But when the Souldiers approach-  
ed the Gates with warlike Weapons ready to assault, there  
came pacing out the rear, the Egyptian King, with all the chiefest  
of his Nobles, attired in black and mournful Ornaments, bearing  
in their hands Olive Branches: next them the bravest Souldiers  
in Egypt bearing in their hands broken Weapons, silvered Lances,  
and four Arquebuses: likewise followed thousands of Women and  
Children, with cyprels Cylinders about their Heads, and in their  
hands Olive Branches, crying for mercy to the Christians. That  
they should not utterly destroy their declining Countrey, but shew  
mercy to unhappy Egypt: This interpreted sight, or rather admira-  
ble wonder caused Saint George to sound a retreat and gave com-  
mandment through the Christian Army, to withhold their former  
boisterous vengeance from the Egyptians till he understood what they  
required: which charge being given and duly observed, Saint  
George with the other six Champions came together, and conuicted  
the Egyptian King with his Nobles to their presence, who in this  
manner began to speak for his Countrey.

You unconquered Knights of Christendom, whose worthy Victories  
and Noble Achievements the whole World admires, let him that never  
kneeled to any Man till now, and in former times disdain'd to hum-  
ble himself to any Potentate on Earth, let him I say the most uncon-  
futed

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unhappy wretch alive crave mercy, not for my self, but for my Countrey; my Commons blood will be required at my hand: our murdered Infants will call to Heaven for revenge, and our slaughtered Widows sink down to Hell for revenge: so will the vengeance of Heaven light upon my Soul, and the curse of Hell upon my head: of such an one Renowned Champion of England, under whose custody my dear Daughter is kept, even for the love of her be merciful to Egypt.

The former wrongs I proffered thee when I sent thee, like a guiltless Lamb, into Persia, was contrary to my will: for I was incensed by the flattery of that accursed Blackmoor King, whose Soul for ever be scourged with whips of wyre, and plagued with the punishments of Tantalus in Hell: if my life will serve for a just revenge, there is my naked breast, let my heart-blood stain some Christians Swords, thus you may bear the bloody witness of my death into Christendom, or let me be torn into a thousand pieces by mad untamed Steeds, as was Hippolitus Son of Theseus in his charmed Chariot, and so I will die.

Most mighty Controllers of the World, command the Idol gods things in Egypt, they be at your pleasures, we will forsake our Gods, and believe in that God which you commonly adore, for he is the true and living God, ours self and hateful in the sight of Heaven.

This penitent Lamentation of the Egyptian King caused the Christian Champions to relent: but especially Saint George, who having a heart beavensid with a well spring of civillity, not only granted mercy to the whole Countrey, but vouchsafed Ptolomy liberty of life, upon condition that he would perform what he had promised; which was to forsake his false gods, and believe in our true God, Christ Jesus.

This kindness of Saint George, almost ravished Ptolomy with joy, and the whole Kingdome, both Beers and Commons, more rejoiced at the friendship of the Christians, than if they had been made Lords of the Western World. The news of this happy unity was bruited in all the parts of Egypt: whereby the Countreys that before fled for fear into Woods and Wildernesses, Dens and Caves, Hills and Mountains, returned joyfully to their own Dwellings, and caused bonfires to be made in every City Town and Village: the bells of Egypt rung day and night, for the space of a week; in every place was seen banqueting, Dancing and Feasting: sorrow was banished, Wars forgotten, and Peace proclaimed.

The King at his own charges obtained a sumptuous and costly Banquet

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Banquet for the Christian Champions, wherein for bounty it exceeded that which the Trojans made, when Paris returned from Greece with the conquest of Menelaus's Queen. The Banqueting house was built with Egyptian wood, covered with the pure Adamant stone; so that neither Steel nor base Iron could come therein, but it was presently drawn to the top of the Mast: as for the variety of Services which graced forth the Banquet, it were tedious to repeat: but to be brief, what both the Land and Sea could afford, was there present. The Servitors that attended the Champions at the Banquet, were attired in Damask Vestments, wrought with the purest Silk the Indian Virgins spun upon their Silver Spindles; as every could see the Servitors brought in a sort of Egyptian Ladies, who on their frozen RACES shew'd forth such admired harmony, that it surpassed Orion's Quail, which when he was cast into the Sea, caused the Dolphins to bring him safe to the Shore, by the murmurs of Orpheus after him, which made both stones to move to dance; or the melody of Apollo's singing Quail, when he was taken to the lower parts for the love of Daphne: whose pleasures so ravish'd the Christian Champions, that they forgot the sound of Warlike Drums, which were wont to call them forth to bloody battles. But such a night continued but a short time, for there arriv'd a Ship from England, that brought such unexpected news to the Kings, that they were faine to leave the Banquet, and after they had made light the Banquet, they all retired to bed.

For England's Champion (said he) instead of Arms get Swallowings, and fly to England, if ever thou wilt see thy beloved Lady; for he is judged to be burned at a stake for murdering the Earl of Gloucester; whose faithful Desires would have stained her Honour with Infamy, and made her the scorn of Voracious Women: Yet this mercy is granted by the King of England, that if within twelve months a Champion may be found, that for her sake will venture his life, it be his fortune to overcome the Challenger of her death, she shall live: but if it be his fatal destiny to be conquered, then must he suffer the heavy Judgment before pronounced; therefore as you love the life of your chaste and beloved Lady, haste into England, delay all time, for delay is dangerous, and her life is hazard to be lost. 15. 10. 1581

This joyful discourse struck such a terror to the English heart, like unto the Egyptian King her Father, that for a time they stood gazing one in another's face, as though they had been afraid of their lives, not able to speak one word; but at last the

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recovered this former Tense, and breathed forth this sorrowful Lamentation.

O England, O unkind England, have I adventured my life in thy defence, and for thy defence have lain in the field of Mars, buckled on my Armour in many a parching Summers day, and many a freezing Winters night, when you have taken your quiet sleeps on beds of down: and will you repay me with this discourtesie, or rather undeserved wrong, to adure her spotless body to consuming fire? whose blood if it be spilt, before I come, I vow never to draw my trusty Sword in Englands quartell more, nor never account my self her Champion, but I will rend my warlike colours into a thousand pieces; the which I wear on my Burgonet, (I mean the crimson Cross of England) and wander unknown Countries, obscurely from the sight of any Christian eye. Is it possible that England will be so ungrateful to her Friend? can that renowned Countrey harbour such a lustful Monster, to seek to dishonour her, within whose Heart the fountain of Venus springs? Or can that Noble City, the Nurse and Mother of my Life, entertain so vile a Homicide, that will offer violence to her, whose Chastity and true Honour hath caused rancidous Limbs to sleep in her Lap.

In this sorrowful manner wearied Sir George the time away until the Egyptian King, whose sorrow being as great as his, put him from his complaints, and requested the English Knight to tell the true discourse of Sabra's proffered violence, and how she murdered the lustful Earl of Coventry; to whom after a bitter fight on two the Challenger thus replies, in this manner:

Most Noble Princes and Potentates of the Earth, prepare your Ears to entertain the most full Tale that ever English Knight discoursed, and your eyes to weep tears of brackish tears, I would I had no Tongue to tell it, nor Heart to remember it, But feeling I am compelled through the love and duty I owe the Noble Champions of Christendom to express it, then thus it was.

It was the Fortune, say I may say, unhappy Destiny of your beloved Lady, upon an Evening, when the Sun had almost lodged in the West, to walk without the Walls of Coventry, to see the pleasures of the River, Fiddes and flourishing Meadows, when Flora had blossomed in a Summers attire: but as she walked up and down sometimes calling pirates to hear the singing birds how they trained their sweet voices: other times taking delight to see how Nature had covered both Hills and Vales with happy joys of flowers: then walking to see the Capital running

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As yet, the murmuring Bussick of whose Streams exceeded the rest for pleasure, but she (kind Lady) delighting her self by the River side; a sudden and strange alteration troubled her mind: for the Chain of Gold that she did wear about her Neck, presently changed colour; from a yellow burnish brightness, to a dim paleness: her Rings fell from her fingers; and from her nose fell drops of blood: whereat her heart began to throb, her ears to glow, and every joint to tremble with fear: This strange accident caused her speedily to haile homeward: but by the way she met the Earl of Coventry, walking at that time to take the pleasure of the Evening Air, with such a train of worthy Gentlemen, as though he had been the greatest Peer in England: whose sight when she beheld afar off, her heart began to misgive, thinking that fortune had allotted those Gentlemen to proffer her some injury: so that upon her cheeks fear had set a Vermillion die, whereby her Beauty grew admirable; which when the Earl beheld, he was ravished therewith, and deemed her the excellentest Creature that ever Nature framed; their meeting was silent: she shewed the humility of a virtuous Lady, and he the courtesy of a kind Gentleman: he departed homewards, and he into the fields, she thinking all danger past, but he practised in his mind her utter ruin and downfall: for the dart of Love had shot from her beauteous cheeks into his heart, not true Love, but Lust; so that nothing might quench his desire, but the conquest of her chastity. Such extreme passion bewitched his mind, that he caused his servants every one to depart: and then like a discontented man he wandered up and down the fields, beating in his mind a thousand sundry ways to obtain his desire: for without he enjoyed her Love, he was likely to live in endless languishment: but at last he sighed out this passion of Love.

O you immortal powers, why have you transported her from an Earthly Lady to a heavenly Angel? Sabra is no worldly Creature but a divine substance; her teary is a gain upon the Queen of Love, and her countenance of more Majesty than Juno's Face: her twinkling eyes that glitter like the flaming Stars, and her beauteous Cheeks more pleasant than Roses dyed in Silk, have pierced my heart with the pikes of Love, and her Love will ransome my life. Oh but there is a War which swarts kind affections, and hinders my desires. George, I mean, is her cruel and lawful Husband, the Honour of



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whose Bed she will not violate for all the Kingdome of the World: With faint-hearted soul that I am, Sabra is beautiful, and therefore to be tempted: she is a Woman and therefore easie to be won, her Husband he is spooning in the silts of Mars, then why may not she take pleasure in the Chamber of Venus: I will use my flattering glosses, many kind speeches, and many sweet embraces, but I will crop that Weed, which but to taste I would give my whole Lands and Revenues: I will tell her S. George is a wanderer, and one that will never return, whereas I am a mighty Peer in England, and one that can accomplish whatsoever she desires. Many other circumstances this lustful Earl used to flatter himself in this vain conceit. At last the scotting night with pitchy Clouds began to overshadow the brightsome Pleads, whereby he was forced to repair homewards, and to smother up his Love in Silence, no quiet sleep that night could enter into his eyes, but fond and restless dreams: sometimes he thought he had his lovely Mistress in his Arms, dallying like the Paphian Queen upon her minions Knees: but presently awaking, he found it but a gliding shadow, which added new grief to his love-sick passions: then by and by he thought he saw how the wretched Champion with his dreadful and bloody Fauction, came to revenge his Ladies ravishment: whereat the troubled Earl started from his Bed, and with a loud voice cried to his Chamberlain for help, saying, that S. George was come to murder him: which sudden outcry not only awaked the Chamberlain but the whole house, which generally come to bear him company: they set up Campfire Tapers to give light, and made him Pusick to comfort him, and to drive all fond fantasies from his mind: but no sooner ceased the Pusick, but he fell into his former cogitations, pondering in his mind which way he might obtain his purpose: whereat a dismal Night-Haven beat her wings against his Chamber-windows, and with a harsh voice gave him warning of a sad success. Then, presently began the Tapers to burn blue, as though a crop of gally Spirits did encompass his Lodging, which was an evident sign that some strange and unhappy Burthen should woefully follow. All which could not withhold the lustful Earl from his wicked Enterprise, nor convert his mind from the Spoil of so sweet a Lady. In this manner spent he the night away, till the Suns bright countenance summoned him from his restless Bed: from whence being no sooner risen but he sent for the Steward of his house, and gave him a charge to provide a most sumptuous

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and costly banquet, for he intended to invite thereunto all the principal Ladies in Coventry: what bountiful cheer was provided, I think it needless to repeat: but to be short, at the time and hour appointed, the invited Ladies repaired: the banquet was brought in by the Earl's servants, and placed upon the Table by the Earl himself: who after many welcomes given, began thus to move the Ladies to delight.

I think my House most highly honoured (said he) that you have houchsafed to grace it with your presence, for methinks you beautifie my Hall, as the twinkling Stars beautifie the vail of Heaven: but amongst the number of you all you have a Cinthia, a glistering silver Moon, that for brightness exceeded all the rest; for she is fairer than the Queen of Cyprus, lovelier than Dido, when Cupid sat upon her knee, wiser than the Prophetess of Troy, of Personage more comely than the Grecian Dame, and of more Majesty than the Queen of Love: so that all the Pufes with their Ivory pens may write continually, and yet not sufficiently describe her excellent Ornaments of Nature.

This commendation caused a general smile of the Ladies, and made them look one upon another whom it should be. Many other Courtlike discourses pronounced the Earl to move the Ladies delight, till the Banquet was ended, which being finished, there came in certain Gentlemen by the Earl's appointment, with most excellent musick: other some that danced most curiously, with as much Majesty as Paris in the Grecian Court. At last the Earl requested one of them to choose out his beloved Mistress, and lead her some stately Cotzants: likewise requesting that none should be offended what Lady soever he did affect to grace with that courtly pastime: at which request all of them were silent, and silence is commonly a sign of content; therefore he emboldened himself the more to make his desires known to the beholders. When with exceeding courtesy, and great humility, he kissed the beauteous hand of Sabra, who with a blushing countenance and bashful look accepted his courtship, and like a kind Lady disdained not to dance with him. So when the Musicians strained forth their inspiring melody, the lustful Earl led her a first course about the Hall, in as great Majesty as Mavors did the Queen of Paphos to gain her Love, and she followed with as much Grace, as if the Queen of pleasure had been present to behold their Courtly Delights: and so when the first course was ended, he found fit opportunity to unfold his secret Love, and reveal unto the Lady his extreme passion of mind which were in these speeches expressed.

Most

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Most Divine and Peerless Paragon (said he) thou only wonder of the World for beauty and excellent ornaments of Nature, know that thy two twinkling eyes that shine more brighter than the Lights of Heaven, being the true Darts of Love, have pierced my heart, and those thy crimson Cheeks, as lovely as Aurora's countenance, when she draws the curtains of her purple bed to entertain her wandering Lover, those cheeks I say have wounded me with Love: therefore except thou grant me kind comfort, I am like to spend the remnant of my life in sorrow, care and discontent: I blush to speak what I desire, because I have settled my love where it is unlawful, in a bosome where Kings may sleep and surfeit with delight, thy breast I mean, most divine Mistress, for there my heart is kept Prisoner, Beauty is the Keeper, and Love the Key, my ransom is a constant mind: thou art my Venus, I will be thy Paris; thou art my Helen, I will be thy Priam: thou art my Cressida, I will be thy Troilus, thou art my Love, and I will be thy Paramour. Admit thy Lord and Husband be alive, yet hath he most unkindly left thee to spend thy young years in solitary Widowhood? he is unconstant like Aeneas, and thou more hapless than Dido. He marcheth up and down the World in Glistering Armour, and never doth intend to return: he abandoneth thy presence, and lieth sporting in strange Ladies Laps: therefore, Dear Sabra, live not to consume thy youth in singleness, for Age will overtake thee too soon, and convert thy beauty to wrinkled frowns.

To which words, Sabra would have presently made answer but that the musick called them to dance the second course, which being ended she replied in this manner.

Most Noble Lord (said she) for our bounteous Banquet, courteous entertainment, I give the humble thanks of a poor Lady; but for your suit and unlawful desire, I do detest as much as the sight of a Crocodile, and your flattering Glosses I esteem as much as doth the Ocean of a drizzling shower of Rain: your Syrens Songs shall never intice me to listen to your fond Requests: but I will, like Ulysses, stop my ears, and bury all your flattering inticements in the Lake of forgetfulness. Think you that I will stain my Marriage-Bed with the least spot of Infamy, that will not proffer me one thought of wrong, for all the Treasures of the Wealthy Seas? Surely the Gorgeous Sun shall lose his light by Day, the Silver Moon by Night, the Skies shall fall, the Earth shall sink, and every thing shall change from kind and nature, before I will falsifie my Faith, or prove disloyal.

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al to my beloved **George** : attempt no more, my noble Lord, to batter the Fortress of my good name with the Gunshot of your flattery, nor seek to stain my Honour with your lustful desires. What if my Lord and Husband prove disloyal and chuse out other loves in Foreign Lands? yet will I prove as constant to him as **Penelope** to her **Ulysses** : and if it be his pleasure never to return, but spend his days among strange Ladies, yet will I live in single solitariness like to the Turtle Dove when she hath lost her mate, abandoning all company, or as the mournful Swan that swims upon **Meanders** silver streams, where she records her dying tunes to raging billows; so will I spend away my lingering days in grief and die.

This Resolution of the virtuous Lady daunted so the Earl, that he stood like a senseless Image gazing at the Sun, not knowing how to reply: but yet when they had danced the third course, he began a new to assault her unspotted chastity, in these terms.

Why, my dear **Philis**, have you a heart more hard than flint, that the tears of my true love can never mollifie? Can you behold him plead for grace, that hath been sued unto by many worthy dantes? I am a man that can command Countreys: yet can I not command thy stubborn heart. Divine **Sabra**, if thou wilt grant me thy love, and yield to my desire, I'll have thee clad in Silken Roes, & damask Vestures, imbroid with Indian Pearls, & rich refined gold, perfumed with Camphire, Bils, and Syzian sweet perfumes: by day a hundred Virgins like to **Thetis**, tripping on the Silver Sands, shall usually attend thy person; by night a hundred Eunuchs with their strained instruments shall bring thy senses into a golden slumber: If this procureth not thy sweet content, I will prepare a sumptuous Chariot made of hy gold, wherein thou shalt be drawn by Sable spotted Steeds along the Fields and gallant Pastures adjoining to our City walls, whereas the Evening Air shall teach a coldness, far more sweet than Balm upon thy cheeks, & make thy beauty glister like the Purple Pillar of **Hyperion**, when he leaves **Aurora** blushing in her bed, whereby the **Peacocks** and all the powers therein shall stand and wonder at the beauty, and quite forget their usual courses: All this, my dear divine and dainty **Philis**, is at my command, and more, so that I may enjoy thy love and favour: which if I have not, I will discontentedly end my life in Woods and desert places, Tygers and unnamed Beasts being my chief Companions.

These vain promises caused the beautiful **Sabra** to blush with bashfulness, and to give him this sharp answer: Think you, my Lord,

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Lord, with Golden promises to obtain the precious Gem; the which I will not lose for Europes Treasurie: henceforth be silent in that enterprize, & never after this attempt to practise my dishonour, which if you do, I vow by Heaven to make it known to every one within the City, and to fill all places with the rumour of thy wilful lust: A troop of modest Maids I will procure to haunt thee up and down the streets, to wonder at thee like an Owl, that never comes abroad but in the darkest night; this I am resolved to do, and so farewell.

Thus departed Sabra with a sad countenance: where by the rest of the Ladies suspected the Earl had attempted her dishonour by secret conference, but they all assuredly knew that she was as far from yielding to his desires, as is the aged man to be young again, or as the Azure Firmament to be a place for Silvanus Satans to inhabit. In such like imaginations they spent away the day, till the dark night caused them to break off Company. The Earl smothered his grief under a smiling countenance, till the Ladies were every one departed, whom he covertously called his servants to conduct homewards with Torch-lights, because it began to be very dark. After their departure he attended his own fortune, and like a Lyon wanting food, raged up and down his Chamber, and filling every corner with bitter exclamations, rending his Garment from his back, tearing his hair, beating his breast, and using all the violence he could against himself.

In this manner spent he away the night, uttering a deep to close the windows of his body: his melancholy & errant passion so discontented his mind, that he purposed to give end to his sorrows by some untimely death: so when the morning appeared, he made his repair to an Orchard, where Sabra commonly once a day walked to take the Air. The place was very melancholly, and far from the noise of people: where after he had spent some certain time in exclaiming against the unkindness of Sabra, he pulled his sword from his back, and prepared his breast to entertain the stroke of death: but before the premeditated tragedy, with his dagger he engraved these Verses following, upon the bark of a Walnut Tree.

Oh heart more hard than bloody Tygers den,  
 O less more dead than Seneca's troubled Sen,  
 O cold for thy thy rigour Gods excel:  
 For thee I die, my anger to appeale:  
 When thou shalt find me slain,  
 Then thy repentance will encrease thy pain,

I here



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I here engrave my Will and Testament,  
That my sad grief thou maist behold and see,  
How that my woful heart is torn and rent,  
And gor'd with bloody blade for love of thee :  
Whom thou disdain'st, as now the end doth try,  
That thus distressed doth suffer me to die.

Oh Gods of Love, if so there any be,  
And you of Love that feel the deadly pain,  
O Sabza, thou that thus afflictest me,  
Hear these my words which from my heart I strain :  
Ere that my Corps be quite bereav'd of breath,  
Here I'll declare the cause of this my death,

You mountain Nymphs which in the Deserts raign,  
Leave off your chase from savage Beasts a while,  
Prepare to see a heart oppress'd with pain,  
Address your ears to hear my doleful stile :  
No strength nor Art can work me any weal,  
Sith the unkind and Tyrant-like doth deal,

You Fairy Nymphs of Lovers much ador'd,  
And gracious Damsels which in evenings fair  
Your Closets leave, with heavenly beauty stor'd,  
And on your shoulders spread your golden hairs;  
Record with me that Sabza is unkind,  
Within whose breast remains a double mind.

Ye savage Bears in Caves and Dens that lie,  
Remain in peace, if you may sorrows hear,  
And be not moved at my misery,  
Though too extream my passions do appear :  
England, farewell, and Coventry, adieu,  
But Sabza, Heav'n above still prosper you,

These Verses being now sooner finished, and engraven about the  
bark of a Walnut-tree, but with a grisly look and wrathful coun-  
tenance he lift up his hand, intending to strike the popovard up to  
the Hilt in his breast : but at the same instant he beheld Sabza en-  
tering the Orchard to take her wonted walks of pleasure, whose  
sight

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right hinderd his purpose, and caused other bloody cogitations to enter into his mind. The furies did intense him to a wicked deed; the which my trembling tongue faints to report: for after he had walked in the farthest side of the melancholy Orchard, he rigorously ran unto her with his dagger drawn, and catching her about the slender waste, thus frightfully threatened her.

Now, stubborn Dame, (quoth he) will I obtain my long desired purpose, and revenge by violence thy former proud denials: first I will wrap this dagger in thy locks of hair, and nail it fast into the ground: then will I ravish thee by force and violence, and triumph in the conquest of thy chastity: which being done, I'll cut thy tongue out of thy mouth, because thou shalt not reveal nor descry thy bloody Ravisher: Likewise with this Poyniard will I chop off both thy hands, whereby thou shalt never write with Pen thy stain of honour, nor in Sampler sow this proffered disgrace. Therefore, except thou wilt yield to quench my desired love with the pleasures of thy Marriage-bed, I will by force and violence inflict those vowed punishments upon thy delicate body: be not too resolute in denials, for if thou beest, the gorgeous Sun shall not glide the compass of an hour, before I obtain my long desired purpose: And thereupon he stepped to the Orchard-door, and with all expedition locked it, and put the Key in his Pocket. Then returned he like an hunger-starved Wolf, to seize upon the silly Lamb: or like the chased Boar when he is wounded with the Hunters Lance, came running to the helpless Lady, intending her present Rape, and foul dishonour: But she thinking all hope of aid or succour to be void, fell into a dead swoon, being not able to move, for the space of a quarter of an hour: But yet at last, having recovered her dead Senses to their former vital moving, she began in this pitiful manner to defend her assailed chastity from the wicked Earl that stood over her with his bloody dagger, threatening most cruelly her final confusion.

O my Lord of Coventry (said she, with weeping tears & kneeling upon the bare ground) is vertue banished from your breast: have you a mind more tyrannous than the Tygers in Hyccania, that nothing may suffice to satisfie your lustful desires but the stain of mine honour, and the conquest of my chastity: if it be my beauty that hath incited you, I am content to have it converted to a loathsome Leprosie whereby to make me odious in your eyes: if it be my rich and costly garments that make me beautiful, and to incite you, henceforth I will attire my body in poor and simple array, and for evermore dwell in country caves and cottages: so that I may preserve my

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my chastity unpotted. If none of these may suffice to abase your tyrannous intent, but that your lust will make me times wonder, and polluting stock, and scorn of vertuous Ladies, then will the Heavens revenge my wrongs, to whom I will incessantly make my petitions: the Birds in the Air after their kind will evermore proclaim against your wickedness: the silvane Beasts that abide in Woods and D.arts, will heare forth clamours of your wickedness: the creeping Worms that live within the crevices of the earth, will give dumb signs and tokens of your wickedness: the running Rivers will murmur at your wickedness: the Woods and Trees, Herbs and Flowers, with every senseless thing, will sound some motions of your wickedness. Return, return, my noble Lord, unto your former Vertues: banish such fond desires out of your mind: stain not the honour of your house with such black scandals and disgrace: bear this in mind before you do attempt to vile a sin; What became of Hellen's Ravishment, but the destruction of renowned Troy? What of Roman Lucretia's Rape, but the Banishment of Tarquin? and what of Progne's foul dishonourment by her Sisters Husband, the lustful King of Thrace, but the bloody Banquet of his young Son Itis, whose tender body they served to his Table baked in a Pie? At which speeches the ireful Carl wiped his hands within her locks of Hair, which was covered with a costly Caul of Gold, and in this manner presently replied unto her.

What tellest thou me of Poets Tales (said he) of Progne's Rape, and Terius bloody Banquet? thy ravishment shall be an Induction to thy Tragedy, which, if thou yield not willingly, I will obtain by force and violence: therefore prepare thy self either to entertain the sentence pronounced, or yield thy body to my pleasure. This unrecanting and vowed resolution of the Carl added grief upon grief, and heaped mountains of sorrow upon her Soul: twice did the hapless Lady cast her eyes to Heaven, in hope the Gods would pity her distress, and twice unto the Earth, wishing the Ground might open and devour her, and so deliver her from the fury of the wicked Homicide: but at last when she saw that neither tears, prayers, nor wishes could prevail, she gave an outward sign of consentment upon some conditions, under colour to devise a present means to preserve her Chastity, and deliver her self from his lustful solicitments. There is no condition, said the Carl, but I would yield unto, so thou wilt grant my desire, and make me chief commander of thy love.

First, my Lord (quoth she) shall you suffer me to set to me cer-  
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tain hours upon this bed of violets, and bewail the loss of my good name, which surely shall be yielded up to your pleasure: then shall you lie and dally in my lap, thereby to make my affections, yet freezing cold, to flame with burning hands of Love: that being done, you shall receive your wished desire. Those words caused the Earl to convert his furious wrath to smiling joy, and casting down his Dagger, he gave her a courteous kiss, which he in his conceit graciously accepted: whereby his mind was brought into such a vain opinion, that he thought no Heaven but in her presence, no comfort but in her sight, and no pleasure but in her: then caused he Sabra to sit down upon a bed of violets, beset about with divers sorts of Flowers, whose Lap he made his Pillow, whereupon he laid his Head, intending as he thought to increase desire: But Women in extremity have the quickest wits: so Sabra busied her self by all means possible, either now or never to remove the cause of her deep distress, by practising his death, and so quit her self from her importunate Sutor: one while she told him pleasant tales of Love, in hope to bring his Senses to a Numbner, the better to accomplish her desire: other while she played and sported his Hair that hung dangling below his Shoulders like to threads of Silk: but at last when neither tales, discourses nor dallying pastime with his Hair could not bring him asleep, she strained forth the Dignans of her Voice, and over his Head sung this most Dirge:

Thou God of sleep and golden dreams, appear;

That bring'st all things to peace and quiet rest,

Close up the glasses of his eyes so clear,

Thereby to make my fortune ever blest.

His eyes, his heart, his senses and his mind

In Peaceful sleep let them some comfort find.

Sing sweet you pretty birds in tops of trees

With warbling tunes and many a pleasant note:

Till your sweet musick close his watchful eyes,

That on my love with vain desires doth dote:

Sleep on, my dear, sleep on, my lover's delight,

And let this sleep be thy eternal night.

You gentle Bee, the Muses lovely birds,

Come aid my doleful tances with silver sound,

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Till your inspiring melody records

Such heavenly musick that may quite confound  
Both wit and sense, and tyre his eyes with sleep,  
That on my lap in sweet content I keep.

You silver streams, which murr'ring Musick make.

And fill each dale with pleasant harmony,  
Whereat the floating Fish much pleasure take,

To hear your sweet recording melody,  
Assist my tunes, his slumbring eyes to close,  
That on my lap now takes a sweet repose.

Let whispering Winds in every senseless Tree

A solemn, sad, and doleful Musick sing :

From Hills and Dales, and from each Mountain High,

Let some inspiring sound or Echo ring,

That he may never wake from sleep again,

Which sought my Marriage-bed with Lust to stain.

This delightful Song rocked his Senses to such a careless  
Slumber, that he slept as soundly upon her Lap as in the softest  
Bed of Down; whereby she found a fit opportunity to deliver her  
undefiled Body from his lustful desires. So taking the Boynard  
in her hand, which he had cast a little aside, and gazing thereon  
with an itresul look, she made this sad complaint.

Grant, you immortal powers of Heaven (said she) that of these  
two extremes I chouse the best: either must I yield my body to be  
dishonoured by his unchast desires, or stain my hands with the  
trickling streams of his Heart-blood. If I yield unto the first, I  
shall be then accounted for a vicious Dame: But if I commit the  
last, I shall be guilty of a wilful Murder, and for the same the Law  
will adjudge me a shameful death. What, shall I fear to die, or  
lose my vertue and renown? No, my heart shall be as tyrannous  
as Danaus Daughters, that slew their fifty Husbands in a night:  
or as Medea's cruelty, which scattered her Brother's bloody toyns  
upon the Sea-shore, thereby to hinder the Ships pursuit of her Fa-  
ther, when Jason got the Golden Fleece from Calcos Isle. Where-  
fore stand still you glittering Lamps of Heaven, stay standing  
time, and let him sleep eternally.

Where art thou, sad Melpomene, that speakest of nothing but of  
Murders and Tragedies: where be those Dantes that evermore de-  
lighte



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light in blood; Come, come, assist me with your cruelties, let me exceed the hate of Progne for her ravishment: rage heart, and take delight in blood, banish all thoughts of pity from thy breast, I e thou as merciless as King Priamus Queen, that in revenge of five and twenty Murdered Sons, with her own hands stained the Pavements of Agamemnon's Court with purple gore.

These words were no longer ended, but with a murtherful and pale countenance, she sheathed the Poyntard up to the hilt in the closure of his breast, whereat he started, and would have got upon his feet, but the streams of blood so violently gushed from his wound, that he declined immediately to the Earth; and his Soul was forced to give the World a doleful adieu.

When Sabra beheld the bed of Violets stained with blood, and every flower converted to a crimson colour, she sighed grievously: but when she saw her garments all to be sprinkled with her Enemies blood, and he lay wallowing at her feet in Purple Gore, she ran speedily unto a flowing Fountain, that stood in the farther side of the Orchard, and began to wash the blood out of her cloaths, but the more she washed, the more it increased: a sign that Heaven will never suffer willful murder to be hid for what cause soever it is done.

This strange spectacle, or rather wonderful accident, so amazed the sorrowful Lady, that she began a new to complain: O that this wicked Murder had never bin done (said she) or that my hand had been stricken lame by some unlucky Planet, when first it did attempt the deed! Whither shall I fly, to shroud me from the company of virtuous Women, which will for evermore hunt me as a detested Murderer: If I should go into some Foreign Countrey, there Heaven will cast down vengeance for my guilt: If I should hide my self in Woods and solitary Wildernesses, yet would the wind discover me, & blow this bloody crime to every corner of the World: or if I should go like in Caves, or darksome dens, within the deep foundation of the Earth, yet will his Ghost pursue me there, and hunt me day and night; so that in no place a Murderer can live in rest, such disconcerted thoughts shall fill oppress his mind. After she had breathed forth this comfortless lamentation to the Air, she tore her blood-stained Garment from her back, & cast it into the Fountain, where it turned the Water into the colour of blood, so heinous is Murder in the sight of Heaven.

Thus being disrobed into her Betty-coat, she turned to the Slaughtered Earl, whose face she found covered with spots: which added more grief unto her soul, for she greatly feared her

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murder was discovered: but it fell not out as she mistrusted: for it is the nature and kind of Robin Red-Breast and other Birds, always to cover the face of any dead man, and those were they that bred this fear in the Ladies Heart. By this time the day began to shut up his bright windows, and sable night entered to take possession on the Earth, yet durst not the woful distressed Sabra, make her repair homewards, lest she should be desecrated without her upper Garment.

During which time, there was a general search made for the Earl by his Servants, for they greatly suspected some danger had befallen him, considering that they heard him the night before so wofully complain in his Chamber. At last, with Torch-lights they came to the Orchard Gate, which they presently burst open: where in no longer entering, but they found their Murdered Master lying by a bed of Violets, covered with Dols: like wile searching to find out the Murderer, at last they espied Sabra in her bare Petticoat, her hands and face besprinkled with blood, and her countenance as pale as ashes: by which signs they suspected her to be the bloody perpetrator of their Lords and Masters life: therefore because she descended from a noble Lineage, they brought her the same night before the King, which did then keep his Court in the City of Coventry: who immediately upon the confession of the Murder, gave this severe judgement against her.

First, to be conveyed to Prison, there to remain for the term of twelve months, & at the end thereof, to be burned like a most wicked offender: But because she was the Daughter to a King, and a Royal Lady to so Noble a Knight, his Majesty in mercy granted her this favour, that if she could get any Knight at Arms, before the time were expired, that would be her Champion, and by Conteste redeem her from the fire, she should live, otherwise, if her Champion were hanged, then, to suffer the former punishment.

When have you heard the discourse of all things which happened till my departure from England, where I left her in Prison, and since that time five months are fully expired: therefore, most renowned Champion, as you love the life of your Lady, and wish her delivery, make no tarryance, but with all speed pass into England: for I greatly fear, before you arrive on the blessed Shore, the time will be such, and Sabra suffer death for want of a Champion to defend her cause.

This woful discourse moved Sir George with the other Knights and Champions, to such an extasy of mind, that every one departed to their Lodging Chambers with much signs of sorrow, being

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bring not able to speak one word; where for that night they lamented the mishap of so pernicious a Lady. The Egyptian King her Father, he abandoned the sight of all companies: and repaired to the top of a high Tower built of Marble Stone, wherein he barred himself so fast with Iron Boles, that none could come within the hearing of his Lamentations: then, raged he up and down like transfixed Oedipus, tearing his eyes from their Natural Cells, accusing Heaven of Injustice, condemning Earth of Iniquity, and accursing man for such an execrable Crime: one while wishing that his Daughters hire-day had been her Burial-day: another while that some unlucky Planet would descend the firmament, and fall upon his miserable head. Being in this extreme passion, he never hoped to see his Daughters countenance again: and so about Midnight, being a time when desperate Men brag their own destruction, he cast himself headlong from the top of the Tower, and broke his Neck, and all besminked the Flince Pavements with his Blood and Brains.

No sooner was the night chamber, and huge Prison entered the Zodiack of Denney, but his buried bones, shivers and terrors, was found by his Servants lying in the Palace-yard all beaten in pieces against the ground. The mortal news of this self-willed Murder, they presently told to certain Egyptian Knights, who took his scattered Limbs, and carried them to St. George's Chamber, whom they found aiming himself for his departure towards England, but at this most infortunate he took a second conceived grief in such extreme manner, that it had almost cost him his life, but that the Egyptian Knights gave him many comfortable speeches, and by the consent of many Dukes, Earls, Lords, and Barons, with many order of the late Kings Privy Council, they elected him the true succeeding King of Egypt, at the Marriage of Polomy's Daughter: which should have cost St. George's refusal too, but took upon him the Regiment of the whole Conquest, so that for a short time his journey home to England was stayed, and upon the third day following his Coronation was appointed, which they solemnly performed, to the high honour of all the Christian Champions, for the Egyptian Kings caused St. George to be apparelled in Royal Attires like a King, seated on a butt of flaming Green, like an Emerald, but a crown of beaver, set very richly fast, and brought in many Knights, then the other six Champions led him up to the Kings Throne, and let him in a chair of Ebony, which had pummels of Silver, which stood upon.

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upon an Alabaſter Elephant; then came thro' of the greateſt Lords in Egypt, and ſet a Crown of Gold upon his head; then followed the Knights with a Scepter and a naked Sword, to ſignifie that he was chief Governor of the Realm, and Lord of, all that appertained to the Crown of Egypt. This being performed in moſt ſumptuous and ſtately manner, the Trumpets with other Inſtruments began to ſound, whereat the general company with joyful voices cryed altogether, Long live St. George, true Champion for England and King of Egypt. Then was he conducted to the Royal Palace, where for ten days he remained among his Lords and Knights, ſpending the time in great joy and pleaſure: the which being ſniſhed, his Ladies and Kins contrained him to a ſudden departure: therefore he left the governing of his Land to twelve Egyptian Lords, binding them all by Oath to deſiſe it at his return: likewiſe charging them to inter the body of ſo Royal a Potentate in a ſumptuous Tomb beſetting the body of ſo Royal a Potentate: Alſo appointed the ſix Champions to riſe their Tents, and ſuffer us a new their ſouldiers, and with all ſpeed march into Perſia, and there by Deed of bloody War revenge his former injuries upon the cruelle Scoldan.

This charge being given, the next morning by break of day he buckled on his Armour, mounted on his ſwiſt footed ſteed, and had his Friends in Egypt ſay a ſeaſon adieu; and ſo in company of the Kings that brought him that unlucky newes, he took his Journey with all ſpeed toward England: in which travel we will leave him for a time: Alſo paſſing over the ſpeedy proviſion made by the Chriſtian Champions in Egypt, for the Invaſion of Perſia, and return to Iſrophaſ Sabra being in priſon, awaiting each Minute to receive the final ſtroke of impartial death: for now had the rowling Waves brought their weary Journey to an end: yet Sabra had no interſeſſence of any Champion that would defend her cauſe, therefore ſhe prepared her delicate body to receive her laſt breath of life. The time being come, ſhe was brought to the place of Execution, whither ſhe went as willingly, and with as much joy, as ever ſhe went before time unto her Marriage: ſhe had made humble ſubmiſſion to the Emperour and unſeignedly committed her ſoul to God, who was at the ſide, where the King was preſent, ſuch many thouſands, as well as ſouldiers, as of common people, to behold this ſad ſpectacle, the wretched Queen ſtripping off her

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Garment, which was of black Sarcenet, and in her Smock white  
Smock tound her with an Iron Chain unto the Stake: then  
placed they round about her tender body, both Pitch and Gun-  
powder, with other merveilous things: thereby to  
make her death the more easie, and her pain the shorter: which be-  
ing done, the King caused the Herald to summon in the Challen-  
ger, who at the sound of the Trumpet came trancing in upon a  
Roan coloured Steed without any kind of mark, and trapp'd with  
rich Trappings of Gold and precious Stones of great price: there  
came out at the Horse mouth two Tusks like unto an Elephants,  
his Hoofes were very large and big, his head little, his breast  
somewhat broad, well pitch, and so hard that no Sword, were it  
never so sharp, was able to enter in thereat. The Champion was  
called the Baron of Chester, a boldet and hardier Knight they  
thought lived not then upon the face of the whole Earth: he so ad-  
vanced himself up and down as though he had ten soldiers encoun-  
ter with an hundred Knights. Then the King caused the Herald  
to summon in the Defendaunt, if there were any to defend her cause:  
both Drums and Trumpets sounded three severall times up and  
down the fields: betwixt every rest, was a full quarter of an hour,  
but yet no Defendaunt did appear: therefore the King commanded  
the Executioner to set the Stake on fire.

At which words Sabra began to grow pale as albes, and her  
Joynts to tremble like to aspen leaved: her Tongue that before  
continued stene, began to recorde a Psalm, the words were, and in  
this manner uttered the passion of her heart: Be witness, Heaven  
and all your bright Celestial Angels: be witness Sun and Moon, all  
true beholders of my Fact: be witness thou clear Firmament, and all  
the World, be witness of my innocency: the blood I shed for the  
guard of my Honour and unsupported Chastity: great God of Heavens,  
if the prayers of my unstained heart may move thy mighty Majesty, I pray  
thy true innocency prevail with thy immortal power, command that  
my Lord may come to be my Champion, or in beholding of my strength  
But if my hands were stained with the blood about some wicked over-  
prize, then Heaven shew present vengeance upon me, and by some  
Noble Champion save my body alive. At which words she began the  
sound of a full Trumpet, the which Drums sounded as in the  
ed (for as then he was near,) which caused the Executioner to  
be deferred. At last they began to start off a slowly Drums beating  
in the Air, the which a Squire carried before Sir George: then  
they espied near unto the Banner a most valiant stout Knight

mounted



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mounted upon a coal black Palfrey, with a Gallantlike Lance standing in his rest: by which sudden approach they knew him to be the same Champion that would defend the distressed Lady's life. When the King commanded the Drums and Trumpets to sound: whereas at the people gave a general shout, and the poor Lady half dead with fear began to sob, and her blushing Cheeks to be as beautiful as red Roses dyed in Silk, or as blood mingled with Snow. But when St. George approached the sight of his constant Lady, whom he found chained to a Stake, encompassed with many instruments of death, his heart so relieved with grief that he almost fell beside his Horse: yet remembering wherefore he came, he recalled his courage, and intended to try his fortune in the Combat, before he would discover himself unto his Lady. And when the Trumpets sounded Deaths Alarm, the two knights set Spurs to their Horses, and made them run so fiercely, that at the first encounter they shivered both their Lances to their hands, then rushed they together so vigorously with the Bores and Helmets, that they fell down both to the earth: but St. George who was the more lusty knight, straight leapt upon his feet without any hurt, but the Baron of Chester lay still with his head downwards, casting from his mouth abundance of blood, for he was mightily bruised with the fall, but when he revived from his Trance, he took his shield, drawing out a mighty Painkiller, and with wondrous countenance ran at St. George. Now, proud Knight (quoth he) I fear by all the Saints and Virgins to revenge my blood which thou hast shed: and therefore will he strike so violently upon St. George's Shield, that it cleaved quite asunder. Then began he to war angry, and took his Sword in great wrath and gave the Baron of Chester such a stroke, that he cut away Arm and Shoulder and all the flesh of his side to the bare ribs, and likewise cut his Leg almost clean asunder, in the thickest place of his thigh, and yet for all that the sword entered half a foot into the cavity, then fell the Baron of Chester to the ground, and bled forth this lamentable cry:

Now frozen, you fatal Stars, eternally, that do predominate at my birth, for he is slain and vanquished, that never stoop to any thing he desires to do: and thereupon the blood stopped the passage of his speech, and his soul went flying to Elysium: whereat the whole company admired and applauded St. George for the most fortunate knight in the world: When the King delivered Sabra with his own hands to St. George, who most courteously received her, and like a kind knight put a Scarlet Mantle over her body, the

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the which a Lady standing by bestowed upon him; yet he minding not to discover himself, but set her upon his poorly Steed, (that presently grew proud in carrying so rich a burthen) and with his own hands led him by the bridle reins. So great was the joy throughout the City, that the bells rung without ceasing that whole day together, the Citizens through every place St. George should pass, did hang forth at their windows, and on their walls, cloath of Gold and Silk, with rich Carpets, Cushion-coverings of green Velvet lay abroad in every window: the Clergy in robes of Gold and Silk, met them with solemn procession: the Ladies and beautiful Damfels strewed every street wheresoever he past with Roses & most pleasant flowers and crowned him with a wreath of green bays, in sign of his Triumphant Victory and Conquest.

In this manner went he to the Kings Palace, not known by any what he should be, but that he was a Knight of a strange country: Yet Sabra many times as they passed along, desired to see his face and know his Name, for that he had adventured so far for her sake, and that for her delivery he had vanquished the bravest Knight in England. Yet for all her persuasions, he kept himself undiscovered till a troop of Ladies in company of Sabra, got him into a chamber richly hung with Arras cloth, and there unlaced his Weber: whose countenance when she beheld, and saw that it was her Lord and Husband which had redeemed her from death, she fell into a dead swoon for very joy: but St. George sprinkled a little cold water on her face and revived her presently. After this he gave her many a kind and loving kiss, calling her the most true, and the most loyal Lady that ever nature framed, that to the very death would not lose one jot of her unspotted Honour. Likewise he accounted him the truest Knight, and Loyallest Husband, that ever heavenly Hymen linked in bands of Marriage with any woman. But when the King had notice that it was St. George, his Countries Champion, which achieved that noble conquest in vanquishing the Baron of Chester, he was ravished with such joy, that he came running in all haste to the Chamber, and most kindly embraced him, and after he was unarmed, and his wounds washed in white Wine and new Milk, the King conducted him with his Lady to his Banqueting House, where they feasted for that evening, and after he kept open Court for all comers so long as St. George continued there, which was for the space of one Month: At the end whereof he took his Lady and one Page with him, and bade England adieu, and then he travelled towards,

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Persia

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Persia, to the other Christian Champions, whose dangerous journey, and strange adventures you may read in this Chapter following.

### C H A P. XVI.

How Saint George in his Journey towards Persia, arrived in a Country inhabited only by Maids, where he achieved many strange and wonderful Adventures: also of the Ravishment of seven Virgins in a Wood, and how Sabza preserved her honour from a terrible Gyant.

**A**fter S. George with his vertuous Lady departed from England, and had travelled through many Countreys, taking their direct courses towards Egypt, and the confines of Persia, where the other six Champions remained with the Warlike Legions, at last, they arrived in the Countrey of the Amazonians, a Land inhabited by none but Women: In which Region S. George achieved many brave and Wincely Adventures, which are most wonderful to rehearse, as after is declared: for travelling up and down the Countrey they found every town and City desolate of people, yet very sumptuously built, the Earth likewise uncultivated, the Pastures uncherished, and every field overgrown with weeds: where by he deemed that some strange accident had befallen the Countrey, either by War, or mortality of some grievous Plague, for they could not see the eye of Man, Woman, nor Child, whereby they were forced to feed upon Roots, and instead of brave Palaces, they were constrained to lie on broad Pastures, upon the banks of Rivers, and instead of Curtains of Silk, they had black and dark clouds to cover them.

In this extremity they travelled up and down for thirty days, but at last it was their happy fortunes to arrive before a rich Pavillion, situated and standing in the open fields, which seemed to be the most glorious sight that ever they beheld, for it was wrought of the richest Works in the World, all of green and Crimson Satten, bordered with Gold, and Azure, the Walls that were it up were of Ivory, the cords of green silk, and on the top thereof there stood an Eagle of Gold, and at the two corners two green Silver Griffons shining against the Sun, which seemed in richness to exceed the Monument of Mausolus, being one of the Worlds twelve Wonders. They had not there remained long, admiring at the beauty of the Workmanship, but at the Entry of the Pavillion there appeared

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peared a Maiden Queen Crowned with an Imperial Diadem, who was the fairest creature that ever he saw. On her attended Amazonian Dames, bearing in their Hands Silver bows of the Turkish Fashion, and at their backs being Quivers full of Golden Arrows, upon their Heads they wore Silver Coronets, beset with Pearls and precious Stones: their Attire comely and gallant: their Faces fair and gentle to behold, their Foreheads pale and white, the Tresses of their Hair like burnished Gold: their brows small and proper, somewhat drawing to a brown colour, their visage plain, neither too Long nor too Round, but coloured like Roses mixt with Lillies, their Noses long and straight, their Ruddy cheeks somewhat Smiling, their Eyes lovely, and all the rest of their parts and Lineaments, by nature framed most excellent, who had made them in beauty without compare: The Queen herself was clothed in a Gown of Green, straight girt unto her body with a lace of Gold, so that somewhat her Round and Lilly white breast might be seen, which became her wonderful well: beside all this she had on a crimson Kerchief, lined with Violet Welver, and her wide sleeves were likewise of Green Silk, embroydered with Flowers of Gold, and with rich Pearls. When St. George had sufficiently beheld the beauty of this Maiden Queen, he was almost entrapped in her love, but that the dear affection he bare to his own Lady prevented him, whom he would not wrong for all the treasures bestowd the highest Heaven and the lowest Earth. At last, he alighted from his Horse, and humbled himself unto her Excellency, and thus courteously began to question with her after this manner.

Most divine and fair of all fairs, Queen of sweet beauty (said he) let a travelling Knight obtain this favour at your hands, that both himself and his Lady whom you behold here waited with travel, may take our rest within our Pavilion for a night: For we have wandered up and down this country many a day, neither seeing Man to give us lodging, nor finding food to cherish us, which made us wonder that to have a countrey, and so beautiful with natures Ornaments as this is, should be left desolate of people, the cause whereof is strange I know, and full of wonder.

This question being courteously demanded by St. George, caused the Amazonian Queen as kindly to reply: Sir Knight, quoth she, (for so you seem both by your behaviour and gallant attire) what favour my Pavillion may afford, be assured of: but the remembrance of my countreys desolation which you speak of, breeds a Sea of sorrows in my Soul, and maketh me sigh when I remember it: but

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because you are a Knight of a strange Land, I will reposit it though unto my grief: about some twelve yeares since, it was a Necromancers chance to arrive within this Country, his name is Osmond; the cunningest Artificer his day siving upon the Earth, for he can at his call raise all the Spirits out of Hell, and with his charms make Heaven to rain continually showers of blood: my beauty at that instant tempted him to Love, and shrouded his senses so in desire, that he assailed by all perswasions that either Wit or Art could devise to win me to his will: but I having vowed my self to Diana's chastity, to live in singleness among these Amazonian Maids, condemned his Love, despised his person, and accounted his perswasions as ominous Snakes; for which he wrought the destruction of this my Realm and Kingdom: for by his Magick Art and Damned Charms, he raised from the earth a mighty Tower, the Portar whereof he mingled with Virgins blood, wherein are such enchantments wrought, that the light of the Sun, & the brightness of the skies is quenched, and the earth blasted with a terrible vapour, and black mist, that ascendeth from the Tower, whereby a general darkness overtread our Land, the compass of four and twenty leagues, so that this Country is clean wasted and destroyed, and my people fled out thereof. This Tower is haunted day and night with ghostly fiends: and at his departure into Persia, where he now by Enchantment aids the Soldan in his wars against the Christians, he left the guarding of the same to a mighty and terrible Giant, for shape the ugliest monster that ever eye beheld, or ever ear heard tell of: for he is thirty foot in length: his head three times larger than the head of an Ox: his eyes bigger than two Winter Dishes, and his teeth standing out of his mouth more than a Foot, wherewith he will break both Iron and Steel: his Armes big and long without any measure, and his body as black as any coal, and as hard as Brass: also of such a strength, that he is able to carry away at once three Knights Armed: and he never eateth any other meat, but raw flesh of Man-kind: he is so light and swift, that a Horse cannot run from him, and often times he hath been assailed with great Troops of Armed men, but all of them could never do him any harm, neither with Sword, Spear, Cross-bow, nor any other Weapon.

Thus have you heard, most noble and courteous Knight, the true discourse of my utter ruine, and the Vengeance shewed upon my Countrey, by this wicked Necromancer: for which I have remained ever since in this Pavilion amongst my Maidens, where we pray  
both



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both day and night, that some unhappy fortune, or terrible vengeance may fall upon this wicked Conjuror.

Now as I am a true English Knight, (replied S. George) no sooner shall the Morning Sun appear, but I will take my journey to that Enchanced Tower: in which I'll enter in despite of the Wyant, and break the Enchantment, or make my Grave within the Monsters Bowels: which if I happily perform, then will I travel into Persia, and fetter up the most wicked Necromancer, and like a blood-hound lead him up and down the World in Chains.

Most dangerous is the adventure (quoth the Amazonian Queen) from whence as yet no never Knight return: but if you be so resolute and noble minded, as to attempt the Enterprize, then happy be your fortune, and know, brave Knight, that this Tower lyes westward from hence some thirteen miles, and thereupon, she took him by the hand, and caused Sabra likewise to alight from her Palfrey, and led them both into her Pavilion, where they were seated most royally, and for that night slept securely. But when the rays bright windows, opened, and the morning Sun began to glister, in all haste S. George that valiant minded Champion arose from his sweet content, and Armed himself: where after he had taken his leave of the Queen, and gave her thanks for his courteous entertainment, he also took his leave of Sabra, whom he left in company of the Queens Maidens, till his return with conquest, and so rode forth till it was noon, and then he entered into a deep Valley, and as he rode lower and lower. It was then a fair day, and the Sun shined clear: but by that time he had ridden ten Mile and a half, he had lost both the light and the Sun, and also the sight of heaven: for it was there as dark as night, and more dismal than the deepest Dungeon.

At last he found a mighty River with streams as black as pitch, and the banks were so high, that the water could scarce be seen running underneath, and it was so full of Serpents, that none could enter among them that ever returned back with life: about his head flew monstrous birds, and divers Griffins, who were able to bear away an Armed Knight, Horse and all, and were in as great multitudes as though they had been Starlings: also there were flies as big as mice, and as black as pitch which stung him and his horse so grievously that there issued down such drops of blood that it changed his Horse from a sable to a crimson colour: likewise the Griffins struck at Saint George with their Talons so furiously, that had he not defended himself with his Shield, which covered his

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his whole body, he had been pierced to the heart.

In this dangerous manner rode he on, till he came to the Gates of the enchanted Tower, whereas the Gyant sat in his Iron coat, upon a block with a Pace of Steel in his hand, who at the first sight of S. George, beat his teeth so mightily together, that they rang like the stroak of an Anvile, and he ran raging like a fiend of Hell, thinking to have taken the Champions Horse and all in his long teeth that were as sharp as steel, and to have hozn them presently into the Tower: But when S. George perceived his mouth open, he took his sword and thrust it therein so far, that it made the Gyant to roar a loud, that the Elements seemed to thunder, and the Earth to tremble, his mouth smookt like a fiery furnace, and his Eyes rowled in his head, like vandy of flaming fire: the wound was so great, and the blood issued so fast from the Gyants mouth, that his courage began to quail, and against his will he was forced to yield to the Champions mercy, and to beg for life, to which S. George agreed, but upon condition that the Gyant would discover all the secrets of the Tower: and ever after be sworn his true servant, and attend on him with all diligence: to which the Gyant swore by his own soul, never to leave him in extremity and to answer him truly to all questions whatsoever. Then S. George demanded the cause of the darkness, and how it might be ceased. To which the Gyant answered in this manner.

There was in the Country about some twelve years since, a cunning Necromancer, that by Inchantment built this Tower, the which you now behold, and therein caused a terrible fire, to spring from the Earth, that cast such a smook over the whole Land: Whereby the People that were wont to dwell therein are fled, and famished for Hunger: Also this Inchanter by his Art made the River that you have passed, the which did never man before this time, without Death: Also within the Tower, near unto the fire, there stands a fair and pleasant Fountain, to which if any Knight be able to attain and cast the Water thereof into the fire, then shall the darkness ever after cease, and the Inchantment end, for which cause I have been bound to guard and keep the Tower from the Achievement of any Knight.

Then when the Gyant had ended his discourse, S. George commanded him to remain at the Gate, for he would adventure to end the Inchantment, and deliver the Country from so grievous a plague. Then went he close by the windows of the Tower, the which were fifteen paces in length and Breadth, till he came to a little cleft, through which he must needs enter: yet was it so thick

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thick with Pikes of Steel, as the Pikes of an Archers skin, to the intent that no Knight should approach near unto the door, nor once attempt to enter into the Tower: yet with great danger he opened the Window where out came such abundance of Smoak that the back-ness of the Country doubled, so that neither Torch nor Candle would burn in that place: yet nevertheless St. George entered, and went downwards upon stairs, where he could see nothing, but yet felt so many great blows upon his Burgonet, that he was constrained to kneel upon his knees, and with his shield to defend himself, or else he had been bruis'd to pieces. At last he came to the bottom, and there he found a fair great Vault, where he felt so terrible a heat that he sweat exceedingly, and as he felt about him, he perceived that he approached near the fire, and going a little further he espied out the fountain, whereat he greatly rejoiced: and so he took his shield, and bare therein as much Water as he could, and cast it into the fire: In conclusion he laboured so long till the fire was clean quenched: then began the Skies to receive their perfect lightness, and the Golden Sun to shine most clearly about him, where he plainly perceived how there stood upon the Gates many great Images of Beasts, holding in their hands mighty Spheres of Steel, the which had done him much trouble at his coming down: but then their power was ended, the fire quenched, and the enchantment finished.

Thus when St. George through his invincible fortitude had performed this dangerous adventure, he grew weary of Travel, what with heat and sweating, and the mighty blows he received from the brazen Images, that he returned again to the Window, whereat the deformed Giant still remained: who when he beheld the Champion returned both safe and sound, he fell upon his knees before him, and said,

Sir Knight, you are most welcome, and happily returned, for you are the flower of Christendom, and the bravest Champion of the World. Command my service, duty, and obedience: for whilist I live, I do profess by the burning Banks of Acheron, never to follow any Knight but you, and hereupon I kiss your golden Spur, which is the Noble badge of Knighthood.

At his humble submission of the Giant caused the Champions to rejoice, not for his overthrow, but that he had gotten so mighty a servant: then unlaced he his Helmet, and lay down after his weary Encounter, where after he had sufficiently rested himself, he took his journey in company of the Giant to the Arabian Queen,

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Queen, where he left his Lady in company of her Virgins, who like a kind, modest and veracious Wife, during all the time of her Husbands absence, continually prayed to the immortal powers of Heaven for his fortunate success and happy return, otherwise resolving her self, if the loving Destinies should cross his intent, and unluckily end his days, to let the adventure were accomplished, then to spend the remainder of her life among those happy Virgins. But on the sudden before the Queen, and her Virgins were aware, St. George arriv'd before the Babylon dutifully attended on by the Gyant, who boze upon his shoulder the body of a tall Oak, by which the Queen knew that his Provels had redeemed her Country from darkness, and delivered her from her sorrow, care and trouble: so in company of her Maids very gorgeously attired, she conducted the Champion to a Bower of Roses, intermingled with creeping vines, the which in his absence they had planted for his Ladies delight. There found he Sabra at her divine prayers, like to a solitary Widow, clad in mourning habilliments: but when she beheld her Lord return in safety, she banished grief, and in haste ran unto him, and in his bosom ravished her self with pleasure.

But to speak how the Amazonian Queen feasted them, and in what manner she and her Maids devised pastime for their contents, were too tedious to repeat, but when night gave end to their pleasures, and sleep summon'd all things to a quiet silence, the Queen brought them to a very sumptuous Lodging, wherein stood a bed framed with Ebony Wood, over-hung with many pendants of Gold, the Tick was stuff'd with Down of Turtle Doves, the sheets of Median Silk, thereon lay a rich Quilt wrought with Cotton, covered with Damask, and fringed with threads of Gold. The Queen bestowed upon St. George at his going to bed, an embroidered shirt, curiously wrought with many rare devices; as, the Labours of Hercules, the triumphs of Mars, and the Robes of many Potentates, wrought in such curious manner, as though Arctis self had been the contriver.

Sabra at her going to bed was likewise presented by the Queen's Maids with a light Rirtle of changeable Violet, somewhat bluish, i g on a red colour. Also, they put a white Kerchief of silk upon her head, somewhat loose and untied, so that under the same her Ebony Wood might be easily seen, and her fair golden hair lying about her neck: over them was cast a mantle of green silk, which made the bed seem more beautiful than Flora's rich Diadems.

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By them the Queen and her Virgins sat, making sweet musick upon their silver tuned Lutes, all golden sleep had closed up their eyes; the which being done, the Queen with her Ladies departed likewise to their natural rests. But all this while the Gyant never entered the Pavilion but slept as soundly at the foot of a Pine-tree, as St. George did in his Embrace; led: for he knew not what pleasures belonged thereunto, nor never before that time beheld any womans face. At last, the night witherew her black Curtains, and gave the morning leave to appear, whose pleasant light caused St. George to forsake his bed, and to walk some few miles to over-view the Countrey: in which journey he took such exceeding pleasure, that he thought it the goodliest Realm that ever he saw, for he perceived well how it was full of worldly wealth.

At last, he climbed up to the top of an high Mountain, being some two miles from the Queens Pavilion, whereon he stood and beheld many stately Towns and Towers, high and mighty Castles: many large woods and Meadows, and many pleasant Rivers; and about the Towns fair Villages, goodly Pastures and Fields. At last, he beheld the City of Argensia shining against the Sun, the place where the Queen in former times was wont to keep her Court: which City was environed with deep Ditches, the Wall strongly builded, and more than five hundred Towers made of Lime and Stone: also he saw many fair Churches covered with Lead, having tops & spears of Gold, shining most gorgeously, with Weather-Cocks of Silver, glistering against the Sun. Also he saw the Burgesse houses stand like Palaces closed with high and strong walls, barred with chains of Iron from house to house, whereat in his heart he praised much the nobleness and richness of the City, and said to himself, that it might well be called Argensia, for it seemed to be of Argent, that is as much as to say, of silver.

During the time of the Champions pleasurable walk, which continued from the break of day, to the closing of the Evening, happened a most Tragedy, near unto the Queens Pavilion, committed by the monstrous Gyant whom St. George brought from the Enchanted Tower. For that same Morning, when the Sun had mounted some few degrees unto the Firmament, seven of the Queens Virgins in Sabra's company, walked into a pleasant thicket of trees adjoining to her Pavilion, not onely to take the pleasure of the morning Ayre, but to hear the chirping melody of



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Birds: in which chicket of Grove, under a Vine-tree, this Gyant lodged the passed night: but no sooner came these beautiful Ladies under the branches of the trees, but the Gyant cast his eyes upon them, whose rare perfection so fired the heart of the lustful Gyant, that he must either quench his desires with the spoils of their chastities, or end his days in some monstrous manner: therefore he starts from the place where he lay, and with a wrathful countenance ran amongst the Ladies, and catching them all eight at once betwixt his Arms, he bore them to the further side of the Grove, where he ravished seven of the Queens Maidens, and afterwards devoured them alive into his loathsome bowels, Sabra being the eighth of that woeful number, which in her sight she beheld butchered by that bloody Wolf: but continuing the time of their Raviishment, she made her supplication to the Gods, that they would in mercy defend her chastity from the lustful Rape of so wicked a Monster: and immediately upon these words she saw an ugly Toad come crawling before her, through which by policy she saved her life, and preserved her honour: for she took the Toad betwixt her hands, and crushed the venom from her impoysoned bowels, wherewith she all besprinkled her face, so that presently her fair beauty was changed into loathsome blisters, for she seemed more like a creature deformed with Leprosie, than a Lady of excellent Feature. At length she being the last of all, her time came that she should be devoured, and the lustful Gyant came to fetch her: but when he beheld her visage so infamed, he loathed her sight, seeking neither to Ravish her, nor profecting to devour her, but discontentedly wandering away, greatly grieved at the committed Crime, and sorely repenting himself of so wicked a deed, not only for the spoils of the seven Virgins, but for the wrong profecting to so noble a Knight: who not only granted him liberty of life, but received him into his service: therefore he raged up and down the Grove, making the Earth to tremble at his exclamations: one while cursing his fortune and hour of Creation: another while bawling his ire and devilish Dame: but when he remembered the noble Champion S. George, whose angry stroke he would not see for all the World, then to prevent the same, he ran his head most furiously against a knobbed Oak, and hanged himself where we will leave him now weltering in his blood, and speak what became of Sabra after this bloody accident: for after she had wandered up and down the Thicket many a weary step, ascending

## Seven Champions of Christendom.

Heaven against the Gyants Cruelty, the Sun began to set, and the dark night drew on which caused her thus to complain.

O you immortal powers of Heaven, and you Celestial Planets, being the true guiders of the Firmament, open your bright Celestial Gates, and send some fatal Plague, or some burning Thunder-bolt, to rid me from the vale of misery, for I will nevermore return to my Lord, since I am thus deformed, and made an ugly Creature, my loathsome face will prove a corrosive to his heart, and my Body a torment to his Soul: my sight will be displeasing, my company hated, my presence loathed, and every one will shun my sight as from a Crocodile; therefore I will remain within this Grove, till Heaven either bring me to my former Beauty; or end my languishing misery: yet witness, Heaven, of my Loyalty unto my Lord, and in what extremity I have maintained my Chastity: in remembrance of my true Love, here will I have this Chain of Gold for my beloved Lord to find, that he may know for his sake I have endured a World of woe. At which Speeches she took her Chain which was doubled in twenty times about her Neck, and left it lying all besmeared in the Blood of those Virgins whom the Gyant had ravished and slain, and so herook her self to a sad solitary life, intending never to come in the sight of Men, but to spend her days wandring in the Woods: where we will likewise leave her for a time, and speak of S. George, who by this, was returned to the Queens Pavilion, where he missed his Lady, and had intelligence, how that she in company of seven of her Ladies, walked in the morning into a pleasant Grove to hear the melody of Birds, and since that time no news hath been heard of them: for as then it grew toward night, which caused S. George greatly to mistrust that some mischance had befallen his Lady. Then he demanded what was become of the Gyant, but answer was made, that he was never seen nor heard of since Poisoning: which caused him greatly to suspect the Gyants treachery, and how by this means the Ladies were prevented of their purposed pleasures.

Therefore in all haste like a fraunchick man he ran into the thickets, filling every corner with Clamours and resounding Echoes of her name, & calling for Sabra, through every Bramble Bush: but there he could neither hear the voice of Sabra, nor the answer of any other Lady, but the most Echoes of his exclamations, which carried through the leaves of the Trees. Then began he to wax somewhat melancholly and passionate, passing the time away till bright Cynthia mounted on the Hemisphere, by whose

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glistering Beams he saw the ground besprinkled with purple goze; and found the chain that Sabra was wont to wear about her Neck, all smeared in blood: he bitterly complained against his own fortune, and his Ladies hapless destiny: for he supposed then that the Gyant had murdered her.

Discontented light (said he) here lyes the blood of my beloved Lady, the truest woman that ever Knight enjoyed: that body, which for excellency deserved a Monument of Gold, more rich than the Tomb of Angelica, I fear lies buried in the bowels of that monstrous Gyant, whose life unhappily I granted. Here is the Chain smeared in blood, which at our first acquaintance I gave her in a Courtyl Mask: this Golden Chain, I say, stained with the blood of my dear Lady, shall for evermore be kept with in my bosom, near unto my bleeding heart, that I may still remember her true love, faith and constancy. But fond fool that I am, why do I talk in vain? it will not recompence her murdered soul, the which methinks I hear how it calls for revenge in every corner of the Globe. It was I that left her carelessly within the danger of the Gyant, whom I little mistrusted, therefore I will meet her in Elysium Shades, and crave remission for my committed trespass, for on this Oak I will abide my life, as did the worthy Knight Melmeropolion for the love of Sillara: which Lamentation being no sooner ended, but he took the Chain of Gold, and fastened one end in the arm of a great Oak, & the other end to his Neck, intending presently to strangle himself; but Heaven prevented his desperate intent after a strange manner: for under the same tree the wained Gyant lay, not yet fully dead, who in this manner spake to S. George.

O stay thy hand most noble and invincible Knight, the Worlds chief wonder for admirable Chivalry, add let my dying Soul convert thee from so wicked a deed: Seven Virgins in this Thicket have I ravished, and buried all their bodies in my accursed bowels: but before I could devour the eighth, in a strange manner her bright beauty was changed into a loathsome leprose, whereby I desisted her sight, and left her chasty undefiled, but by her sad complaints, I since have understood, how that she is your Lady and love, and to this hour she hath her residence within the circuit of this Thicket: and the reason why a doleful groan which seemed to shake the ground, he had done to the World. When Saint George at this glad to hear such tidings, reverted from his desperate intent, and searched up and down the Globe till he found Sabra where he sat sorrowing under the branches of a Hawtherry tree, bewail

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whom was a sad and heavy greeting: and as they walked back to the Queens Pavillion, he discourtes to him the truth of this bloody stratagem, where he remained till the Amazonian Queen had cured her Leprosie by the secret use of her skill: of whom after they had taken leave, and given her thanks for her kind courtesies, St. George with his Lady took their journey towards Persia, where the Christian Armies lay incamped, at whose arrival you shall hear strange and wonderful things, the like was never done in any age.

### C H A P. XVII.

How St. George and his Lady lost themselves in a Wilderness, where she was delivered of three goodly Boys. The Fayrie Queens Prophecie upon the Childrens fortunes. Of St. Georges return into Bohemia, where he Christened his Children, and of finding his Fathers Grave, over which he built a stately Tomb.

SAINT George having achieved the adventure of the Enchanted Tower, and saved the life of the Unlucky Giant, they took their journey towards Persia, where the Christian Champions lay encamped before the Souldans great City of Belgor, a place most strongly fortified with Spittis, and other galls & illusions by the Enchantment of Osmond, whom you heard before in the last Chapter, to be the rarest Necromancer in the World: who as the English Champion with his Lady travelled thitherward, they hapned into a desert & mighty Wilderness, overgrown with lofty Pines and Cedar Trees, & many huge and mighty Oaks, the spreading branches whereof seemed to withhold the light of Heaven from their interwoven passages and tops for exceeding height to reach into Elements, the inhabitants were Silvanus, Satyrs, Fayries, & other Wooddy Serpents, which by day flitted up and down the forest: and by night tended the pleasures of Proserpine the Fayrie Queen. The music of Silver-sounding Birds, so cheerfully resounding through the woods, and the whistling wind made such melody amongst the leaves of trees, that it ravished their senses like harmony of Angels, and made them think they had entered the shades of gladsome Elysium: one while they wondered at the beauty of the woods, which nature adorned with a Damocera liberty: another while at the green and fragrant grass, blown out in round Circles, by Fayries dances, so long till they had lost themselves amongst

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amongst the unknown passages, not knowing how, nor by what means to recover the perfect Bath of their journey, but were content aimed to wander in the wilderness, like solitary Pilgrims, spending the day with weary steps, & the night with vain imaginations, such as the Child when he hath lost himself in a populous City, runneth up and down, not knowing how to return to his native dwelling: when so he is hapned to these two lost & disconsolate travellers; for when they had wandered many days one way, and finding no end of their toyle, they retired backward to the place of their first setting forth: where they were wont to hear the noise of people resounding in Country Villages, and to meet travellers passing from place to place; but now they heard nothing but blustering of wind, rustling in the wood, making the Brambles to rustle, and the trees to groan, & now and then to meet a speckled Beast like to the Hain, ow, weltring from his Den to seek his natural lutenance: in their Travel by Night they were wont to hear the crowing of the Cock, recording glad tydings of the chearful days approach, the Neighing of Horses in pasture fields & the barking of Dogs in Farmers Houses: but now they were affrighted with the roaring of Lyons, yellowing of Wolves, the Croakings of Frogs in Woods of rotten trees, and the rustle sound of Progresse Ravishment, recorded by the Nightingale.

In this solitary manner wearied they the rowling time away, till chace three times the silver Moon had returned her borrowed light, by the which time the further of Sabra's womb began to grow painful, & she felt of her body ready to bear ripe, the hour of her delivery drew on, wherein she required Lucias help, to make Dr. George the Father of a Princely Son: time called for promises to add and bring her Babe into the World, and to make her a happy Mother: but, ere she could say more, of her delivery approach, Dr. George had provided her a house of nine branches which he erected, between two pleasant Hills: where instead of a Princely Cabinet, being with arras, and rich Tapestry, she was constrained to lodge: her self with a simple lodging covered with Mosses, and other fragrant Flowers; her bed he made of green Mole, & Whistle Down, beset cunningly round about with Olive-branches, and the sprigs of an Orange tree, which made it seem more beautiful than Flora's Babylon or Dianes Pavilion: but at last, when she felt the pain of her womb grow intolerable, and the Seed ready to be reaped, and how she was in a wilderness, void of Womens company, that should be ready to assist her  
in



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in so secret a manner, she cast her self down upon her Knees here, and with a blushing countenance she discovered her mind in this manner to *S. George*.

My most dear and loving Lord (quoth she) my true and only Champion at all times and seasons creeps at this hour, for it is the painful hour of my delivery, therefore depart from out of the hearing of my cries, and commit my fortune to the pleasures of the heavens: for it is not convenient for any mans eye to behold the secrets of a woman in such a case: stay not, I say, dear Lord, to see the Infant now sprawling in my womb, to be delivered from the belt of his Creation; forsake my presence for a time, and let me like the Noble Queen of France obtain the favour of some Fairy to be my Godmothe, that my Babe may be as happily born in this wilderness as was her valiant Son Valentine and Orton, the one of them was cherisht by a King, and the other by a Bear, yet both of them grew famous in their deeds: my pain is great, dear Lord, therefore depart my Cabinet, and bestow Phoebus lodger in the Well, I will either be a happy Mother, or a lifeless body: thou a joyful Father or a sorrowful Widower. At which words *S. George* sealed the agreement with a kiss, and departed silently without any reply: but with a thousand sighs he had her adieu, and so took his way to the top of a Mountain, being in distance from his Ladies abiding, a quarter of a Mile, there kneeled he during the time of her Travail, with his bare knees upon the holme of the earth, never ceasing prayers, but continually soliciting the Majesty of God, to grant his Lady a speedy and easie delivery: at whose Devotions the Heavens seemed to relent, and all the time of her pain, covered the place with a Tale of darkness, by great flocks of Birds, with troops of uncamed Beasts, that came flocking about the Mountain where he kneeled, and in that kind studied his Celestial contemplations: where I will leave him for a time, and speak what happened to Sabra in the middle of her pangs, and extremity of her travel: for after *S. George*'s departure, the fury of her grief so rag'd in her womb, that it exceeded the bounds of reason, whereby her heart was constrained to breath so many scorching sighs, that they seemed to blast the leaves of trees, and to wither the flowers which beautified her Cabinet, her purthened tomentis caused her face bright eyes like fountains to distill down silver drops, and all the rest of her body to tremble like a Castle in a terrible Earthquake: so grievous were her pangs,

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and ruful were her eyes, that she caused mercileſs Toppers to relent, and untamed Lyons, with other wild beaſts, like ſilly Lambs to ſit and hear: her grievous cries, and bitter moans, cauſed the Heavens, as it were, to bleed their vapours down, and the earth to weep a ſpring of tears: both Herbs and Trees did ſeem to drop; hard ſtony Rocks to ſweat, when ſhe complain'd.

At laſt, her pitiful cries pierc'd down to the loweſt Mantles of direful Dis, where Proſerpine ſits crowned amongſt her Fayries; and ſo prevail'd that in all haſte ſhe aſcended from her Regiment to work this Ladies ſafe delivery; and to make her Mother of three goodly Boys, who no ſooner arriv'd in Sabras Lodging, but ſhe practiſed the duty of a Midwife, eaſed the burden of her Womb, and ſafely brought her Babes into the World: at whoſe firſt ſight the Heavens began to ſmile, and the Earth to rejoyce, as a ſign and token, that in times to come they would prove thyſes of the Nobleſt Knights in the World.

This courteous deed of Proſerpine was no ſooner performed, but ſhe laid the three Boys in three moſt rich and ſumptuous Cradles, the which ſhe cauſed the Fayries to fetch indifferently from three of the richeſt Knights in the World, and therewithal ſpangles of ſilk with other things thereunto belonging: likewiſe ſhe cauſed a winged Dary to fetch from the ſutcheſt borders of India a covering of Damask Taſſary embroydered with Gold, the moſt rich-eſt Ornament that ever mortal eye beheld: for thereon was wrought and lively portrayer by the curious ſkill of Indian weavers, how God created Heaven and Earth, the wandring courſes both of Sun and Moon, and likewiſe how the golden Planets daily do predominate: Alſo there is no ſtory in any age remembred ſince the beginning of the World, but it was thereon moſt perfectly wrought: So excellent it was, that ſhe her ſelf could never deſiſe a running-er. With this rich and ſumptuous Ornament ſhe covered the Ladies Child-bed: whereby it ſeemed to ſurpaſs in bravery the gorgeous bed of Juno the brave Quern, when firſt ſhe entertain'd ſumptuous Jove. After this Proſerpine laid under every child a Pillow of ſilver Tabbler; whereon were written in Letters of Gold their good and happy Portunes.

Under the firſt was theſe Verſes Character, who at that time lay ſleeping in his Cradle like the God of War.

A ſouldier bold, a Man of wondrous might,

A King likewiſe this Royal Babe ſhall die.

Three

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Three golden Diadems in bloody fight,  
By this brave Prince shall also conquered be:  
The Towers of old Jerusalem and Rome,  
Shall yield to him in happy time to come.

Under the Willows of the second Babe, was Charactered these Verses following, who lay in his Cradle smiling like Cupid upon the Lap of Dido, whom Venus transformed to the likeness of Ascanius.

This Child shall likewise live to be a King,  
Times wonder for device and Courtly sport:  
His Tilts and Tournaments abroad shall ring:  
To every Coast where Noble Knights resort:  
Queens shall attend and humble at his feet,  
Thus love and beauty shall together meet.

Lastly under the Willows of the third was these Verses likewise charactered, who blushed in his Cradle like Pallas when she strove for the Golden Apple with Venus and the Queen of Heaven.

The Muses darling for true sapience,  
In Princes Courts this Babe shall spend his days,  
Kings shall admire his learned eloquence,  
And write in brazen books his endless praise:  
By Pallas gift he shall achieve a Crown,  
Advance his fame, and lift him to renown.

Thus when the Fairy Queen had ended her Prophecie upon the Children, and had left them golden fortunes lying in their Cradles, she vanished away, leaving the Lady rejoicing at her safe delivery, and musing at the gifts of Proserpine: which she conjectured to be but shadows to dazzle her eyes, and things of fading substance: but when she had laid her hands upon the rich Covering of Damask Littery, which covered her dolly bed, and felt that it was the self same form that it seemed: she cast her eyes with a cheerful look up to the Majesty of Heaven, and not only gave thanks to immortal Jove for her rich received benefits, but for his merciful kindness in making her the happy Mother of three such goodly Children. But we will now return again to the Noble Champion St. George whom we left praying upon the

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Mountain top, and as you heard before, the skies were overcast with sable clouds, as though they had been mourning themselves of his Ladies torment: but before the golden Sun had risen into watery Thebes Lay, the Clemeat began to clear, and so with open her former mourning Pantles, by which he supposed that Heaven had pried his Lady's pain, and granted therefore a safe delivery: therefore in all haste he retired back to the Golden Cabinet: the which he found most strangely deckt with sumptuous Pilliments, his Lady lying in her Child-bed, as glorious as if she had been the greatest Empress in the world, and three Princely Boys sweetly sleeping in their several Cradles: at whose sight his heart was so ravished with joy, that for a time it with-held the passage of his tongue: but at last when he found the silver Tablets lying under the Pillows, and read the happy fortunes of his Children, he ran unto his Lady, embracing her lovingly, and kindly demanded the true discourse of this accident, and by whose means the bower was beautified so gorgeously, and the propounder of his Children's Prophecies: who with a countenance blushing like purple morning, replied in this manner, and in English thus, *My most dear and well beloved Lord, (the pains I have endured to make you the happy Father of three lovely Boys, hath not been more painful than the stroke of death, but yet my delivery more joyful than the pleasures of this world: the winds carried my groans to every corner of this wilderness, whereby both trees and herbs assayed my complaints, Beasts, Birds, and feathered Fowls with every senseless thing that nature framed on this earth, seemed to pity my misdeeds: but in the midst of my torments, when my soul was ready to forsake this worldly habitation, there appeared to me a Que:n crowned with a golden Diadem, in face and stature like Imperious Juno; and in beauty to Divine Diana: her garments for haberns seemed to stain the Mountains in her highest top, and for shortness of colour, to surpass the flowers of the field: on her attended many beautiful Symphs, some clad in garments in colour of the Capital Ocean, some in attire as gallant as the pleasant Rose, and some more glorious than the Azure firmaments: her wisdom might compare with Apollo's, her judgment with Pallas, and her skill with Lucina: for no longer eured she my violence, but her travels ceased, and my Woman delivered up my grievous burden: my Widow being brought to light by the beams of her skill, she presented these rich and sumptuous Cradles, the which were long before suitable to my Chamber: the while these Pantles, and this embroidered Coverlet,*

the

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the frankly bestowen upon me, and so immediately vanishing away.

At which words, St. George gave her so many kind embraces; and kissed her so lovingly, as though it had been the first day of their Acquaintance. At last, her hunger increased, and her desire thirsted so much after food, that except she received some comfortable sustenance, her life were in danger. His extreme desire of Sabra, caused St. George to buckle on his Armour, and to unsaddle his trusty Steed ready to gear the intricacies of some Deer: who swoop by the honour of true Knight-hood, never to rest in peace, till he had purchased her hearts content. My love (quoth he) I will adventure for thy sake, more dangers then Jason did for Medea's love: I'll search the thickest groves, and chase the nimble Doe to death: the flying Fowl I'll follow up and down from tree to tree, till over-wearied they do fall down and dye: for love of thee and thine my tender Wives, whom I esteem more dear than the conquest of rich Babylon, I will adventure more dangers than did Hercules for the love of Dejanira, and more extremes than Turnus did in his bloody battels: and thereupon with his launchion ready charged he leaped the woods leaving no thorny brake nor mossie cave unsearched, till he had found a herd of fallow Deer: from which number he singled out the fattest to make his Lady a bountiful banquet: but in time of his absence, there happened to Sabra a strange and wonderful accident: for there came melting into the Cabinet three small white & monstrous Beasts, a Lion, a Leopard, & a theopard, which took the Women out of their Cradles, and bore them to their secret places.

At which sight Sabra like one dismayed of some terror from her bed, and so her head & neck stuck out to follow the Beasts, but all in vain: for before she could get without her Cabinet, they were past sight, and the theopard cry without her hearing: then like a discontented Willow she turned back, hearing her weath' cradling her hair, and crying up and down her Chamber, till all the night she could bewail against her self: and had not St. George returned the soonest, she had most violently committed her own daughter: but at his return, when he beheld her face stained with tears, her head distressed of Dismember, and her throat burst all to be rent, he could hold his Attention in all haste, and asked the cause of her sorrow.

O (said she) this is the worst of day that ever happened to me: for in the time of your unhappie leaving, a Lyon, a Leopard, and a theopard came into the Cabinet, and took my Children from their Cradles: what is become of them I know not, but greatly I fear by this time they are perished within their hungry Bowels.



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O simple Monuments (quoth he) for such sweet Babes: Well say  
hza, if the Monsters have bereaved me of my Children, this bloody  
Sword that dived into the entrails of the fallow Deer, shall rive my  
woful heart in twain. Accursed be this fatal day, the Planet that pre-  
dominate, and Sun that shines thereon: Heaven blot it from the year, and  
let it never more be numbred, but accounted for a dismal day through-  
out the World: let all the trees be blasted in those accursed woods: let  
Herbs and Grass consume away and dye, and all things perishi in this  
Wilderness. But why breathe I out these curses in vain, when as mes  
thinks I hear my Children in untamed Lyons Dens, crying for help and  
succour? I come sweet Babes, I come, either to redeem you from Ty-  
gers wrathful jaws, or make my grave within their hungry bowels.

When took he up his Sword belated all in blood, and like a  
man bereaved of wit and sense, ranged up and down the Wilder-  
ness, searching every corner for his Children; but his Lady re-  
mained still in her Cabinet, lamenting for their loss, washing  
her Cradles with her pearly tears that ran down her stained  
cheeks like silver drops.

Many ways wandered S. George, sometimes in Valleys where  
Wolves and Tygers lurk; sometimes in Mountain tops, where  
Lyons whelps do sport and play, and many times in dismal  
thickets, where Snakes and Serpents live.

Thus wandered S. George up and down the Wilderness for the  
space of two days, hearing no news of his unchristened Children.  
At last he approached the sight of a pleasant River, which smooth-  
ly glided down beneath two Mountains, into whose Streams he  
purposed to cast himself; and so by a desperate death give end to  
his sorrows: But as he was committing his body to the mercy of  
the waters, and his soul to the pleasure of the Heavens, he heard a  
far off the rustle of a flock, as he thought of a comfortable babe: which  
word myse caused him to refrain from his desperate purpose,  
with more discretion to render his own safety: then casting his  
eyes aside, it was his happy destiny to spie this inhuman Idea  
lying at the foot of the Hill, tumbling themselves against the  
warm Sun, & his three pretty Babes sucking from their Mothers,  
their most unkind milk: which spectacle so encouraged the Cham-  
pion, that without further avilement, with his single sword, he  
assaulted at one time the three Monsters: but so furiously they pur-  
sued him, that he little perceived: and being almost breathless, was  
forced to get into an Orange tree; else he had been buried in their  
merciless bowels: but when the three wild beasts perceived him

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above their reaches, & that I y no means they could come near him, with their wrathful saws, they so rent and toze the root of the tree, that if by policy he had not prevented them, the tree had been pulled in pieces: for at that time it was so full of ripe Oranges, & so overladen, that the branches seemed to bend, & the boughs to break: of which fruit he cast such abundance down to the beasts, whereby they restrained their furies, and fed so fast thereon, that in short time they grew drunk, and quite overcome with a dead and heavy sleep, this good, and happy fortune caused St. George nimble to leap off the Tree, and with his keen edged Sword cut off their heads from their bodies, the which being done, he went to his Children, lying comfortless upon a Spoile Lark: who so pleasantly smiled in his face, that they made him greatly to rejoice, and to receive as great pleasure in their sights, as though he had been honoured with the conquests of Cesar, or the Royalty of Alexander, therefore after he had given them his blessing, he took them up in his Arms, and spake these words following.

Come, come, my pretty babes, your late deliveries from these inhumane Monsters, will add long life unto your Mother, and hath preserved your Father from a desperate death: From henceforth let Beaben be your guide, and lend you as happy fortunes as Remus and Romulus, the first Founders of Impetuous Rome, which in their infancies were nursed with the milk of a Ravenous Wolf: and as prosperous in your adventures, as was that Persian Wotenate, which fed on the milk of a Witch. At the end of which speeches, he approached the Cabinet, where he left his Lady mourning for the loss of her Children: but at his return he found her without sense or moving: being not able to give him a joyful welcome, whereat he fell into this extreme passion of sorrow.

O Fortune, Fortune, (quoth he) how many griefs begett thou upon my head! wilt thou needs enioyn me to an endless sorrow? See Sabra, see, I have redeemed our Sons, and freed them from the Egyptians bloody saws, whose wrathful countenance did threaten death. Which comfortable speeches caused her presently to revive, and to take the silly Infants in her Arms, laying them sweetly upon her Ivory bosome, at which they seemed to smile as pleasantly, as Cupid in the lap of Psydo, when Lucio smiled in the Court of Carthage. The kind embraces, loving speeches, and joyful conference that past betwixt the Champion and his Lady, were now too long to be discoursed: but to be short, they remained in the wilderness without further disturbance, either of wild Beasts,

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Beasts or other accident, till Sabra had recovered her Child, her sickness: And then being conducted by a happy Star, they returned back the ready way to Christendom: where after some few days Tavel, they arrived in the Bohemian Court, where the King of that Countrey with two other bordering Princes most Royally Christened his Children. The Eldest they named Guy; the second Alexander, and the third David; the which being performed, and the triumphs ended, which in most sumptuous manner continued for the space of one month, then the Bohemian King, for the great love he bare to S. George, provided most honourably for his Childrens bringing up.

First, he appointed three several Embassadors, with all things necessary for so wisely a charge, to conduct the three Infants to these several Countreies. The first, and Eldest, whose fortune was to be a Soldier, he sent to the Imperial City of Rome (being then the wonder of the World for Martial Discipline) there by the Emperors to be trained up. The second, whose Fortune was to be a Courtly Prince, he sent to the rich and plentiful Countrey of England, being the pride of Christendom for all delightful pleasures. The third and last, whose Fortune was to make a Scholar, he sent into Germany, unto the University of Wittenburg, being thought at that time to be the excellentest place of Learning that remained throughout the whole World.

Thus were S. Georges Children provided for by the Bohemian King, for when the Embassadors were in readiness, the Ships for their passage furnished, and attendants appointed, S. George, in company of his Lady, the King of Bohemia with his Queen, and a train of Lords, and Gentlemen, and Ladies, conducted them to Ship-board, where the wind served them prosperously, that in a short time they had had adieu to the Shore, and sailed cheerfully away. But as S. George returned back to the Bohemian Court, it was his chance to come by an old ruined Monastery, under whose walls in former time his Father was Buried, the which he knew by certain Herles carved in Stone over his Grave, by the Commons of the Countrey (as you may read before in the beginning of this History.) Over the same he requested of the King that he might erect a stately Monument that the remembrance of his name might live for ever, & not be Buried in the Grave of obscurity. To which reasonable demand, the King most willingly consented, and presently gave special commandment that the sumptuous Architectures that remained within his Domi-  
nion,

## Seven Champions of Christendom.

now, should forthwith be sent for, and Michall gave a Tunn of Gold forth of his own Treasury, towards the performance thereof. The sudden report of this memorable deed being whised abroad, caused workmen to come from every place of their own, accross with such willingness, that they in short time finished to the foundation of the Tomb, was of purest Marble, whereon was engraven the frame of earth, and how the watry Ocean was divided, with Woods, Groves, Hills, and Dales; so lively portrayed, that it was a wonder to behold: The Doors and Pinnacles of Alabaster, beset with knobs of Jasper Stone; the Stees and Pillars of the clearest Jet; upon the top stood four golden Lions, holding up, as it were an Element, wherein was curiously contrived the Golden Sun and Moon, and how the Heavens have their usual courses, with many other things wrought both in gold and silver; which for this time I omit, because I am forced at large to discourse of the princely proceedings of S. George, who after the Monument was finished, with his Lady, most humbly took their leave of the King, thanked him for his love, kindness and courtesy, and to departed towards Egypt and Persia, of whose adventures you shall hear moze in the Chapter following.

### C H A P. XVI.

How Saint George with his Lady arrived in Egypt: of their Royal Entertainment in the City of Grand Cair: and also how Salina was Crowned Queen of Egypt.

**M**Any strange accidents, and dangerous adventures, S. George with his Lady passed, before they arrived within the Territories of Egypt, which I want memory to repeat, and heart to describe. But at last when fortune smiled, which before had long time crossed their intents with her inconstant chances; and had sent them happily upon the Egyptian shore, being the Purle and Spother of Africas first creation; the twelve Peers unto whom S. George before time committed the guiding of the Land, and keeping of his Crown, as you heard before discoursed, now met him and his Lady at the Sea side, most richly mounted upon their costly caparied Steeds, and willingly surrendered up his Scepter, Crown and Regiment: and after in company of many Princely Estates, both of Dukes, Earls, Lords, Knights, and Royal Gentlemen they attended them to the City of Grand Cair, being then under the Sub-

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lection of the Egyptian Monarchy, and the greatest City in the world, for it was in breadth full threescore miles, and had by just account, within the Walls twelve thousand Churches, besides Abbies, Monasteries, and Houses of Religion: but when S. George with his stately attendants entered the Gates, they were presently entertained with such a joyful sound of Bells, Trumpets, and Drums, that it seemed like the inspiring Quilick of heavenly Angels, and to exceed the Royalty of Cesar in Rome, when he returned from the worlds conquest. The streets were beautified with stately Pageants, contrived by Scholars of ingenious capacity, the Pavement strewd with all manner of odoriferous Flowers, and the Walls hung with Indian Coverlets and curious Tapestry.

Thus passed they the streets in great solemnity, wandring at the curiosity of the Pageants, and listening to their learned Orations, till they entered the Gates of the Pallace, where in the first entry of the Court was contrived over head, a golden pendant Firmament, as it were supported by a hundred Angels: from whence it seemed to rain Nectar and Ambrosia: likewise there descended as it were from the clouds, Ceres, the Goddess of plenty sitting upon a Throne of Gold, beautified with all manner of springing things, as of Corn, Olives, Grapes, Herbs, Flowers and Trees: who at the coming by of St. George and his Lady, presented them with two Garlands of Wheat, bound up most curiously in bands of Silver, to signifie that they were happily returned to a plentiful Countrey, both of wealth and of treasure. But at Ceres ascension up into the firmament, there was seen most strange and pleasant fire-works flowing from place to place, as though the fiery Planets had descended from Heaven, and had generally consented to make them delightful pastimes: but as S. George with his Lady, crowned with Garlands of Wheat, passed through the second Court, they beheld a Pageant most strangely contrived, wherein stood Mars the angry God of War, incircled with a Camp of armed Souldiers, as if they were with their Weapons ready charged to assault some strong Hold, or invincible City: their Silver Trumpets seemed to sound chearfully, their thundering Drums courageously, their Alken Screamers to flourish valiantly, and themselves to march triumphantly: all which seemed to give more content to S. George, than all the delightful pleasures before rehearsed: for there was nothing in all the world that more rejoiced his heart, than to hear the pleasant sound of War, and to see the Souldiers handily tosh their steeld Weapons. After he had sufficiently delighted himself in these Partial Sports, & was ready to re-  
part



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part, the God of War descended his Throne, and presented him with the richest Armour that ever eye beheld, and the bravest Weapon that ever Knight handled: for they had been kept within the City of Grand Cayer for the space of five hundred years, and held for the richest Jewels in the Countrey. Also he presented Sabra with a Spurr of such an inestimable price, that it was valued at a Kings Ransom; for it was made by Magick Art, the Vertues and Qualities thereof were so precious, that it is almost incredible to report: for therein one might behold the secret Mysteries of all the liberal Sciences, and by Art discourse what was practised in other Princies Courts: if any Hill or Mountain within a thousand Miles of the place where it remained, were enriched with a Mine of Gold, it would describe the place and countrey, and how deep it lay closed in the Earth: by it one might truly calculate upon the life of Children, Succession of Princes, and continuance of Common-wealths with many other excellent gifts and vertues, which for this time I omit. When in great state passed S. George to the third Court, which was richly beautified with all gallant sights as the other room: for there was most lively portrayed the manner of Blytham, both Jove and Juno sat invested in their Royal Thyones, and likewise both all the Gods and Goddesses took their places by degrees in Parliament: the sight was pleasant and the device most excellent, their Musick admired, and their Songs heavenly.

Thus passed S. George with his Lady through the three Courts till they came to the Pallace; wherein was provided against their coming a stately Banquet then had the Macedonian Monarch at his return into Babylon when he had conquered the middle earth: the curious Gates and well replenishd dishes were so many, that I want Art or Eloquence to describe them: but to be short, it was the most sumptuous banquet that ever they beheld since their departure from the English Court, and so artificially served, as though that all the Gods had been present. Many days continued this sumptuous cheer, and accompanied with such Princely Triumphs, as Art yet tell wants memory to describe.

The Coronation of Sabra, which was Royally performed within three months following, requires a golden Pen to write it, and a tongue ready in the confutations of the Golden honey to declare it: Egypt was honoured with Triumphs, and Grand Cairo with Feasts and Tournaments. Through every Town was proclaimed a solemn and festival day, in the remembrance of their new conquests: no Traveller nor Artificer was suffered to work that

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day, but was charged upon pain of death to hold it for a day of Triumph, a day of joy, and a day of pleasure, in which Royaltie's S. George was a principal performer; till which of honour summoned him to Arms: the remembrance of the Christian Champions in Persia, caused him to mature the Pastimes, and to buckle on his steel Coiflet, which has not glittered in the fields of Mars in four and twenty days: of which Noble deeds, and adventurous proceedings, I will at large discourse and leave all other pastimes, to the new invested Queen and her Ladies.

## C H A P. XVII.

The bloody Battel betwixt the Christians and the Persians, and how the Negromancer Osmond raised up by Magic Art, an Army of Spirits to fight against the Christians: how the six Champions were Enchanted, and recovered by S. George: The misery and Death of the Conjuror, and how the Souldan brained himself against a Marble Pillar.

**N**OW must we return to the Christian Champions, and speak of their Battels in Persia, and what happened to them in S. Georges absence, for if you remember before, being in Egypt, when he had news of his Ladies condemnation in England, for the Murthe of the Earl of Coventry, he caused them to march into Persia, and incouraged them to revenge his wrongful Imprisonment upon the Souldan's provinces: in which Country, after they had marched some fifty Miles, burning and spoiling his territories, they were intercepted by the Souldans power, which was about the number of three hundred thousand fighting men: but the Muster-Rolls of the Christians were likewise numbered, and they amounted not to above one hundred thousand able Men: at which time, betwixt the Christians and Pagans, happened a long and dangerous Battel, the like in any age was seldom fought: for it continued without ceasing, for the space of five days, to the great effusion of blood on both Parties; but at last the Pagans had the worst: for when they beheld their fields bestrowed with mangled bodies, and that the Rivers for twenty Miles compass, did flow with Crimson blood, their hearts began to fail, and incontinently fled like Sheep before the Wolf. Then the valiant Christians thirsting after revenge, speedily pursued them, sparing neither Young nor Old, till the ways were strowed with dead bodies, like heaps of scattered sand: in which pursuit and honourable Conquest they burned two hundred Forts and Towns, battering their

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Towers of Stone as level with the ground, as Harbest-Reapers do fields of ripened Corn: But the Souldan himself, with many of his best appointed Soldiers escaped alive and fortified the City of Grand-Belgor, being the strongest Town of War in all the Kingdom of Persia, let those whole walls yet tell, leave the Christian Champions planting their pikes and spears, of the damnable practices of Osmond within the Town: where he accomplished many admirable accidents by Magick Art: for when the Christians Army had long time given assaults to the Walls, sending their fiery Bullets to their lofty Battlements like Storms of Winters hail: whereby the Persian Soldiers were not able any longer to resist: they began to yield, and commit their lives to the mercy of the Christian Champions: but when the Souldan perceived the Soldiers Cowardice, and how they would willingly resign his happy government to foreign Rule, he encouraged them still to resist the Christians desperate encounters, and within thirty days, if they had not the honour of the War, then willingly to condescend to their Countries Conquest: which princely resolution encouraged the Soldiers to resist, intending not to yield up their City, till death had made triumph on their bodies. Then departed he into a far-rev Tower where he found Osmond sitting in a chair, studying by Magick how long Persia should remain unconquered: who as his entrance drove him from his charms with these speeches.

Thou wondrous Man of Art (said the Souldan) whom for Necromancy the World hath made famous. Now is the time to exert the love and Loyalty thou bearest thy Sovereign: Now is the time thy charming Spells must work for Persias good: thou seest my Fortunes are deprest, my Soldiers dead, my Captains slaughtered, my Cities burned, my fields of Corn consumed, and my Country almost conquered: I that was wont to cover the Sea with Fleets of Ships, now stand amazed to hear the Christians Drums, that sound forth doleful Fugitives for my Soldiers: I that was wont with Armed Legions to drink up Rivers as we marched, and made the Earth to groan with beating of our Multitudes: I that was wont to make whole Kingdoms tremble at my frowns, and force Imperious Potentates to humble at my feet: I that have made the Streets of many a City to run with blood, and stand reeking when I saw their buildings burn: I that have made the Mothers Wombs, the Infants Tombs, and caused Cradles for to swim in streams of blood, may now behold my Countries ruin, my Kingdoms fall, and mine own fatal overthrow: Awake, great Osmond, from thy dreaming Trance, awake Thy, and rally a troop of black infernal Spirits to fight against the Damned Christians, that like

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swarms of Bees do flock about our Walls; prevent I say my Land's Invasion, and as I am great Monarch of Asia, I'll make thee King o' ver twenty Provinces, and sole Commander of the Ocean; raise up I say thy Charmed Spirits, leave burning Acheron empty for a time, to aid us in this bloody Battel.

These words were no sooner ended, but there railed such a peal of Cannons against the City Walls, that they made the very earth shake: whereat the Perceantner started from his chair, and in this manner encouraged the Soldier:

It is not Europe (quoth he) nor all their petty bands of Armed Knights, nor all the Princes in the world, that shall abate your Princely Dignity: Am not I the great Magician of this age, that can both loose and binde the Furies, and call the black-faced Furies from low Cocytus: Am not I that skilful Artist, which framed the charmed Tower amongst the Amazonian Dames, which all the Witches in the World could never spoil? Therefore let Learning, Arts, and all the secrets of the Deep, assist me in this enterprise, and then let storming Europe do her worst: my charms shall raise the Winds to raise such raging Showers of Stones upon their heads, whereby the earth shall be overloden with their dead bodies, and well overlaid with their hateful Souls: senseless Trees shall rise in humane shapes, and fight for Persia. If I will, Speda were ever famous for Arts, that did the like for safeguard of her Fathers State, then why should not Osmond practice wonders for his Mother's Happiness? He raise a Troop of Spirits from the lowest Earth, more black then dismal night, the which in ugly shapes shall haunt them up and down, and when they sleep within their rich Mansions, Regions of fiery Spirits shall fly up, raise from Hell, that like to Dragons sporting flame of fire, shall blast and burn the daimons Christi- ans in their Courts of Man: the fields of Grand Belgor shall be overgrown with venomous Snakes, Adders, Serpents, and im- mortalised Toads, the which unless shall lurk in those ground, and sting the Colonels of Warlike Hosts: when from the Capital Firmament I will Conjure Troops of Ayrie Spirits to defend, that like to Dragons clad in Princely Ornaments shall burn those Christi- an champions in the flames of love: their eyes shall be like the twinkling Stars of Heaven, and gaze in their own souls themselves, and their lovely countenance more bright then Planets shall send them running to a Tent of love, the which shall be artificially erected by my Magic Arts: their dear life, amongst the hard heart to smelt in burning blood, shall in my chamber's Trenches burn upon the towers of gold: their glittering armour shall be more

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to fight within the fields of Arica, shall henceforth for evermore be stained with red: & themselves furnished for martial discipline, the renowned Champions of the World shall succumb with delightful losses; and keep upon the tops of the Asie Pyramids, that descend the Elements in Virgin shapes, terror and despair shall mightily oppress their invincible soldiers, that they shall yield the Honourable conquest to your Excellency: such strange and wonderful accidents by art shall be accomplished, that Heaven shall crown all my Enchantments, and the Earth tremble to hear my Conjurings, therefore most mighty Persian, number up thy scattered bands, and so march in the morning let open thy Gates, and march therewith with thy Armes shouldered: leave not a Men within the City, but let every one that is able to bear Arms, fight in the honour of Persia and before the closing of the night, I'll make thee Conquerour, and yield up the living Christians as Prisoners to thy Rightness.

If this prove true, renowned Darius, as thou hast promised (said the Sultan) I shall not harbour that too dear for thee; for thou shalt have my self, my Kingdoms, Crowns and Scepters at command: the wealthy River Ganges, shall pay thee yearly tribute with her treasure, the place where Idas wait her Golden wish away. All things that Nature framed precious shall thou be Lord and sole Commander of, if thou prevent the Invasion of my Country: and thereupon he departed the Chamber and left the Perdomahee in his study: and as he gave Commandment, his Captains made in readiness his soldiers, and furnished their Warlike Bodies, and by the Suns uprising, marched into the fields of Belgar, where upon the Southside of the River they pitched their Camp. On the other side, when the Warlike Christians had intelligence by their Scouts of Guard, how the Persians were entered the fields ready to give them battle, chosen Armes soldiers in their ears, rumours of conquest encouraged to the soldiers that presently they were in readiness to encounter the Persians to a bloody banquet: both armies were in fight, with blood-red Colours waivering in the Air: the Christian Champions nobly mounted on their Warlike couriers placed themselves in the forefront of the battle, like Courageous Captains, fearing neither Death, nor inconstant change of Fortune. Darius himself with his petty Princes like Comarcs were in Armes and combat with a King of Armes Knight, who in the heat of his noble deeds, they set in Armes Courtes, whose blood and many bloody engagements past between the two armies.



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armies before they entered battle: But when the Drums began to sound alarm and the silver Trumpets gave dreadful echoes of death: when the Crows of Christendom began to flourish and the Arms of Mahomet to be advanced, even then began to terrible and bloody a battle that the like was never found in any Age: for before the Sun had mounted to the top of Heaven, the Wagons received so great a Gallagrey and fell before the Christian Champions, that they were forced to wade up to the knees in blood, and their soldiers to fight upon heaps of slaughtered men: the fields were altered from a green colour, to a purple hue, the Dales were streep in crimson gore, and the Hills and Mountains covered with dead mens rattling bones. And let us not forget the wicked Personage Olmond, that during the time of that dangerous Encounter knelt in a low Valley near unto the Camps, with his black hair hanging down unto his shoulders like a wreath of Snakes, and with his silver wand circling the Earth: where when he heard the sound of Drums thundring in the Air, and the Brazen Trumpets giving dreadful sounds of War, he entered into these fatal and damned speeches.

Now is the Battel ( quoth he ) furiously begun, for methinks I hear the Doulban cry for help: now is the time my charming Spels must work for Persians Victory, and Europeans fatal overthrow: which being said, thrice did he kiss the Earth, thrice beheld the Elements, and thrice belshurled the Circle with his own blood, the which with a silver Razor he let from his left arm, and after began again to speak in this manner.

Stand still you wandering Lamps of Heaven, move not sweet Stars, but linger on, till Olmonds Charms be brought to full effect. O thou great Demon, Prince of damned Ghosts, thou chief Commander of those fearful Shapes, that nightly glide by misbelieving Travellers, even thou that holdest the snaky Scepter in thy hand, sitting upon a Throne of burning steel, even thou that bindest the Furies up in Chains, even thou that rollest burning fire-brands abroad, even thou whose eyes are like to unlucky comets, even thee I charge to let my Furies loose, open thy Brazen gates, and leave thy boyling Cauldron empty: send up such Legions of Infernal Fiends that may in number countervail the blades of grass that beautifie those bloody fields of Belgo.

These fatal speeches were no sooner finished, but there appeared such a similitude of Spirits, both from the earth, water, ayre, & fire, that it is almost incredible to report: the which he caused to run into the Christian army: whose burning furies not only smothered the

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Souldiers with fear & terror, but also fired the horses manes, burned the trappings, consumed their banners; scorched trees, & herbs, & dimmed the elements with such an exceeding darkness, as though the earth had been covered with eternal night; he called the spirits I knowe to raise such a tempest that it tore up mighty Oaks by the roots, removed hills & Mountains, & blew up men into the air, both & all: yet neither his Magick arts, nor all the forces of wicked spirits could any whit daunt the most noble & magnanimous minds of the six Champions of Christendom: but like unconquer'd Lyons they purchase honour where they went, colouring their swords in Pagans blood, making the earth true witness of their valiant & Heroical proceedings, whom they had attired in a blood-red Liverie: and though St. George (the chiefest Champion of Christendom for Partial discipline and valiantly achievements) were absent in that terrible battle: yet merited they as much honour and renown, as though he had been there present: for the accursed Pagans fell before their War-like weapons, as thick as leaves do fall from the trees, when the blustering storms of Winter enter on the Earth. But when the wicked Dictator Oliver perceived that his Magick spells took shalldier: and both in despite of his Enchantment the Christians got the better of the day, he accursed his art, & banned the hour and time wherein he first attempted so wicked an enterprise, thinking them to be assisted by Angels, or else by some Celestiall means: but yet not purposing to leave off at the first repulse, he attempted another way by Cromaucey to overthrow the Christians.

First he erected up by Magick art a stately Tent, outwardly in show like to the compass of Earth: but furnished inwardly with all the delightful pleasures that either art or reason could invent, onely framed to Enchant the Christian Champions with earthly delights, whom he purposed to keep as Prisoners therein: then fell he again to his conjuration, & down a hundred spirits by due obedience to transform themselves into the likeness of beautiful Wights, which in a moment they accomplished, and they were framed in form and feature like to the darlings of Venus in Countenances comparable with These dancing on the Silver sands, and in all proportion like Daphne whose beauty ravishd Apollo to Hell: their Limbs were like the lofty Cedars, their Cheeks to Roses dyed in Silk, and their Eyes made bright with the stars of Heaven: also they seemed to carry in their hands Silver Bowes, and on their backs hung Quivers of golden arrows. A while

upon

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upon their Breasts they had pictured the God of Love dancing upon Mars his knee.

Thus in the Shape of beauteous damsels, caused he these Spirits to enter the Christians Army, and with the golden bait of their enticing smiles, to tangle the Champions in the snares of Love, and with their smiling beauties led them from their Souldiers, and to bring them Prisoners into his Enchanted Tent. Which commandment being no sooner given, but these Virgins, as rather infernal Furies more swift then the wind, glided into the Christians Army, where their glittering beauties so dazzled the eyes of the Christian Champions and their sober countenances so enraptured their hearts with desire, that their princely valours were abated, and they stood gazing at their excellent proportions, as though Medusa's shadow had been pictured upon their faces, to whom the enticing Ladies spoke in this manner,

Come bravely Gallants, come, along with Arms, forget the sounds of bloody War, and hang your angry weapons on the banner of peace. Henna, you see hath sent her messengers from Paphos to lead you to the paradise of love: there Heaven will rain down Nectar & Ambrosia, sweet for you to feed upon: and there the melody of Angels, will make you spick: there shall you fight upon beds of silk, and encounter with enticing kisses. These golden promises so ravished the Champions, that they were enchanted with their Loves, and vowed to take their last farewell of knight-hood and magnanimous Chivalry.

Thus were they led from their warlike Companies to the Peremanciers Enchanted Tent, leaving their Souldiers without Guides, in danger of confusion. But the Queen of Chance to smite upon the Christians, that the same time S. George arrived in Spain, with a fresh supply of Egyptian Knights: of whose Noble Achievements I purpose now to speak. For no sooner had he cured the Warrel, and placed his Souldiers, but he had intelligence of the Champions misadventures, and how they lay Enchanted in a Magick Tent, sleeping in pleasure upon the fays of infernal Furies, the which Orisood had transformed by his Charms into the likeness of beauteous Damsels: which unexpected news conveying S. George to breach straw his joyful heart, thus burst his lamentation.

Unfortunate Furies (quoth he) why dost thou entertain me with such sweet news? are my fellow Champions come from Egypt to win immortal honour with their Swords, and so they

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they now bewitcht with beauty : come they from Europe to fight  
in coats of steel ; and will they lie at traught in tents of love :  
came they to Asia to purchase Kingdoms, and by sword War to rui-  
nate Countreys ; and will they yield their Victories to so foul dis-  
grace : O shame and great dishonour to Christendom ! O spot to  
knighthood and true Chivalry : this news is far more bitter  
to my Soul, than was the poisoned dregs that Antipater gave to  
Alexander in his drunkenness, and a deadlier pain unto my heart,  
than was that juice that Hannibal sucked from his fatal Ring.  
Come, Soldiers, come you followers of those cowardly Cham-  
pions, unsheath your warlike weapons, and follow him whose death  
hath bought either to redeem them from the Hexomancers Charm  
of die with honour in that Christen-land. If ever mortal Creatures  
warred with damned Furies, and made a passage to enchanted  
Dales, where devils dance and warlike madbolts in the night :  
Then Soldiers let us march unto that black Babylon, and chase  
the cursed Charmer to some blasted Oak, that hath to his life disho-  
nour'd Christendom.

These resolute Furies were no longer hatched, but the whole  
Army, before valiant with fear, grew to courageous, that they  
promised to follow him through more dangers than did the Grecian  
knights with Noble Jason in the Isle of Colcos. Now began the  
Battel again to renew, and the Drums to sound fatal knells, for  
the Dagon Soldiers, whose souls the Christians smother'd by  
numbers sent to burning Acheron : but St. George, that in valour  
exceeded the rest, as much as the golden Sun surpasseth the smal-  
lest Stars in brightness, with his sword made lanes of slaughter-  
ed Men, and with his angry arm made passage through the thick-  
est of their Troops, as though that Death had been Commander  
of the Battel : He cauled Crook and Scepters to shew in blood  
and headless heads with joyntless men, to fall as fast before his  
sword as drops of rain before thunder, and ebes in great danger  
be encouraged his Soldiers in this manner : Now for the Fame of  
Christendom, Fight, Capains be now Triumphant Conquerours, or  
Christian Martyrs.

These words so encouraged the Soldiers hearts with imbu-  
ed valour, that they neither feared the Hexomancers Charm,  
nor the burning Dagon, nor fierce Furies, that with the  
sword and burning light, set on fire the strange dimensions  
of witch Legions : that like to armed Men with burning Swords  
they burned them : so valiant were their passions, that they  
brought the invincible Champion to the enchanted Aene, whereas the

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the other Champions lay succumbing in love, whilst thousands of their Friends fought in seas of Steel, and merited renown by their Noble Achievements: for no sooner arrived S. George with his warlike followers befoze the Babilon, but he heard as it were the melody of the Sutes: likewise his ears were almost ravished with the sugared songs of the enchanted Virgins, which like the Musick of Orpheus Harp, caused the stones and trees to dance, and made the elements to flow more higher than the morning dew with drops of honey trickling down their crystal cheeks: the Doves in hills when they began to sing: the running maies danced, and every sensible thing, did seem to breath out sighs for love, so pleasant and heavenly were the sighs in his eares, and so delightful to his eyes, that he had been enchanted with their charms, if he had not continually born the honour of his own heart in his thoughts, and that the dishonour would rebound to Christendoms reputation: therefore with his sword he let drive at the King, and cut it in a thousand pieces, the which being done, he apparently beheld where the Percevant lay upon a block of Steel, loading his Shoulders with mounds of blood, when the Champions saw this, they caused his Shoulders to lay hold upon him, and after chained him fast to the root of an old blasted Oak: from whence neither age, nor help of all his charms, nor all the Legions of his devils could ever after loose him: where we leave him to his lamentations, filling the air with Echoes of Cries, and speak how S. George recovered the Champions from their Enchantments.

First, when he beheld them disrobed of their warlike Accoutrements, their Riches hung up, and themselves secretly sleeping upon the Laps of Ladies, he fell into these discontented speeches.

O Heavens (said he) how my Soul abhors this spectacle! Champions of Christendome arise, brave Knights stand up I say, and look about like men: are you the chosen Captains of your Countreys, and will you hurt all your Honours up in Ladies Laps, for thame smiles? I say, they have no more of Centaures, the Songs of Syrens, or enchantments: Arms, brave Knights, let Honour be your Loves: blushing behold your Friends in Arm, and blush to see your Native Countreymen sleeping the fields of Babilon with their bloods: Champions arise, S. George calls, the Victory will tarry till you come forth, and when the womanish army shall be met in fullen Robes, put on your Condemn your glittering Surcoats, and unbracket your armour, and then upon that Babilon, Gods may be sworn, shall surely be Overcome and



## Seven Champions of Christendom.

These Heroical speeches were no sooner finished, but the Champions like men amazed, rose from their Ladies bosoms, and being ashamed of their follies, they submissively craved pardon, and bowed by prostrate motions, never to stir in bits of Down, nor never unbuckle their shields from their weary arms, till they had won their credits in the fields again: nor never would be counted his deserved fall was, till their triumphs were noted and got the deeds of martial knights. So arm'd themselves with approved Coats of Arms, and taking to them their rusty Swords, they accompanied St. George to the thicke of their Enemies, and left the Perilousness chained to the tree, which at their departure brayed forth these bitter curses.

Let Hell's hot oze and tormenting flames (sooth he) be their eternal punishment: let flaming fire descend on them, and consume them in their warlike triumphs, & let their ways be strowed with venomous thorns, that all their legs may scarce to the knees, before they march to their Partive Country. But why exclaim I thus in vain, when Heaven it self preserves their happiness: Now all my Magick charms are shaven, and all my Sorceries forsaken me in my need, (dun here am I let chained up, to starve and dye. Have I had power to rend the bales of Earth, and shake the mighty Mountains with my charms: Have I had power to raise up dead mens hopes from Kingly Tombs: & can I not unchain my self from this accursed tree: No, so I am fettered up by the immortal power of the Christians God; against whom because I do rebel, I am now condemned to everlasting fire. Come all you Perjurancers in the World, come all you Sorcerers & Charmers, come all you Scholars from the learned Universities, come all you witches, belchams, & fortune-tellers, & all that practice devilish Arts, come, take example by the story of my eyes.

This being said, he violently with his own hands tore his hate from his head, as a sufficient revenge, because by the direction of their wills, he was first chained in that damned Tree: then between his teeth, he bit in twain his loathsome tongue, because it murdered forth too many fatal charms: then into his thirsty bowels he bestowed his hands, because they had so often held the silver wand, wherewith he had made his Charmed Circles: and for every letter, mark, and character, that belonged to his Constitution, he inscribed a federal torment upon himself: and at last with speechless eyes, speechless tongue, handless arms, and dismembered body, he was forced to give up his condemned Ghost: where after his air

## The Honourable History of the

of life was banished from his earthly Trunk, the Heavens seemed to smile at his sudden fall, and hell began to rejoyce at the conquest of his death: the ground where he dyed, was the after that time is for unare, and to his present time, it is called in that Countrey, A Vale of Walking Spirits.

Thus have you heard the damnable life, & miserable fall of this accursed Perromancie Osmond, whom we will now leave to the punishments due to such a wicked offender, and speak of the brave Noble and Paganantious Christian Champions.

After S. George had ended these Enchantments, they never sheathed up their Swords, nor unlocked their Armour, till the Subversion of Persia was accomplished, and the Souldan with his Petty Kings taken Prisoners. Seven days the battle continued without ceasing: they slew two hundred thousand Souldiers, besides a number that fled away and hanged themselves: some cast themselves headlong down from the top of high trees, some made laughter of themselves, & some yielded to the mercy of the Christians: but the Souldan with his Princes riding in their Iron Charlots, endured the Christians encounters, till the whole Army was discomfited, and then by force and violence they were compelled to yield. The Souldan was taken into the hands of S. George, and his Wife-Kings to the other six Champions, where after they had sworn Allegiance to the Christian Knights, and had promised to forsake their Mahomet they were not only set at liberty, but used most honourably: but the Souldan himself having a heart fraught with despight & rancour, contemned the Champions courtesies, and utterly disdaind their Christian Governments, protesting that the Heavens should first lose their wonted brightness, and the seas forsake their swelling tides, before his heart should yield to their intended desires: whereupon S. George being resolved to revenge his former injuries, commanded that the Souldan should be discovered from all Princely attire, and in bare apparel sent to Prison, even to the same Dungeon where he himself had endured so long imprisonment, as you heard in the beginning of the History: which strict commandment was presently performed: In which Dungeon the Souldan had not long continued, suffering his hungry stomach with the Head of mucky Bran, and stanching his thirst with Channel Water, but he began to grow desperate, and weary of his life, and at last fell into this woful Lamentation:

O Heavens (quoth he) now have you throw'd a deserved Plague up-  
on

## seven Champions of Christendom.

on my head, and all those guiltless souls that in former times my Tyranny have murdered may now be fully satisfied; for I that was wont to have my Table beautified with Kings, am now constrained to feed alone in a Dungeon; where sorrow is my food, and despair my servitor: I that have famished thousands up in Walls of Stone, am now constrained to feed upon mine own Flesh, or else to starve and die: yet shall these cruel Christians know, that as I lived in Tyranny, so will I die: for I will make a murder of my self, that after this life, my angry Ghost may fill their sleeps with ghastly visions.

This being said, he desperately ran his head against a Marble Pillar, standing in the middle of the Dungeon, and with his Brains from out of his hateful Head: the news of whose death when it was bruited in the Champions ears, they professed no violence to his lifeless body, but intombed him in a sumptuous Sepulchre, and after that S. George took upon him the Government of Persia, and there established good and Christian Laws: also he gave to the other six Champions, six several Kingdoms: belonging to the Crown of Persia, and he named them Vice-Kings or petty Kings. This being done he took leave with the World, and triumphantly marched towards Christendom, with the conquest of three Imperial Diadems, that is to say, of Egypt, Persia, and Morocco: In which journey he erected many stately Monuments, in remembrance of his Victories and Heroical Achievements; and through every Country that they marched, there stalked to him an innumerable company of Pagans, that desired to follow him into Christendom, and to be christened in their Faith: protesting to forsake their Gods, whose worshippers were none but Tyrants: and such as delighted in nothing but shedding of Blood. To whose requests, S. George presently condescended: not only in granting them their desires, but also in honouring them with the favour of his Princely countenance. This courtesie of the English Champion merited such a glittering glory through the World: that as far as ever the swelling Ocean flows, and as far as ever the Golden Globes of Heaven extend their lights, S. Georges honour was bruited: and not only his matchless adventures character'd in Brazen Tables, but his partial exploits painted in every Temple: so that the Heathen Poets continued Histories of his deeds, and famous'd his Name among the Worthies of the World.

In this Princely manner marched S. George with his warlike Troops through the Territories of Africa: Asia in greater Royal

## The Honourable History of the

ry then Sir Darius with his Persian Soldiers towards the camp of  
time wounded Alexander. But when the Christian Champions ap-  
proached the sight of the warring World, and began to go ab and  
their ships, the Earth seemed to mourn at their farewells, and the  
seas to retire at their presence, the Waves courched as smooth as  
crystal Ice, and the winds blew such gentle gales, as though the  
Sea Gods had been directors of their fleet, the Dolphins danced a-  
bove the water, and the lovely Pair Paids in multitudes lay dal-  
ling amidst the Streams making them delightful pastime: the  
Shires seemed to smile, & the Sun to show a glistering brightness  
upon the crystal waters, that the Sea seemed to be silver.

Thus in great pleasure they passed the time away, committing  
their fortunes to the mercy of the winds and the waters, who did  
so favourably serve them, that in short time they arrived upon the  
banks of Christendom: where being no sooner come on shore, and  
past the dangers of the Seas, but St. George in presence of thou-  
lands of his followers, kneeled down on the ground, and gave God  
praise for his happy arrival, by these words following:

O thou omnipotent God of new Jerusalem, we not only give thee  
congratulatory praise, for our late Achieved victories against the ene-  
mies, who by their wickedness seek daily to pull thee from thy ce-  
lestial Throne, but also do render thee hearty thanks, that thou hast de-  
livered us safely from the fury of the raging Seas, that otherwise  
might have wrenched us in her devouring gulf, as thou didst Pha-  
raoh with his golden Chariots, and his invincible Legions: there-  
fore great King of Juda, under whose Name we have taken many  
things in hand, and have achieved so many victories, grant that  
these true Obligations of our thankful hearts may be acceptable in  
thy sight, which be no sacred ceremonies, but the inward deposi-  
tions of our souls: and therewithal letting fall a shower of tears from  
their eyes, and discharging a volley of sighs from their breasts,  
as a signification of the integrity of their Souls, he held his peace:  
then gave he Commandments that the Army should be discharged,  
and every one rewarded according to his desert, which within seven  
weeks was performed, to the honour of Christendom.

After this St. George earnestly requested the other six Cham-  
pions that they would honour him with their presence home to his  
Country of England, and there receive the comfort of joyful ease,  
after the bloody encounters of so many dangerous battles. This  
motion of St. George, not only obtained their consent, but ad-  
ded a stronger desire to their willing minds, to accompany him  
see

## seven Champions of Christendom.

set forward towards England: upon whose chalky cliffs they in a short time arrived, and after this took their journey towards the City of London, where their Entertainments were so honourably performed, as I want the Eloquence of Cicero, and the Rhetorick of Calyope to describe it.

Thus Gentle Reader hast thou heard the first of the Princely Achievements, Noble Adventures, and Honourable Lives of these Renowned and worthy Champions. The second part relates the Noble Achievements and strange Fortunes of Saint George's three Sons, the Loves of many gallant Ladies, the Combats and the Tournaments of many valiant Knights, and Tragedies of mighty Potentates. Likewise the rest of the Noble Adventures of the Renowned Seven Champions, also the manner and place of their honourable deaths, and how they came to be called the seven Saints of Christendom.

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F I N I S.

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THE CHINESE

The Chinese people are a very ancient and numerous nation, and have been the most powerful and civilized people in the East for many centuries. They have a long and glorious history, and their culture and civilization have been the foundation of the modern Chinese nation. The Chinese people are known for their wisdom, their hard work, and their sense of duty. They have made many contributions to the world, and their culture has influenced many other nations. The Chinese people are a very proud and patriotic people, and they are determined to build a strong and prosperous nation for themselves. They are also a very friendly and hospitable people, and they welcome visitors from all over the world. The Chinese people are a very important part of the world, and their culture and civilization are a valuable heritage for all of us.

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The Famous  
**HISTORY**  
OF THE  
**Seven Champions**  
OF  
**Christendom.**

---

*The Second Part.*

---

LIKEWISE

Shewing the Princely Prowess, Noble Atchievements, and strange Fortunes of Saint GEORGE's three Sons, the lively Sparks of Nobility.

The Combates and Turnaments of many Valiant Knights, the Loves of many Gallant Ladies, the Tragedies of Mighty Potentates.

ALSO

The manner and places of the Honourable Deaths of the Seven Champions, being so many Tragedies: and how they came to be called the Seven Saints of  
**CHRISTENDOM.**

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L O N D O N,

Printed for R. *Smyth*, The Basses, Rie. Chiswell, M. Wotton, and

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LONDON.

Printed for A. WELSH, at the Bible, in Christ Church Lane, and  
for J. STONE, at the Bible, in St. Dunstons Church Lane.

To the Right Honourable, the Lord  
WILLIAM HOWARD, *Richard Johnson* wisheth encrease of all Prosperity.

**A**s it hath, Right Honourable, of late pleased your most Noble Brother in kindness to accept of this History, and to grace it with a favourable countenance: So am I now emboldned to Dedicate the Second Part unto your Honour, which here I humbly offer to your Lordship's hands, not because I think it a gift worthy the receiver; but rather that it should be, as it were a Witness of the Love and Duty which I bear to your Right Noble House.

And when it shall please you to bestow the reading of these discourses, my humble request is, that you would think I wish your Honour as many happy days as there be letters contained in this History.

Thus praying for your Honours chief happiness, I remain

Your Honours in all dutifull

Love, to his poor power,

R. J.

# To the Gentle Reader.

**I** Have finished The Second Part of the Seven Champions of Christendom, for thy delight, being thereto encouraged by thy great Acceptance of my First Part. I will not boast of Excellence nor Invention, thereby to invite thy willing neglect: Only thy courtesy must be my Buckler against the carping malice of mocking Teſters, that being worse able to do well, scoff commonly at that they cannot mend, censuring all things, doing nothing, but (Admirer-like) make fresh jests at any thing they see in print: and murther pleasure them, except it savour of a scoffing or irreverent spirit. Well what shall I say of my I do not care, thy delight only is my desire: Accept it, and I am satisfied, reject it, and thou shalt be my penance, never again to come in Print. But having better hope, I boldly lead thee to the Mass, for this doubtful flood of suspicion, where I rest. Walk on in the History, as in an overgrown and ill husbanded Garden: if among all the weeds thou find one pleasing Flower, I have my wish.

Richard Johnson.

Your Honour in all duty

Love, to his poor power,

R. J.

The

To

& A



# The Honourable History of the seven Champions of Christendom.

## CHAPTER I

How Saint George's three Sons were entertained into the Famous City of London, and after how their Mother was slain in a Wood with the prick of a Thorney Brake: her blessings she gave her Sons, Saint George's Lamentation over her bleeding Body: and likewise of the journey the Seven Champions intended to Jerusalem to visit the Sepulchre of Christ.



And St. George with the other six Champions of Christendom (by admirable Conquest) had brought into subjection all the Eastern parts, & by wine of bloody battles, rode the Arabian Indwelers to the farthest bounds of India: where the Golden sun beganeth to arise: as you heath discourse in the former part of the History, they returned with the Conquest of Imperial Diarris, Royal Crowns, single Kingdoms, to the renowned pleasant Countrey of England, where in the famous City of London they enjoyed a day's repose, & were only decorated with sumptuous buildings, but given such a number of Gallant Knights, and Gallant Gentlemen of Countly Behaviour, and there withall returned with Troops of Ladies of Honour and Gentle Breeding, that might be any where in Europe like to the Grecian Queens when as they had the Egyptian Warriors in the Western Islands of Leod: which by its learned rather than its simple Nobility, than a place for easily to be held, was the City of the Christian world, and here they were hung up in the Tower of London, where the Tower of Babel, here their place of

## The Second part of the

Collets rusted in their Armoies, here was not heard the Warlike sound of Drums, nor Silver Trumpets: here stood no Centinels nor Courtes of Guard, nor Barbed Sceds prepared to the Batel: but all things tended to a lasting Peace. They that had wont in Sireled Coats to sleep in Champion Fields, lay dallying now in Beds of Silk: they that had wont with weary Arms to wield the warlike Fauchion, late now embracing lovely Ladies on their knees, and they whose ears had wont to hear the rufel cries of laughtiered Soulers, were now oycloyd with Musicks pleasant Harmony.

In this delicious manner lived these Champions in the City of London, turning the remembrance of all their former Adventures in the Lake of oblivion, and spending their times in honourable Edits, and Courtefly Durnaments: where Saint George performed many Achievements in honour of his beloved Lady, and the other Knights in Honour of their Mistresses.

But at last, Saint George's three Sons, Guy, Alexander, and David, being all three born at one Birth, as you heard before, in the wilderness, and sent into three several Kingdoms by their careful Father to be trained up: the one in Rome to the Warlike Romans, another into Wittenberg to the learned Germans, the third unto Brittain to the Valiant English. But now being grown to some ripeness of Age, and agility of strength, they desired much to visit their Parents, whom they had not seen from their Infancies, lying in their Cradles: and to crave at his hands the honour of true Knight-hood, and to wear the golden Spoor of Christendom. This earnest and princely Request so highly pleased their Father, that they furnished them with a stately Train of Knights, and sent them honourably into England, where they arrived all three at one time in the famous City of London, where their Entertainments were most princely, and their welcome so honourable, that I want Art to describe, and memory to express.

I omit what sumptuous Pageants & delightful Shows the Citizens provided, and how the streets of London were beautified with Tapestry, the solemn Bells that rung them forth welcome, and the silver brained Instruments that gave them pleasant Entertainment. Also I pass over the Fathers joy, who prized their Sons more precious in his Eyes, then if he had been made sole Possessor of the golden Mines of rich America: or that every hair that grew upon his Head had been equalled with a Kingdom, and he to give as many golden Diadems in his arms. Also their Mothers Welcomes

## seven Champions of Christendom.

to her Sons, who gave them more kisses than the breathen forth  
Groans at their deliveries from her painful womb in the stiller-  
nets.

The other Champions courted her not the least, nor of the  
smallest in account, to these three young Gentlemen: but the  
first, Saint George (whose Love was dear unto his Children) in  
his own Person conducted them unto their Lodgings, where  
they spent that Day and the Night following in Royal Banqueting  
amongst their Princely Friends.

But no sooner appeared the Morning Sun upon the Mountain  
tops, and the clear countenance of the Elements made mention of  
some ensuing Pastime, but Saint George commanded a solemn  
hunting for the welcome of his Sons.

Then began his Knights to Arm themselves in Troops, and to  
mount upon their Jennets, and come with well Armed Boar-  
Spears in their hands prepared for the Caribon Foe: but St.  
George with his Sons clad in Green Vestments like Adonis, with  
silver Points hanging at their backs in tokens of colour'd Silk,  
were still the foremost in this exercise. Likewise Sabina (intending  
to see her Sons valours display'd in the Field, whether they were  
in courage like their Father or no) called a gentle Palfrey to be po-  
sessed, wherein she mounted her Princely person to be witness of  
these Gallant sports: she was armed with a curious Breast-plate,  
thought like to the scales of a Dolphin, and in her hand she bore  
a Silver Bow of the Turkish fashion, like an Amazonian Queen, or  
Diana hunting in the Groves of Arcadia.

Thus in this gallant manner rode forth these Hunters to their  
Princely Pastimes, where after they had ridden some six Miles  
from the City of London, they fell from Saint George's Side three  
drops of purple Blood, whereas he suddenly started, and therewithal  
he heard the croaking of a Flight of Night Ravens, that portend  
by the Foretells all which he judged to be dismal signs of some  
ensuing Catastrophe: but having a princely mind, he was nothing  
dismaying at these, nor little mistrusted the awful accident that after  
happened, but with a Noble Resolution enters the Forest, accompa-  
nyed with his Followers, seeking for the cause of these portents, when  
they had not passed the compass of half a Mile, but they started on  
a sudden Black Stag, at whom they uncoupled their Hounds, and  
gave chase to him, and followed the Game more closer  
than they pursued the Merchants Ships upon the Seas: but now  
before him following, for a while they had their pleasant Pastime to a Land  
and

Job The Second Part of the

with bloody Murther: for Sabra proffering to keep youe back them, is  
lighted to behold the valiant Encounters of her young Son, and  
being careless of her self, though the ober Noisiness of her Stee,  
she stopped behind her saddle, and so fell directly upon a thicke brake  
of Brambles, the prickes whereof more than an hundred of them  
entred to every part of her delicate body: some pierce the lovely  
closets of her sun-bright eyes, whereby (instead of Crystal pearted  
teares) there issued drops of purest blood: her face before that blubber  
like the Morning's radiant countenance, was now changed into a  
Crimsoned: her milk white hands that lately stained the deep  
Lute, did seem to wear a bloody Scarlet Glaze: and her robes, which  
that has often seen her Son with the Silk of Honour, were all be-  
rent and torn with those accursed Brambles, from whose deep wounds  
there issued forth a stream of purple gore, that is converted the grass  
from a lively green to a Crimson dye, and the abundance of blood  
that trickles from her breast began to engorge her Soul, to give the  
world a woeful spectacle. Her notwithstanding, when her beloved  
Lord, her sorrowful Son, and all the rest of the main Champions  
had washed her wounded body with a Spring of Tears, and when  
the perceived that the mist of force commits her life to the fury of  
impetuous death, she breathed forth this dying Exhortation.

Dear Lord (saith she) in this unhappy business will you dole the  
cruell death that ever lay by any Daughters side: you know me  
not, grieve you my Son, nor you mye, my loving Daughter, but  
let your Starlike Mynde embrace me royally come, I will that all  
the world may write in brazen Booke, how I have followed my Lord  
(the pride of Christendom) through many a bloody field, and for his  
sake have left my Parents, Friends, and Country, and have  
walled with him through many a dangerous Kingdom: but now that  
death hath brought in these last hour, and finished my day,  
because I am not able to perform what I owe he hath ordered of God  
that I should so young, thus die, and I leave behind, even in  
the pains that laster week, I once intended to, your father, whom  
as you lay enclosed in my womb, & by my Tapes in the wombe  
newly broken my grooves upon your back, that did in my husband  
and laste Wife and Sonnes, to drop down teares, when by the right  
cildes Ringers and amiable propitius hand the gentle Ladies son  
mourned to hear my lamentations, and by a mothers love  
cherished me: I have loved you, nursed and followed you. Underneath  
his honourable Armes, I have been the little Maid, and the de-  
lectable Maid, defend the honour of my name, and give me

## Seveh Champions of Christendom.

ly unto wounded Souldiers, seek not to stain the unspeckled Virgins with your Lust, and adventure evermore to redeem true Knights from Captivity: like ever professed Enemies to Paganism, and spend your lives in the quarrel and defence of Christ, that Babes (as yet unborn) in time to come may speak of you, and record you in the Books of Fame to be true Christian Champions. This is my Blessing, and this is the Testament I leave behind: for now I feel the chinkels of pale Death closing the Closets of mine eyes: Farewel vain World, dear Lord farewell, sweet Sons your famous followers of my George, and all true Christian Knights, adieu.

These words were no sooner ended, but with a heavy sigh he yielded up the Ghost: whereat St. George (being impatient in his sorrows) fell upon her lifeless body, tearing his hair, and rending his Hunters Attire from his back into many pieces: and at last when his griefs were somewhat diminished, he burst out into these bitter lamentations.

Gone is the Star (said he) that lighted all the Northern World, withered is the Rose that beautified our Christian Fields, dead is the Dame that for her beauty stained all Christian Women: for whom I'll fill the Air with everlasting moans: Let this day henceforth be fatal to all times, and counted for a dismal day of Death. Let never the Sun shew forth his Beams thereon again, but Clouds as black as pitch cover the Earth with fearful darkness. Let every Tree in this accursed Forest, henceforth be blasted with unkindly Winds: Let Brambles, Herbs, & Flowers consume and wither: Let Grails and blooming Buds perish and decay, and all things near the place where he was slain be turned to dismal, black and grisly colour, that the Earth itself in mourning Garments may lament her loss. Let never Bird sing cheerfully on tops of Trees, let like the mournful Quack of the Nightingale, fill all the Air with fatal Tunes: Let bustling Rivers in mourning for her loss, and Silver Swans that swim thereon sing doleful Melody: Let all the Dales belonging to these fatal Woods be covered with green bellied Serpents, croaking Frogs, hissing Snakes, and light-killing Cockatrices: in blasted Trees, let fearful Ravens shriek, let Howlers cry, and Chickens sing, that after this it may be called a place of dead mens wandering Ghosts. But sons wretch, why do I thus lament in vain, and bawl her bleeding body with my tears, when grief by no means will rerat her life: Per this shall satisfy her Soul, for I will go a Pilgrimage unto Jerusalem, and offer up my tears in prayer Christ upon his blessed Sepulchre, by which my stained



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Soul may be waſht from this bloody guilt, which was the cauſe of this ſorrowful days miſhap.

Theſe ſorrowful words were no ſooner ended, but he took her bleeding limbs between his fainting Arms, and gave a hundred kiſſes upon her dying coloured lips, retaining yet the colour of Alabaſter new waſht in Purple Blood, and in this extaſie a while ſtaying, gave way to others to unfold their woes.

But his ſons whole ſorrows were as great as his, proteſted never to neglect one day, but daily to weep ſome tears upon their Mothers Grave, till from the Earth did ſpring ſome mournful Flower, to bear remembrance of her death, as did the Violet that ſprung from chaſt Adonis Blood, where Venus wept to ſee him ſlain. Like wiſe the other ſix Champions ( that all the time of their lamentations ſtood like men drowned in the depth of ſorrow ) began now a little to recover themſelves, & after proteſted by the honour of true Knight-hood, & by the Spur & golden Garter of S. George's Leg, to accompany him unto the holy Land bare-footed, without either Shoe or Shooe, only clad in ruſlet Gaberdines, like the uſual Pilgrims of the World, and never to return till they had paid their Vows at that bleſſed Sepulchre.

Thus in this ſorrowful manner wearied they the time away, filling the woods with Echoes of their lamentations, and recording their dolours to the whiſtling winds: but at laſt when black night began to approach, & with her ſable Mantle to overſpread the Cryſtal Firmament, they retired with her dead body, back to the City of London, where the report of this Tragical accident, drowned their friends in a ſea of ſorrow: for the news of her timeleſs death was no ſooner hurried abroad, but the ſame cauſed both old and young to lament the loſs of ſo ſweet a Lady. The ſilver headed age that had wont in ſcarlet Gowns to meet in Council, ſat now at home in diſcontented griefs: the gallant Youth, and comely Virgins, that uſed to beautifie the ſtreets with coſly Garments, went dropping up & down in black and mournful Veſtures: and thoſe remiſeſs traits that ſeldom were oppreſſed with ſorrow, now conſtrained their eyes like Fountains to deſil floods of ſiniſh and pearly tears.

This general grief of the Citizens continued for the ſpace of thirty days: at the end whereof S. George with his ſons & the other Champions interred her body very honourably, & erected over the ſame a rich and coſly Monument (in ſumptuous ſtate like the Tomb of Mausolus, which was called one of the wonders of the world, or like to the Pyramids of Greece, which was a ſtain to all Architects) for thereon was portrayed the Queen of Chaſtity with her maidens, bathing themſelves in a Cryſtal Fountain, as a token of her innocence.

## Seven Champions of Christendom.

**Chastity**, against the lustful assaults of all lascivious attempts.  
Thereon was also most lively pictured a Turtle Dove sitting upon a Tree of gold, in sign of the true love that she bore to her betrothed Husband.

Also a silver coloured Swan swimming upon a Crystal River, as a token of her Beauty : for as the Swan excelleth all other Fowls in whiteness, so she excelled all the Ladies in the world for Beauty.

I leave to speak of the curious workmanship of the Windows that were framed all of the purest Jeat, enamelled with silver and Jasper Stones : And I omit the pendants of gold, the Scutcheons of Princes, and the Arms of Countreys that beautified her Tomb, the discourse whereof requires an Oratours Eloquence, or a pen of gold dipped in the dew of Helicon, flowing from Parnassus Hill, where all the Muses do inhabit. Her statue of Picture was carved cunningly in Alabaſter, and laid as it were upon a pillow of green silk, like to Pigmaliions Iwoy Image, and directly over the same hung a silver Tablet, whereon in Letters of gold was this Epitaph inscribed :

**H**ere lies the wonder of this worldly Age,  
For Beauty, wit, and Princely Majesty,  
Whom spiteful death in his imperious rage,  
Procur'd to fall through ruthless cruelty,  
For as she sported in a fragrant wood,  
Upon a Thorney Brake she spill'd her Blood.

Let Ladies fair and Princes of great might,  
With silver Pearled Teares bedew this Tomb,  
Accuse the fatal Sisters of despight,  
For blasting thus the pride of natures Bloome :  
For here she sleeps within this earthly Grave,  
Whose worth deserves a Golden Tomb to have.

Seven years she kept her pure Virginitie ;  
In absence of her true betrothed Knight,  
When many did pursue her Chastitie,  
Whilst he remained in prison day and night :  
But yet we see that things of purest prize,  
Forake the Earth to dwell above the Skies.

Ladies come mourn with doleful melody,  
And make this Monument your sordid Bower :  
Here shed your brackish tears eternally,

## The Second part of the

Lament both Year, Month, Week, Day, Hour:  
For here the rest whose like can ne're be found,  
Here Beauties pride lies buried in the Ground:

Her wounded heart this yet doth freshly bleed,  
Nath' canst'd seven Knights a journey for to take,  
To farr Jerusalem, in Pilgrims weeds,  
The fury of her angry Ghost to slake:  
Because their silvan sports was chiefest guilt,  
And only cause her blood wastimeless spilt.

Thus after the Tomb was erected, and the Epitaph engraven on a silver Table, and all things performed according to Saint Georges direction, he left his Sons in the City of London, under the government of the English King: and in company of the other six Champions, he took his journey towards Jerusalem.

They were attired after the manner of Pilgrims, in russet Garbepines down to their feet, in their hands they bore staves of Ebony, tipped at the ends with silver, the pikes whereof were of the strongest Lybian Steel, of such a sharpness, that they were able to pierce a Target of Tortois shell: upon their breasts hung Crosses of Crimson silk, to signifie they were Christian Pilgrims, travelling to the sepulchre of Christ.

In this manner set they forward from England in the spring time of the year, when Flora had beautified the Earth with Paeures Tapestry, and made their Passages as pleasant as the Gardens of Hesperides adorned with all kind of odoriferous Flowers. When as they crossed the seas, the silver Waves seemed to rise as smooth as Crystal Ice, and the Dolphins to dance above the waters, as a sign of a prosperous journey. In travelling by Land, the wayes seemed so short and easie, and the chirping melody of Birds made them such Pusick as they passed, that in a short season they arrived beyond the Borders of Christendom, and had entered the Confinnes of Africa,

Where were they forced instead of Downy beds, nightly to rest their weary Limbs upon heaps of sun-burnt Poles: and instead of silken Curtains and curious Canopies, they had the Clouds of Heaven to cover them. Now their naked Legs and bare Feet, that had wont to stride the stately Steeds, and to trample in Streets of Pagans blood, were forced to climb the craggy Mountains, and to endure the torments of prickling byers, as they travelled through the desert places, and comfortless solitary Wildernesses.

## seven Champions of Christendom.

Many were the dangers that happened to them in their journey, before they arrived in Judea, Principally their Achievements, and most honourable their Adventures: which for this time I pass over, leaving the Champions for a time in their Travell towards the Sepulchre of Christ, and speak what hapned to St. George's three sons in visiting their Mothers Tomb in the City of London.

### CHAP. II.

Of the strange gifts that Saint George's Sons offered at their Mothers Tomb, and what happ'ned thereupon: how her Ghost appeared to them, and counselled them to the pursuit of their Father: also, how the King of England Installed them with the honour of Knight-hood, and furnished them with Habilliments of War.

**T**he swift footed steeds of Titans fiercy Cart had almost finished a year, since Sabra's Funeral was solemnized: in which time St. George's three sons had visited their Mothers Tomb often than were days in the year, and had shed more sorrowful tears thereon in remembrance of her loss, then are stars in the glittering Horizon: but at last these three young Princes fell at a civil discord and mortal strife which of them should bear the truest love unto their Mothers dead body, and which of them should be held in greatest esteem. For before many days were expired, they concluded to offer up their severall Devotions at her Tomb: and he that devised a gift of the rarest Price and of the strangest quality should be held worthy of the greatest Honour, and accounted the noblest of them all. This determination was speedily performed, and in so short a time accomplished, that it was wonderful to discourse.

The first thinking to exceed his Brothers in the strangeness of his gift, made repair unto a cunning Enchanteress, which had a lodging in a secret Cave adjoining to the City, whom he procured (through many rich gifts and large promises) by Art to devise a means to get the honour from his Brethren, and to give a gift of that strange nature, that all the World might wonder at the report thereof.

The Enchanteress (being won with his promises) by Art and Magick spells, devised a Garland containing all the diversity of flowers that ever grew in earthly Gardens, & though it were then in the dead time of Winter, when as the other flowers had withered both their leaves & flowers, of their beauties, & the Northern snow lay freezing on the Mountain tops, yet was this Garland conceived after the fashion

## The Second Part of the

fashion of a rich Imperial Cloot, with as many several flowers as euer Flora placed upon the Downs of rich Arcadia : in diversity of colours like the glistering Raine-bow, when it shineth in greatest pride : and casting such an odoriferous scent and savour, as though the Heavens had rained down flowers of Champhire, Bils, or sweet smelling Amber-Greece.

This rare and exceeding Garland was no sooner framed by Enchantment, and delivered into his hands, but he left the Enchantress sitting in her Ebony Chair upon a block of steel ( practising her Fatal Arts, ) with her hair hanging about her shoulders, like wreaths of Snakes, or indomed Serpents : and so returned to his Mothers Tomb, where he hung it upon a Pillar of silver that was placed in the middle of the Monument.

The second Brother also repaired to his Mothers Tomb, and brought in his hand an Ivory Lute, whereon he plaid such inspiring melody, that it seemed like the harmony of Angels, or the celestial Musick of Apollo when he descended Heaven for the love of Daphne, whom he turned into a Bay Tree, the Musick being finished, he tied his Lute in a Damask scarf, and with great humility he hung it at the west end of the Tomb upon a knob of a Jasper Stone.

Lastly, the third Brother likewise repaired, with no outward devotion or worldly gift : but clad in a Vesture of white silk, bearing in his hand an instrument of death, like an innocent Lamb going to sacrifice, or one ready to be offered up for the love of his Mothers soul.

This strange manner of repair caused his other brothers to stand attentively, and with diligent Eyes to behold his purpose.

First, after he had (submissively, and with great humility) let fall a booke of silver tears from the Cisterns of his eyes, in remembrance of his Mothers timeless Tragedy, he pricked his naked breast with a floure bodkin, the which he brought in his hand, from whence there trickled down some thirty drops of blood, which he after offered up to his Mothers tomb in a silver basin, as an evident sign that there could be nothing more dear, nor of more precious price, than to offer up his own blood for her Love. This Ceremonious gift caused his two other brothers to swell in hatred like to chafed Lions, and run with fury upon him, intending to catch him by the hair of the head, and to drag him round about their Mothers Tomb, till his brains were dashed against the Marble Pavement, and his blood sprinkled upon her Grave : but this wicked enterprise moved the jealousy of Heaven, that ere they could accomplish their intents, or stain their hands with his blood, they heard (as it were) the noise of



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of dead mens bones rattling in the ground, whereupon (looking fearfully about them) the Tomb seemed of it self to open, and thereupon to appear a most terrible and gaskly Shape, pale like unto ashes, in countenance resembling their Mother, with her breast tismearcd in blood, and her body wounded with a number of Scars, and so with a dismal and ruful look she spake unto her desperate Sons in this manner :

Oh you degenerate from natures kind ! why do you seek to make a murder of your selves ? can you indure to see my body rent in twain, my heart split in sunder, and my womb dismembred ? Abate this fury, stain not your hands with your own bloods, nor make my Tomb a spectacle of more death. Unite your selves in concord, that my discontented Soul may sleep in peace, and never more be troubled with your unbridled humours. Make haste, I say, arm your selves in steel Corsets, and follow your valiant Father to Jerusalem, he is there in danger and distress of life ; away I say, or else my angry Ghost shall never leave this World, but hunt you up and down with gaskly Visions.

This being said, she vanished from their sight into the brittle Air, whereat for a time they stood amazed, & almost distraught of wits, through the terrours of her words : but at last recovering their former senses, they all vowed a continual Unity, & never to proffer the like injury again, but to live in brotherly concord, till the dissolution of their Earthly Bodies.

So in haste they went unto the King, & certified him of all things that had hapned : & falling upon their knees before his Majesty, requested at his hands the honour of Knight-hood, with leave to depart in pursute of their Father, and the other Champions that were fallen into great distress.

The King purposing to accomplish their desires, & to fulfil their requests, willingly consented, & not only gave them the honour of Knight-hood, but furnished them with rich habiliments of war, answerable to their Magnanimous Minds. First, he frankly bestowed upon them this Rarely Balfreyes, bred upon the bright Mountaine of Sardinia, in colour of an Iron gray, beautified with Silver Haies, and in pace swifter than Spanish Jennets (which are a kind of Horse indigenous by the Mounts upon the Alpes : certain rugged Mountains that divide the Kingdoms of Italy and Germany) for valour and courage like to Bucephalus, the Horse of Alexander the Macedonian, or Cæsar's Steed, that never tamed in the Field : and they were trapp'd with rich Trappings of Gold after the Morocco fashion, with saddles framed like unto Iron Chasses with works of steel, and their Footmen armed with long pikes, and light shovels of warlike

## The Second part of the

Feathers, whereon hung many Golden Pendants: the King like wise bestowed upon them three costly Swords, wrought of purest Lybian Steel, with Lances bound about with Plates of Brass, at the tops whereof hung Silken Streamers, beautified with the English Cross, being the Crimson Badge of Lancaster, and honour of Adventurous Champions: Thus in this Royal manner rode these three young Knights from the City of London in company of the King with a Train of Knights and Gallant Gentlemen, who conducted them to the Sea-side where they left the young Knights to their future Fortunes, and returned back to the English Court.

Now are St. George's Sons floating upon the Seas, making their first Adventures in the World, that after Ages might applaud their Achievements, and enrol their Names in the Records of honour. Fate prosper them successfully, and gentle Fortune smile upon their Travels, for these brave Knights did never cross the Seas, nor make their Adventures into strange Countreys,

## C H A P. III.

How Saint George's Sons after they were Knighted by the English King, travelled towards Barbary, and how they redeemed the Dukes Daughter of Normandy from Ravishment, that was assailed in a Wood by three Tawny Wolves: and also of the Tragical tale of the Virgins strange miseries, with other accidents.

**M**any days had not these three Magnanimous Knights endured the danger of the swelling Waves, but with a prosperous & successful wind, they arrived upon the Territories of France, where being no sooner safely set on shore, but they honourably rewarded their Mariners, & betook themselves fully to their intended Travels.

Soon began their costly trapped steeds to pace it like the scolding winds, and with their warlike Hooves to thunder on the beaten passages: now began true honour to flourish in their princely breasts, and the renown of their Fathers Achievements to encourage their desires. Although tender youth late but budding on their cheeks, yet poorly match'd, triumph in their hearts, and although their clothed armies as yet never try'd the painful adventures of Knight-hood, yet bore they high and princely cogitations in as great esteem as when their Father slew the burning Dragon in Egypt, for preservation of their Mothers life.

Thus travelled they to the large port of the Kingdom of France, (which only by the situation of the Sea, is known for its famous beach

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the nothing, till at last riding thorow a mighty Forrest standing on the borders of Lusitania, they heard ( afar off as it were ) the sad cries of a distressed Woman : which in this manner filled the Ay: with the Echo of her moanes.

Oh Heavens ( said she ) be kind and pitifal unto a Maiden in distress, and send some happy Passengers that may deliver me from these inhumane Monsters.

This woful and unerpected Noise, caused the Knights to alight from their Horses, and to see the Event of this accident. So after they had tyed their Horses to the Body of a Pine Tree, by the Reins of their Bables, they walked on foot into the chicket of the Forrest with their Weapons drawn, ready to withstand any assaultment whatsoever : and as they drew near to the distressed Virgin, they heard her breathe forth this pitefule moaning lamentation the second time :

Come, come, some courteous Knight, or else I must forgo that precious jewel, which all the World can never again recover.

These words caused them to make the more speed, and to run the nearest way for the Maidens succour. Where approaching her presence, they found her tyed by the locks of her own hair to the trunk of an Orange Tree, & three cruel & inhumane Negroes standing ready to distress her of her pure and undefiled Chastity, and with their fists to blast the blooming Bud of her dear and unsotted Virginity.

But when Sir George's Sons beheld her lovely Countenance besmeared in dust, that before seemed to be as beautiful as Roses in Spik, and her Crystal Eyes (the perfect Patterns of bashfulness) imbrued in floods of tears, at one instant they ran upon the Negroes, and sheathed their angry weapons in their loathsome bowels : the Leaders being slain, their bloods sprinkled about the Forrest, and their bodies cast out as a Bait for Ravenous Beasts to feed on, they unbouded the Maiden, and like courteous Knights demanded the cause of her Captivity, and by what means she came into that solitary Forrest : Most noble Knights ( quoth she ) and true renowned Men at Arms, to tell the cause of my pained misery, were a pain unto my Soul, for the discourse thereof will hurt my heart with grief: but consider your Nobilities, the which I do perceive by your Princely behaviour, and your kind courtesies extended towards me, being a Virgin in distress, under the hands of these lustful Negroes whom you have justly murdered, shall so much imbolden me, though unto my heartes great grief, to disclose the true cause of my miserable Fortune.

My Father ( quoth she ) whilst gentle Fortune smiled upon him, was Duke,

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Duke, and sole Commander of the State of **Normandy**, a Countrey now situated in the Kingdom of **France**, whose Lands and Revenues in his prosperity was so great, that he continually kept as stately a Train, both of Knights and gallant Gentlemen, as any Prince in **Europe**: wherefore the King of **France** greatly envied, and by bloody Wars deposed my Father from his Princely dignity, who for safeguard of his life, in company of me his only Heir and Daughter, betook us to those solitary Woods, where ever since we have secretly remained in a poor Cell or Hermitage, the which by our industrious pains hath been builded with plants of Vines and Oaken boughs, and covered over-head with clods of Earth, and Turf, of Grass: Seven years we have continued in great extremities, sustaining our hunger with the fruits of Trees, and quenching of our thirst with the dew of Heaven, falling nightly upon fragrant Flowers: And here instead of Princely attire, Imbroidered garments, and Damask Vestures, we have bin constrained to cloath our selves with Flowers, the which we have painfully woven up together,

Here instead of Musick, that went each morning to delight our ears, we have the whistling winds resounding in the Woods, our Clocks to tell the minutes of the wandering nights, are Snakes and Toads; that sleep in roots of rotten Trees: our Canopies to cover us, are not wrought of Median Silk, the which Indian Virgins weave upon their Silver Looms, but the sable Clouds of Heaven, when as the chearful day hath closed her Crystal Windows up.

Thus in this manner continued we in this solitary Wilderness, making both Birds and Beasts our chief Companions, till these merciless Tawny **Monks** (whose hateful breasts you have made to water that parched Earth with streams of blood) who as you see came into our Cell, or simple Cabbin, thinking to have found some store of Treasure. Being thus their gazing eyes upon my beauty, they were presently enflamed with lustful desires, only to crop the sweet bud of my Virginity. Then with furious and diabolical countenance, more black than the sable Garments of sad **Belshazzar**, when the mournfully writes of bloody Tragedies, and with hearts more cruel than was **Here's** the Tyrannous Roman Emperour, when he beheld the entrails of his natural Mother laid open by his inhumane and merciless commandment, or when he stood upon the highest top of a mighty Mountain, to see that famous and Imperial City of **Rome** set on fire by the remorseless hands of his unfeeling Ministers, that added unhallowed flames to his unholy fires.

In this kind I say these merciless and wicked minded **Monks** with violent hands took my aged Father, and most cruelly bound him to the blasted Body of a withered Oak, standing before the entry of his Cell: where neither the reverend honour of his Silver hairs, glittering like

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the frozen Iffles upon the Northern Mountains, nor the strained sighs of his breast, wherein the pledge of wisdom was Inthronized, nor all my tears, or exclamations could any whit abate their cruelties, but (grim Dogs of Barbarity) they left my Father fast bound unto the Tree, and like Egregious Vipers took me by the trammels of my golden hair, dragging me like a silly lamb unto this slaughtering place, intending to satisfy their lust, with the flower of my Chastity.

Being used thus, I made my humble supplications to the highest Majesty, to be revenged upon their cruelties: I reported to them the rewards of bloody ravishments by the example of Tereus sometime King of Thrace, and his furious Wife, that in revenge of her Sisters ravishment, caused her husband to eat the flesh of his own Son. Likewise (to preserve my undefiled honour) I told them that for the Rape of Lucretia the Roman Matron, Tarquinius and his whole name was ever banished out of Rome; with many other examples: thus like the Nightingale, recorded I nothing but Rape and Murder.

Yet neither the fears of Heaven, nor the terrible threats of Hell, could mollify their bloody minds: but they protested to persevere in that wickedness, and vowed that if all the leaves of the Trees that grew within the Wood were turned into Indian Pearls, and that place made as wealthy as the golden streams of Pactolus, where Pallas washt his golden wish away, yet should they not redeem my Chastity from the stain of their insatiable and lustful desires.

This being said, they bound me with the trammels of mine own hair to this Orange Tree, and at the very instant they proffered to defile my unspotted body, you happily approached, and not only redeemed me from their tyrannous desires, but quit the World from three of the wickedest creatures that ever nature framed. For which (most noble and invincible Knights) if ever Virgins prayers may prevail, humbly will I make my supplications to the Deities that you may prove as valiant Champions as ever put on Helmet, and that your Fames may ring to every Princes ear, as far as bright Hyperion doth shew his golden face.

This Tragical tale was no sooner ended, but the three Knights (with rent and sad hearts sobbing with sighs) embraced the sorrowful Maiden betwixt their Arms, and earnestly requested her to conduct them unto the place where as she left her Father bound unto the wretched Oak. To which she willingly consented, and thanked them highly for their kindness: but before they approached to the old mans presence, what for the grief of his banishment, and violent usage of his Daughter, he was forced to yield up his miserable life to the mercy of unavoydable death.

When thus they went, in company of this sorrowful



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Waldev came to the Tree, and (contrary to their expectations) found her Father cold and stiff, devoid of sense and feeling, also his hands and face covered with green spots, which they supposed to be done by the Robin Red-breast, and other little Birds, who doe use naturally to cover the bare parts of any body that they find dead in the Field, they all fell into a new confused extremity of grief.

But especially his Daughter, having lost all joy and comfort in this World, made both Heaven and Earth resound with her exceeding lamentations, and mourned without comfort, like weeping Niobe, that was turned into a Rock of Stone, lamenting for the loss of her Children: thus when the three young Knights perceived the comfortless sorrow of the Virgin, and how she had vowed never to depart from those solitary Groves, but to spend the remnant of her days in company of her Fathers dead body, they courteously assisted her to bury him under a Chestnut Tree, where they left her behind them bathing his senseless Grave with her Tears, and returned back to their Hostes, where they left them at the entry of the Forrest tied to a lofty Pine, and so departed on their journey.

Where we will leave them for a time and speak of the seven Champions of Christendom, that were gone on Pilgrimage to the City of Jerusalem, and what strange Adventures hapned to them in their Travel.

### CHAP. IV.

Of the Adventures of the Golden Fountain in Damasco: how six of the Christian Champions were taken Prisoners by a mighty Gyant, and how after they were delivered by St. George: and also how he redeemed fourteen Jews out of Prison: with divers other strange accidents that hapned.

**L**ET us now speak of the favourable Clemency that smiling Fortune shewed to the Christian Champions in their Travels to Jerusalem. For after they were departed from England, and had journeyed in their Pilgrims Attires through many strange Countreys, at last they arrived upon the Coast of Damasco, which is a Countrey not only beautified with sumptuous costly Buildings, framed by the curious Architecture of mans device, but also furnished with all the precious gifts that nature in her greatest liberality could bestow.

In this fruitful Dominion long time the Christian Champions

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rested their weary steps, and made their abode in the house of a rich and courteous Jew, a Man that spent his wealth chiefly for the su-  
cour and comfort of Travellers, and wandring Pilgrims, his  
house was not curiously erected up of carved Timber-work, but  
framed with quarries of blew stones, and supported by many stee-  
ly Pillars of the purest Marble: the Gates and Entry of his House  
were continually kept open, in sign of his bountifull mind: o-  
ver the Portal thereof did hang a wazen Table, whereon was most cu-  
riously engraven the Picture of Ceres the Goddess of Plentie deckt  
with Garlands of Wheat, Wreaths of Olives, bunches of Grapes,  
and with all manner of fruitfull things: the Chamber wherein  
these Champions took their nightly repoles and golden sleep, was  
garnished with as many Windows of Crystal Glass, as there were  
days in the year, and the walls painted with as many Stories as  
were yeares since the Worlds Creation: it was likewise built four  
square, after the manner of the Pyramids in Greece, at the East  
end thereof was most lively portrayed, bright Phoebus rising from  
Amoras Golden Bed, with a glittering countenance disdaining the  
Clement for her departure. At the West-side was likewise por-  
trayed how Theseus tripped upon the Silver Sands, when as Hiperions  
Car dyves to the watry Ocean, and takes his nights repole upon  
his Roberts Bolom: on the North-side was painted high Moun-  
tains of Snow, whose tops did seem to reach the Clouds, and migh-  
ty Woods over-hung with silver Askes, which is the nature of the  
Northern Climate.

Lastly, Upon the West-side of the Chamber, sat the God of the  
Seas, riding upon a Dolphins back, a Troop of Mermaids follow-  
ing him, with their golden Tammels floating upon the silver  
Waves, there the Trytons seemed to dance about the Crystal  
streams: with a number of the other silver scaled Fishes that made  
it seem delightful for pleasure.

Over the Roof of the Chamber was most perfectly portrayed the  
four Ages of the World which seemed to over-hang the rest of  
the curious Works.

First, The golden Age was pendant over the East: the sec-  
nd being the silver (a mettle somewhat baser) seemed to over-spread the  
flaming North. The thier which was the Wazen Age, beautified  
the Western parts: The fourth and last of all being of Iron, (the  
very basest of them all) seemed to be fired toward the Southern  
Climate.

Thus in this curious Chamber rested these weary Champions a  
long season, where their food was not delicious, but wholesome,

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and their services not curious, but comely: the courteous Jews their friendly Host whom nature had honoured with seven comely Sons, dayly kept them company, and not only sweetened them the curiosities of his habitation, but also described the pleasant situation of his Countrey, how the Towns and Cities were adorned with all manner of delights, whereby they seemed like the Imperial Palaces of Jove, where are heard most delightful harmonies, and the pleasant Fields and flourishing Meadows so beautified with Natures glad some ornaments, that they seemed for pleasure to exceed the palace of the great Turk, or any other potentate whatsoever in the World.

Some days were spent away in this manner to the exceeding great pleasure of the Christian Knights, and sometime when the dark night approached, and the wonted time of sleep summoned them to their silent and quiet rests, the Jews Children, being seven as brave and comely Boys as ever Dame Nature framed, filled the seven Champions ears with such sweet and delicate melodies, gently strained from their Ivory Lutes, that not Arion (when all the art of sweet Musick consented with his tune, voice and hand, when he won favour of the Dolphin, being mistaken of Men) was comparable thereto: whereby the Christians were enchanted with such delights that their sleeps seemed to be as pleasant as was the sweet joys of Elysium.

But upon a time, after the courteous Jew had intelligently known they were Christian Knights, and such admired Martial Champions, whom fame had canonized to be the wonders of the World for partial discipline and mighty adventures: and finding a fit opportunity as he walked in their companies, upon an evening under an Arbour of Vine-branches, he revealed to them the secrets of his soul, and the cause of his so sad and solitary dwelling.

So standing bare-headed in the middle of the Champions, with his white hair hanging down to his shoulders, in colour like the silver Swan, and softer than the down of children, or Modia silk unbrushed, he began with a sober countenance and gallant remembrance to speak as followeth.

I am sure, gentle Knights, that you would not at my loss a counsel of living, and that you greatly value, wherefore I exempt my self from the company of worldlings, excepting seven sons, whose sight be my chief comfort, and the only consolation of my life, therefore prepare your ears to entertain the strange discourse that ever tongue pronounced, or ever hearted old

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old man in the height of his extremity delivered.

I was in my former Years whilst Fortune smiled upon my hap-  
piness the principal Commander & chief owner of a certain Foun-  
tain of such wonderful and precious vertue, that it was valued to be  
worth the Kingdom of India: the water thereof was so strange in  
the operation, that in four and twenty hours it would convert any  
mettal, as Brasse, Copper, Iron, Lead, or Tin, into rich re-  
fined Gold: the stony Flint would turn into pure Silver, & any  
kind of Ear. h into excellent mettall. By the vertue inbreed, I had  
made the leaves of Trees a flourishing Forest of silver, and the  
blades of Grass valuable to the Jewels that be found in the Coun-  
try of America.

The vertue inbreed was no sooner hatched through the world:  
but it caused many Foreign Knights to try the adventure, and by  
force of Arms to bereave me of the honour of this Fountain.

But at that time nature graced me with one and twenty Sons,  
whereof seven be yet living, and the only comfort of my age: but  
the other fourteen (whom following for wife hath bereaved me of)  
maie a day by their valiant exploits and matchless fortitudes de-  
fended the Fountain from many great and furious assailes: for  
there was no Knight in all the world that was found so hardy, or  
of such invincible courage, that if they but once attempted to in-  
counter with any of my valiant Sons, they were either taken pri-  
soners, or slain in the combat.

The Fame of their valours, & the riches of the Fountain run  
through many strange Countries, and lastly came to the ears of a  
furious Giant, dwelling upon the borders of Arabia, who at the  
report thereof came armed with his steele Coat with a mighty bar  
of Iron on his neck, like to furious Hercules that bare the Hydra  
Giant at Corinthe, and with the mightie Mountain Ales upon his  
shoulders: he was the Conquerour of my Sons, and the first cau-  
set of my sudden downfall. But when I thus had intelligence of  
the overthrow of fourteen of my Sons, and that he had made con-  
quest of my wealthy Fountain, I with the rest of my Children,  
thinking all hope of recovery to be past, took our selves to this so-  
litary route of life, where ever that was our dwelling, or where  
we have made our abode and residence, depending our wealth to  
the relief of travelling Knights, and wandering Pilgrims: Hop-  
ping once again that smiling Fortune would advance us to some bet-  
ter day: and to be plain, eight worthy Champions, since then  
my hope was never at the height of full perfection till this present  
time, wherein your excellent presence almost assure me that the  
hideous

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Vicious Donier shall be conquered, my Fountain restored, and my Sons deachs (for dead sure they are) revenged.

The Champions with great admiration gave ear to the strange discourse of this reverend Jew, and intended in requital of his extraordinary kindness to undertake this adventure. And the more to encourage the order, Dr. George began in this manner to utter his mind, speaking both to the Jew their Host and his valiant fellow Champions.

I have not without great wonder (most reverend and courteous old Man) heard the strange discourse of thy admirable Fountain, and do not a little lament that one of so high and liberal a disposition should be dispossessed of such exceeding riches. Neither am I less sorry, that so inhumane a Donier and known enemy to all courtesie and kindness should have the fruition of so exceeding great Treasure: for to the wicked, wealth is the cause of their more wickedness.

But that which most grieveth me, is: That having had to many valiant Sinners to thy Sons, they all were so unfortunate to fall into the hands of that detestable Donier. But be comforted, kind old Man, for I hope by the Power of my maker, we were directed hither to punish that hateful Span, revenge the injuries offered to thine age, satisfy with his death, the death of thy Children, if they be dead, and restore to thy laudable possession that admirable rich Fountain again.

And now to you my valiant Champions I speak, that with me through many dangers have adventured: let us courageously attempt this rare adventure, wherein such honour to our names, such happiness to our friends, such glory to God consists, in recovering right to the wronged, and punishing rightfully the wrongers of the oppressed. And that there be no contention among us who shall begin this adventure, for I know all you shall after honour, therefore let Lots be made, and to whomsoever the third Lot falleth, let him be foremost in assaulting the Span, and to good Fortune be our guides.

The exceeding joy which the Old Jew conceived at the speeches of Saint George, had near hand bereft him of the use of sense, for above measure was he overjoyed. But at length, recovering his life of speech he thus thankfully brake forth.

How infinitely I and my fellow bound with you, your honour and undoubted Christian Champions, all my ablents is not able to express: only thankfulness from the depth of a true heart shall to you be rendered.

The Champions without more words restoring themselves from their wondering state, every one armed forth in Armour fitting



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to their poorly bod'ies, then ready in the Jewes house, in stead of their Ebony Staves that with silver, they willed in their hands steeld blades, and their feet that had wont to endure a painful Pilgrimage upon the bare ground, were now ready dressed to measure the lofty Stierop: but as I said, they purposely not generously, to assail the Gyant, but might every one to try his own fortune, thereby to obtain the greater honour, & their deeds to merit the higher Fame: therefore the Kees being call among themselves which should begin the adventure, the Kees fell first to Saint Dennis, the noble Champion of France, who greatly respected at his fortune, and for departure for that night to get things in readynesse: but the next morning no sooner had the Golden Sun displayed his Beauty in the East, but Saint Dennis arose from his sluggish bed, and arrayed himself in costly Armour, and mounted upon a Steed of Iron gray, with a spangled Plume of purple Feathers on his Burgonet, spangled with Beards of Gold, resembling the Azure Firmament scathed with glittering Stars.

Where after he had taken leave of the other Champions, and had benighted of the Jew where the Gyant had his residence, he departed forward on his journey, and before the Sun had mounted to the top of Heaven, he approached to the Gyants presence, who as then late upon a Block of Steel directly before the golden Fountain, satisfying his hunger with raw Flesh, and quenching his thirst with the juice of ripe Grapes.

The first sight of his ugly and deformed proportion almost haunted the valour of the French Champion, that he stood in a maze, whether it was better to try the adventure or return with dishonour back to his other fellow Knights. But having a heart furnished with a true magnanimity, he chose rather to die in the encounter, then to return with infamy: so committing himself to the uncertain Queen of chance, he spurred forth his Horse, and assailed the Gyant so furiously, that the strokes of his sword sounded like a weighty stone hammers upon an Anvil.

But so finally regarded the Gyant the puissant force of this single Knight, that he would scarce rise from the place where he lay: but yet remembering a strange Dream that a little before he had in his sleep, which revealed unto him, how that a Knight would come from the Western Climates of the Earth, which would alone end the continuance of the Famine and Banishment by famine, thereupon not thinking to be taken at an advantage, he suddenly started up, and with a grim and furious countenance he ran upon Saint Dennis, and took him, Horse, Armour, Furniture and all in one

his left arm, as lightly, as a strong man would take a sucking Infant from his Cradle, and bore him to a hollow Rock of Stone, bound about with Bars of Iron; standing near unto the Fountain, in a Valley betwixt two mighty Mountains. In which Valley he closed the French Champion, among fourteen other Knights, that were all Sons to the courteous Jew, as you heard before discovered, and being proud of this attempt, he returned to the black of Steel, where we will leave him sitting sleeping in his own conceit, and speak of the other Champions remaining in the Jew's House, expecting the French Knights fortunate return: but when the sad Curtains of darkness were drawn before the Crystal Windows of the day, and Night had taken possession of the Elements, and no news was heard of the Champions success, they judged presently that either he was slain in the adventure, or discomfited and taken prisoner.

Therefore they call Lots again which of them the next morning should try his fortune, and revenge the French Knights quarrel, in the Lot fell to Sir James, the Noble Champion of Spain, whose heart rejoiced more than if he had been made King of the Western World.

So in like manner on the next morning by break of day he attired himself in rich and costly Armour like the other Champion, and mounted upon a Spanish Gernsey, in pace most swift and speedy, and in portly stage like to Bucephalus the proud steed of Macedonian Alexander: his Caparison was in colour like to the Waves of the Sea, his Buzzer was beautified with a hanging Plume of sable Feathers: and upon his breast he bore the Armes of Spain.

Thus in this gallant manner departed he from the Jew's habitation, leaving the other Champions at their diverse Considerations for his happy Success, but his fortune chanced contrary to his wishes, for in the Gyants first Encounter he was instantly slain to the Rock of Stone, as accompanying Sir Dominus.

This Gyant was the strongest & hardest Knight at Arms that ever set foot upon the Coastlines of Canusco, his strength was invincible, that at one time durst encounter with an hundred Knights: But now return we again to the other Champions, whom when night approached, and likewise missing the company of the Jew, they call Lots the third time, and it fell to the noble Champion of Italy, Sir Anthony, who in the next morning attired himself in costly habilliments of war and mounted upon a Arabian Steed, as rich as void the Arabian Falcon, when he adventured into the Isle of Colos for the Colossus River, who Men have a long time

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glittered like an Icy Mountain peak with a Plume of Silver to  
crown his crest, and beautified with many Silver Pendants. But  
his shining glass was less illumined with a cloud of misfortune, for  
al though he was as valiant as ever he had been upon the Field  
of Mars, yet he found a disability in his fortitude, to withstand the  
furious blows of the Gyant, in such sort that he was forced to yield  
himself prisoner like the former Champions.

The next Lot that was cast chanced to Sir Andrew of Scotland, a  
Knight as highly honoured for Martial discipline as any of the best:  
his head was clad with a Caparison after the manner of the Orient,  
his Armour burnished with green Oyles, like the colour of the  
Summer Field; upon his head he wore a Crest of a unicorn with  
on his Burgonet a goodly Plume of Feathers; but yet fortune so  
frowned upon his enterprise, that he nothing prevailed, but com-  
mitted his life to the mercy of the Gyant, who likewise imprisoned  
him with the other Knight.

The fifth Lot fell on Sir Patrick of Ireland, who bore a Unicorn  
for his warlike crest, and as an honour to his high achievement, for  
ever Hector upon his Phrygian Helm, placed in his hand the  
Crest of Troy, and made that age admire his fortitude, this Irish  
Knight might countervail his valour.

For no longer had the Silver Spoon forsok the Silver Maiden,  
and had committed her charge to the golden Knight: And Sir  
Patrick apprehended the sight of the Gyant, mounted upon his Irish  
Hobby, clad in a Colours of gold, burnished with Silver, and his  
Plume of Feathers of the colour of Virgin's Hair, his Horse be-  
vered with a Veil of Diamond-like skin, and his Shield bound  
about with Plates of Steel, like to an Iron Chastity.

The sight of this Italian Champion so mounted the courage of the  
Gyant, that he thought him to be the Duke of Burgundy, the which he  
revelled, and he would the adventure should be accomplished  
before he was so cowardly, for indeed he killed the other Irish Knight,  
who with an invincible valour fought the encounter: but the un-  
kind destinies not intending to give him the benefit of the victory,  
compelled the Champion to yield to the Gyant's force, and like a  
captive to accompany the other imprisoned Champion.

The next Lot fell to Sir David of Wales, who was  
raged at the discomfiture of the other Christian Knights, and so  
morning he was met into the camp, armed with his  
Silver Armour, before the Mountain, with a Golden Crest upon  
his head, where he carried a Lion and a unicorn crest, with  
the Gyant, making the other Gyant with him, and so  
at last when the Gyant perceived that Sir David began to grow

almost breathless, in defending the huge & mighty victors of his steel  
 Bat, & chief, though his long encounter, the Gyant reared  
 his strength, and redoubled his strokes, that Saint David was  
 constrained like to the other Christian Champions to yield to the  
 Gyants mercy.

But now the invincible and Heroical Champion of England St.  
 George, he that was James the Knight, that Man of honour,  
 and the Wonder, remaining in the Jews Pavilion, and  
 pondering in his mind the success of the other six Champions,  
 and that it was his turn to try his Fortune the next morning in the  
 Adventure: he fell into great contemplation, (quoth he) I that  
 have fought for Christian Knights in fields of purple blood, and made  
 my enemies to swim in streams of crimson gore, shall I not now  
 confound this bloody and inhumane Monster, that hath discomfited  
 six of the bravest Knights that ever nature framed. I slew the  
 burning Dragon in Egypt, I conquered the terrible Gyant that kept  
 the enchanted Castle amongst the Antinomians. Then for me let  
 me accomplish this dangerous adventure, that all Christians and  
 Christian Knights may applaud my name.

In this manner spent he away the night, hoping for the happy suc-  
 cess of the next days enterprise, whereon he bowed to the honour  
 of his Golden Quarter, either to return a worthy Conqueror, or to  
 die with honour valiantly.

And when the day began to brighten the Eastern Elements with  
 a fair purple colour, he repaired to the Jews Pavilion, and clad him-  
 self in a black Garter, mounting himself upon a pike this coloured  
 horse, armed with a blood-red Cambric, in sign of a bloody and  
 Tragical Adventure: his Plume of feathers was like a flame of  
 fire, quench'd in blood, and token of speedy revenge: he armed him-  
 self not but in a black lance bound about with silvered Gyfts, but  
 took a Jew for his mark, the one end directed like the point of a  
 spear, at the other end a Ball of Iron in fashion of a stone of Club.

Being thus armed according to his wished desire, he took leave  
 of the Jew and his seven Sons, all armed in black and mournful  
 Dismal: & praying for his happy and fortunate success: and so  
 departed hastily to the Golden Pavilion, where he found the  
 Gyant sleeping soundly upon his block of steel, breathing no suspi-  
 re, but in a peaceful manner.

But when the William Champion Saint George was alighted  
 from his horse, and suddenly beheld the deformed proportion of  
 the Gyant, with the point of his head fixed staring upward like the  
 pollution of a wall, his eyes were going open like a sleeping Camel,  
 with a long dead cry, and a loud shout, he cried out, O thou  
 Devil.

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His teeth long and sharp like to spikes of steel, the Nails of his Hands like the Talons of an Eagle, over which was drawn a pair of Iron Gloves; and every other limb huge and strongly proportioned, like to the body of some mighty Oak, the worthy Champion awakened him in this order.

Arise (said he) unreasonable deformed Monster; and either make delivery of the captive Knights whom thou wrongfully detaineest, or prepare thy ugly self to abide the uttermost force of my Warlike Arm and death prepared Weapon.

At which words the furious Gyant start ed up, as one suddenly amazed or affrighted from his sleep, and without making any reply at all, took his Iron Pace fall in both his hands, and with great terror for some at the most worthy English Champion, who with exceeding running & nimbleness defended himself from the danger, by speedy avoiding the violent blows, and was not returned on his Adversary a mighty thrust with the pointed or sharp end of his Javelin, which rebounded from the Gyaunt's body, as if it had been run against an Adamantine Pillar.

The which the invincible knight Saint George perceiving turned his heavy round ball end of his Battle Javelin, and so mightily assailed the Gyaunt, redoubling his heavy blows with such countenance fortitude, that at last he beat his brains out of his deformed head: whereby the Gyaunt was constrained to yield up the Ghost, and to give such a hideous roar, as though the whole frame of the Earth had been shaken with the violence of some clap of thunder.

This being done Saint George cast his longbome, Cateels as a prey to the Rabbits and ravenous Beasts to seize upon; and after very diligently searched up and down, till he found the Rock where in all the Knights and Champions were imprisoned; the which with his fiery sword he burst in sunder, & delivered them presently from their confinement, and after returned most triumphantly back to the Jehon Babylon, in as great Majesty and Royalty as Vespasian with his Roman Nobles and Poets returned into the Confinnes of flourishing Italy, from the admired and glorious Conquest of Jerusalem and Judea.

But when the revered Jew saw the English Champion return with Victory, together with his new fellow Champions, and like wise beheld his fourteen Sons safely returned, his joy so mightily exceeding the bounds of reason, that he suddenly swooned, and lay for a time in a dead trance, with the great exceeding pleasure he conceived.

But having a little recovered his decayed senses, he gladly con-



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ducted them into their feveral Lodgings, and there they were presently unarm'd, and their wounds washed in white Wine and new Oyle, and after banqueted them in the best manner he could devise. At which Banquet there wanted not all the excellency of Musick that the Jews seven younger Sons could devise, extolling in their three forenets the excellent fortitude of the English Champion, that had not only deliver'd their captiv'd brethren, but reizen'd up that ugly Giants deserved death, their aged Father to the repossession of his golden Fountain.

Thus after Saint George with the other six Champions had sojourn'd there for the space of thirty days, having plac'd the Jew with his Sons in their former desired dignities, that is, in the Government of the golden Fountain; they cloath'd themselves again in their Pilgrims attire, and so departed forward on their intended journey to visit the holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, of whose noble adventures you shall hear more in the Chapter following.

CHAP. V.

Of the Champions return to Jerusalem, and after how they were almost suffic'd in a wood: and how St. George obtained them freed by his Valour in a Gyants House, with other things that hapned; and how

**T**HE Champions after this battel of the Golden Fountain were rest'd travelling till they arriv'd at the holy Hill of Sion, and had visited the Sepulchre, the which they found most richly built of the purest Marble, garnish'd artfully by cunning Architecture, with many Carbuncles of Jasper, and Pillars of Pearl. The Temple wherein it was erect, stood seven degrees of Ascent to wit, on the ground, the Gates wherof were of burning Gold, and the Roofs of refined Silver, for as they saw one of most excellent beaustified Alabaster Rocks, and as they saw a narrow old way, and as they saw a continually burning a sweet smelling Censer, always maintained by twelve of the noblest Virgins dwelling in Jerusalem, standing still upon the Sepulchre, clad in white garments, in colour like to Lilies in the flourishing prime of Summer, the which daily utter'd the continually sweeter and more fragrant light of their pure and uncorrupt Virginitie many days after up the holy way, Champions their Ceremonious Devotions to the sacred Tomb, kindling their Pavements with their true and unfaint tears, and warming their true and hearty zeal, with such continual Walks of discharged lights.

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But at last upon an evening, when Titans & Titans begin to descend the Western Element, as those valiantly-armed Champions, in company of their twice-admired Persons, knailed before the Sepulchre, offering up their Evening Prayers, an unseen voice (to the amazement of them all) from a hollow Vault in the temple uttered these words:

You Magnanimous Knights of Christendom, whose true Nobilities hath circled the Earth with reports of Fame, whose bare Feet for the love of our sweet Saviour, have set more weary steps upon the parched Earth, than there be Stars within the Golden Canopy of Heaven, return, return into the Bloody Fields of War, and spend not the Honours of your time in this ceremonious manner, for great things by you must be accomplished, such as in time to come shall fill large Chronicles, and cause Babes as yet unborn to speak of your honourable Achievements.

And you chaste Maidens that spend your time in the service of God, even by the pledged promise you have made to true Virginity, I charge you to furnish forth these warlike Champions with such approved Furniture as hath been offered to this Royal Sepulchre, by those travelling Knights, which have fought under the Banner of Christendom. This is the pleasure of High Fates, and this for the redress of all wrong'd Innocents in Earth, must be with all immediate dispatch forthwith accomplished.

This unexpected voice was no sooner ended, but the Temple (in their conceits) seemed strangely to resound, like the melody of celestial Angels, or the holy harpings of Cherubims, as a sign that the Gods were pleased at their proceeding: whereupon the timorous Virgins arose from their Contemplations, and conducted the seven Champions to the farther side of Mount Sion, and there bestowed them upon them, seven of the bravest Swords that they ever beheld, with martial furniture and armour thereunto, bestowing rewards of such esteem: thus the Christian Champions being armed of their good Fatesmen, arrayed themselves in rich and sumptuous Coats, and after motivated upon their warlike Counters, kindly bidding the Ladies adieu, betook them to the tedious journey. This travel began at that time of the year, when the Summers Queen began to dress her beauteous mantle about the green and fresh Mountains, in the high and mighty Courts, when small kind of small Birds begin to sing about, recreating themselves in the beauty of the day, and with their well-tuned Notes making sweet and heavenly melody: At which time they, these mighty and well-esteemed Knights, the seven Champions of Christendom, took their way from Jerusalem, whither they thought to be most able.

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In which they had not many days travelled through the Deserts, and over many a Mountain-top, but they were marvellously feeble for lack of their accustomed and daily Minnals, and could not hide nor assemble their great hunger, so that the Star which they sustained with hunger, was far greater than the Battles that they had fought against their enemies, as you heard discoursed in the first part of this History.

So upon a Summers evening, when they had spent the day in great extremity, and night grew on, they happened into a thicket of mighty Trees, when as the silver Moon with her bright beams glittered most clearly; yet to them it seemed to be as dark as pitch, for they were very sore troubled for lack of that which should sustain them, and their face did shew and declare the perplexities of their Stomachs.

So they sat them down upon the green and fresh Herbs, very penitive of their extreme necessity, providing to take their rests that night; but all was in vain, for that their corporal necessities would not consent thereunto: but without sleeping they walked up and down for that night till the next day in the morning that they turned to their accustomed travel and journey, thinking to find some food for the cherishing of their Stomachs, and had their eyes always gazing about to spy some Village or House, where they might satisfy their hunger, and take their rests.

Thus in this helpless manner spent they away the next day, till the closing of the evening light, by which time they grew so faint, that they fell to the ground with feebleness: Oh what a sorrow was it to St. George, not only for himself to see the rest of the Champions in such a miserable case, being not able to help themselves; and so parting a little from them, he lamented in this manner following.

Thou that hast given me many Victories: thou that hast made me Conquerour of Kings & Kingdoms: and thou by whose irresistible power I have tamed the black faced Furies of dark Cocius, that mask abroad the world in humane shapes: look down sweet Queen of Heaven I say, from thy Imperial Seat; shew me some favour, and do not consent that I and my company perish for hunger and want of Minnals: make no delay to remedy our great misery: let us not be meat for Birds hovering in the Ayre, nor our Bones cast as a prey for the ravenous Beasts ranging in their Woods: but rather, if we must needs perish, let us be by the hands of the strongest Warriors in the universal World, and not barely lose our lives with cowardly hunger.

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These and such like Lamentations uttered this valiant Champion of England, till such time as the day appeared, and the sable curtains of that black night were withdrawn. When turned he to the rest of his Company, where he found them very weak and feeble: but he encouraged them in the best manner he could devise, to take their horses and try the chance of their utmost undoing for one.

Although S. George as they travelled was ready to die by the way, and in great trouble of mind for want of food, yet rode he first to one, then to another, comforting them, and making them ride a pace: which they might very well do, for that their horses were not so unprovided as their masters, by reason of the goodly grass that grew in these Woods, wherewith at pleasure they filled them every night.

By this time the Golden Sun had almost mounted to the ray of Heaven, and the glorious prime of the day began to approach, when they came into a great field very plain, where in the midst of it was a little Mountain, one of the which there appeared a great smok, which gave them to understand that there should be some habitation in that place.

Then the Princely minded Saint George said to the other Champions: take comfort with your selves, and by little and little, come forward with an easie pace: for I will ride before to see who shall be our Host this evening night. And of this brave Knight and Champions, he all assured: whether he be pleased or no, he shall give us lodging and entertainment like travelling Knights; and therewithal he set spurs to his horse, and thus he scoured away, like to a ship with swelling sails upon the sea: he coloured Ocean: his horse was so swift, that in a short time he approached the Mountain, where at the noise and rushing of his horse in running, there arose from the ground a mighty and terrible Giant, of so great height, that he seemed to be a big green Tree, and for hugeness like to a Rock of Stone: but when he cast his staring eyes upon the English Knight, which seemed to him like two Brazen Plates, or two Worthencher flaming, he laid his hand upon a mighty Club of Iron, which lay by him, and came with great lightness to meet S. George: but when he approached his patient, he thinking him to be a Knight but of small valour and courage, he threw away his Iron Bar, and came towards the Champion, intending with his fists to buffet and beat out his Brains, but the courage of the English Champion so exceeded, that he forgot the extremity of hunger, and like a courageous Knight raised himself in his stirrups, whereof he could not reach his head, and gave him such a blow

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blow upon the Rose head with his keen edged Fauchion, that he cut his head half in sunder, & his Brains in great abundance ran down his deformed Body: so that amazed he fell to the ground & presently died. His fall seemed to make the ground to shake, as though a Strong Tower had been overturned, for as he lay upon the Earth he seemed to be a great Oak blown up by the Roots with a tempestuous Cathurle wind.

At that instant the rest of the Champions came to that place with as much joy at that present, as before they were sad and sorrowful.

And so when S. Dennis with the other Knights did see the greatness of the Giant, and the deformity of his Body, they advanced his valour beyond imagination, and deemed S. George the fortunatest Champion that ever nature framed, holding that adventure for as high honour, as the Grecians held Iason's Prize, when he turned from Colchos with Medea's Golden Fleece: and with as great danger accomplished as the twelve fearful Labours of Hercules: but after some few speeches passed, S. George desired the rest of the Champions to go and see what sort of victuals the Giant had prepared for him.

Whereupon they concluded, and so generally entered the Giants House, which was in the same manner of a great Barn cut out of hard Stone, and wrought out of Block: therein they found a very large Copper Cauldron standing upon a triet of Steel, the feet and supports thereof were as big as great Iron Pillars, under the same burned such a huge burning Fire, that it sparkled like the fiery Furnace in burning Acheron.

Within the Cauldron were boiling the flesh of two fat Bulllocks, prepared only for the Giants dinner: the sight of this smoking banquet gave them such comfort, that they one fell to work, having for their travel to eat part of the meat, one turned the Wood in the Cauldron: another increased the fire, and others pulled out the Meats, so that there was not any idle in the House of the Giants to some.

The hunger they had, and their desire to eat, caused them to fall to their meat before it was half ready, as though that it had been a hot fowlen: the two Knights of Wales and Ireland not intending to dine without Bread and Drink, searched in a secret hollow Cave, wherein they found two great Coffers of Bread, as big in compass as the circle of a Wall, & two great Flagons full of a good Wine as ever they tasted, the which with great joy and pleasure they brought from the Cave, to the great and exceeding contentment of the other Champions.

Instead of Answer to cut their thirst, St. George then his



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Curles: Are which had lately been stained w<sup>th</sup> the hatefull Spants  
detested blood, and imbrued with his leathome wailes.

Thus, and after this manner qualified they the pining paines  
and torments of hunger, whereof they took as joyful a repast as if  
they had banqueted in the richest Kings Palace in the world.

So being joyful for their good and happy fortunes, Saint George  
requested the Champions to take Hoyle, and mounted himself upon  
his Horse, and so they travelled from thence through a narrow path,  
which seemed to be used by the Spanes, and so with great delight  
they travelled all the rest of that day, till night closed in the Season  
of the heavens: at which time they had got to the top of a high Mount-  
tain, from whence a little before night they did discover marvellous  
and great Cities, the which were inhabited with fair Cities and  
citizens, at which sight these Christian Champions received great  
contentment and joy, and so without any staying, they made haste  
onward on their journey till such time as they came to a low Valley  
lying between two running Rivers: where in the midst of the  
way they found an Image of fine Crystal, the Picture and lively  
form of a beautiful Virgin, which seemed to be wrought by the  
hands of some most excellent Workman, all so beset with  
blood.

And it appeared by the wounds that were cunningly formed in  
the same Picture, that it was the Image of some Lady that had  
suffered torments, as well with terrible cutting of Irons, as cruel  
Whipping: the Ladies Legs and Arms did seem as though they  
had been broken, and wounding with cords, and about the neck,  
as though she had been sorely strangled with a Roper or noose.  
The Crystal Picture lay upon a rich adorned Bed of black Cloath,  
under an Arbour of purple Moles: by the curious fair formed Im-  
mage, sat a goodly aged Man in a Chair of Cypris Wood, his Ac-  
tress was after the manner of the Arcadian Shepherds, not curious  
but comely, yet of a black and white colour, as a sure sign of some  
deedly discontent, his hair hung down below his shoulders, like  
unwaxed flax, in whiteness like Down of Thistles, his beard over-  
grown, dangling down as it were frozen Fiskles upon a Haw-horn  
Tree, his face wrinkled and over-worn with age, and his eyes al-  
most blind bewailing the griefs and sorrows of his heart.

Which strange and wondrous spectacle, when the Christian Cham-  
pions earnestly beheld, they could not by any manner of means re-  
strain from the shedding some few sorrowful tears in seeing be-  
fore them the Picture of a Woman, of such excellent beauty, which  
had been oppressed with cruelty. But the painful English Knight  
had

had the greatest compassion, when he beheld the counter-teit of this tormented Creature, who taking cruce with his sorrowful heart, he courteously desired the old Father, sitting by this woful spectacle, to tell the cause of his sorrows, and the discourse of the Ladies pallied Fortunes; for whose sake he seemed to spend his days in that solitary order: to whom the Old Man to th a number of sighs thus kindly replied:

Brave Knights, for so you seem by your courtesies and behaviours, to tell the story of my bitter Woes, and the causes of my endless sorrows, will constrain a spring of tears to trickle from the conduits of my aged eyes, and make the mansion of my heart rive in twain, in remembering of my undeserved Miseries: as many drops of blood hath fallen from my heart, as there be silver Hairs upon my Head, and as many sighs have I strained from my breast, as there be minutes in a year, for thrice seven hundred times the Winters Frosts, hath nipt the mountain tops since first I made those ruful lamentations: during all which time I have sat before this Crystal Image, hourly praying that some courteous Knight would be so kind as to aid me in my vowed revenge, and now Fortune I see hath smiled upon me, in sending you hither to work just revenge for the inhumane murder of my Daughter, whose perfect Image lieth here carved in fine Crystal, as the continual object of my grief: and because you shall understand the true discourse of her timeless Tragedy, I have written it down in a Paper-book with mine own blood, the which my sorrowful tongue is not able to reveal. And thereupon he pulled from his bosom a golden covered book with silver Claipe, and requested Sir George to read it to the rest of the Knights, to which he willingly condescended, so sitting down amongst the other Champions upon the green grass, he opened the bloody writing book, and read over the contents, which contained these sorrowful words following.

CHAP. VI.

What happened to the Champions after they had found an Image of fine Crystal, in the form of a murdered Maiden: where Saint George had a golden Book given him, wherein was written in blood, the true Tragedies of two Sisters: and likewise how the Champions intended a speedy revenge upon the Knight of the Black Castle, for the deaths of the two Ladies.

I former times whilst Fortune smiled upon me, I was a wealthy shepherd, dwelling in this unhappy Country, not only

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only held in great estimation for my wealth, but also for two faire Daughters which nature had made most excellent in beauty: in whom I took such exceeding joy and delight, that I accounted them my chiefest happiness: but yet in the end, that which I thought should most content me, was the occasion of these my endles sorrows.

My two Daughters (as I say before) were endued with wondrous full beauty, & accompanied with no less honesty: the frame of whose vertues was much blazed into many hearts of the World: by reason whereof there repaired to my Shepherds Cottage, sivers strange and worthy knights, with great desire to marry with my Daughters, but above them all, there was one named Leoger, a knight of a black Castle (wherein he now remaineth) being in distance from this place two hundred Leagues, in an Island encompassed with the Sea.

This Leoger, I say, was so intangled with the beauty of my Daughters, that he desired me to give him one of them in Marriage: when I little mistrusting the treason and cruelty that after followed, but rather considering the great honour that might rebound thereof, for that he was a worthy knight, and I thought, and of much sollicitude: I quickly fulfilled his desire, and granted to him my eldest Daughter in Marriage, where after hymene both rites were solemnized in great pomp and state, he was conducted in company of her new wedded Lord to the Black Castle, mine like a Princess in state, than a Shepherd's Daughter of such low degree.

But still I remained in my company: the youngest, being of far more beauty than her elder Sister: of which thing ray cousin, a unnatural knight was informed, and her surpassing beauty so excelled, that in a small time he forgot his new married Wife and sweet Companion, and wholly gave himself over to my youngest Daughters love, without consideration that he had married her Sister: to this inordinate and lustful love, kindled and increased in him every day more and more, and he was so troubled with this new desire, that he daily deviled with himself by what means he might obtain her, and keep her in despite of all the World: in the end he used this policy and device to get her home into his Castle: when the time grew on, havinge eldest Daughter his Wife, he delivered, he came in great pomp, with a train of followers to my Cottage, and certified me that his Wife was delivered of a goodly Boy, and thereupon requested me, with very fair and loving words that I would let my Daughter go unto her Sister, to give her that contentment which she desired, so that she should love her



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spoiled of my true Chastity's look, look, unadorned knight: (I will not call thee Brother) look I say how the whites blind at thy attempts, and see how chaste Diana sits upon the winged Pigeon-moment, and chide thy boldness: for her Virgin's sake: with whom thy heart these lustful thoughts with shadow of repentant tears, and seek not in this love to bring thy marriage bed, the which thou oughtest not to violate for all the kingdoms in the world.

Then this accented knight, losing the haste and verities of herden to stand so boldly in the defence of her virginity, with his gorgeous hand he took that hold by her neck, and with a majestic countenance he belittled these words: Do not think that I have fel to preferre thy honour from the purpose of my desires, for I have by the Crystal Tower of Japan, either to accomplish my intent, or put thee to the cruellest death that ever was devised for any Dauid's or Saul: at which words the most solicitous and distressed virgin, like a shower of pearls casteth falling down her cleanly blushing cheeks, replyes in this sort: Think not, false Traitor, I quake for that fear of death shall cause me to yield to thy filthy desires: no, no, I will account that stroke ten times more happy, and twelvemore to my soul, then the joys of Wedlock: then might I walk in the Elysian fields among those Dances that died true Kinges, and not live to see the hat of my Maidens glory dashed with the nipping frosts of the unmarriage bed.

These words being well understood by the lustful knight, who with a furious mind more furious then Savage I have made, he then of Libya took her by the heavier hand, and dragg'd her bet both against the ground, and there without pause these words understood said he, and he well rememberd that unbelittling Dauid, that either nothing, or death I will perform my will and intended purpose: for in my heart there dwells a brother all the waters in the seas can never quench, nor all the burning flames of many of thy floods proper eternal flames: but to loose, more of this I have thought that most quench my flames burning like: And therefore for madnes he cut a great part of the skin of her Claws and to hold it very fast to the hair of his head, which glistered like golden hairs, and dragg'd her up and down like a stone, and the stone turned to a purple colour: which blood that I have taken her body he much mused he thought to have used to his pleasure, but she refused not his wicked cruelty, and she more to proceed to torment her, the more earnestly she defended her honour.

When this cruel and inhumane wonder saw that neither flatter-  
ing speeches, nor his cruel threats were of sufficiency to prevail, he  
began



Began to forget all faith and loyalty: he owed unto the honour of  
 Knight-hood, and the respect he should bear unto Women-kind, and  
 blasphemed against Heaven, tearing her cloaths all in pieces: he  
 stripped her: Naked, and with the Remains of the Skirt of his  
 Wife, he cruelly whipped and scourged her white and tender Back,  
 that it was full of blew spots, and horrible circles of black and sealed  
 blood: with such extreme cruelty, that it was a very grievous and  
 fearful sight to behold. And yet this did profit him nothing at all,  
 for she continued in her former resolutions.

He seeing that she still persevered in the defence of her honour, he  
 straight way-like in a bloody Sponser heaped cruelty upon cruelty,  
 and so took and bound her well proportioned Legs, Crystalline  
 Arms, straightly unto a withered Tree, saying: Oh cruel and  
 more cruel than any Woman in the World hath ever been: Why  
 dost thou suffer thyself to be tormented, and not give consent to  
 procure thy ease? Dost thou think it better to endure this tor-  
 ment, than to live a most loving Sweet, and contented life: and  
 therefore thou art so distressed, that he flaring on her Face with  
 his accursed Eyes, fired in such sort that he could not withhold  
 them back.

She which being persecuted by this distressed Virgin, as one far  
 more distressed by her than of life, with a furious voice she said:  
 Oh Trayor, thou wicked Sponser, thou wretched enemy to all  
 humanity, thou harmful Creature, more cruel than the Lions  
 in the Desert, of Rhinoceros, than the Lion, of Knight-hood, and  
 the bloodiest Monster that ever nature framed in the World,  
 wherein dost thou contemplate thine thyself: thou bloody Butcher,  
 thou unmerciful Oppressor, thou Lecherous Tongue, and dishonourer  
 of the Whoregyn: what an end hast thou made my torment, for  
 now it is to live a wretched Slave, in an unlovely dress, with the  
 bloody Whoregyn, and to share the same fate the Whoregyn whom  
 I do blaspheme in my Crystalline Dollars, anonymous with num-  
 berless Troops of black Virgins, ready to entertain my bleeding  
 Whoregyn, her pleasure.

This miserable Knight, seeing the extremity that she had in  
 the defence of her honour, with a cruel and infernal heart, took a  
 stone from under the mantle, and struck at her Breast, and  
 with a mortal wound, he struck about her neck, and struck it in  
 such sort that she was separated from her Mortal Shell, and so

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*O you Valiant Knights that by your Prowess come to the reading of this dismal Tragedy, and come to the hearing of these bloody lines contained in this golden Book: consider the great constancy and chastity of this unfortunate Maiden, and let the grief thereof move you to take vengeance of this cruelty shewed without any desert.*

So when this infernal minded Knight saw that she was dead, he took his Horse and rode after his fellows, and in a short time he overtook them, and took him to his lascivious and cruel countenance, that there was none durst be so hardy to ask him where my Daughter was, but only one of his Squires that bore me great affection for the kindness and courtesy I offered to him at his Ladies and my Daughters Baptism, who having a suspicion by the great alteration that appeared in his Father, and being very restless to know what was become of the Damsel, for that he came alone without bringing the Damsel with him, neither could he have any sight of her, he then presently withdrew himself back, and followed the footings of the Horse, and ceased not until he came to the place where this cruelty was wrought: in which place he found the Maiden dead, at the view whereof he remained almost beside himself, in such sort that he had well near fallen to the ground: the sorrowful Squire remained thus a good while before he could speak; but at last when he came again to himself, he began with a dolorous complaint to cry out against Fortune, because she had suffered to great cruelty to be committed upon this Damsel.

And making this sorrowful Lamentation, he unfolded her from the Tree, and laid her naked body upon part of her apparel, the which he found lying by, all besmeared in blood, and afterwards complained in this pitiful sort.

O cruel Knight (quoth he) what infernal heart remained in thy breast, or what hellish fury did bear thee company, that thy hands have committed this inhumane sacrifice! Was it not possible that this her surmounting Beauty might have moved thee to pity, when it is of power to move the bloody Canibal to remorse, and contrite even Savage Monsters to relent? So with these, and other like sorrowful words the woful Squire spake unto the dead Corps, he cut down branches from the Trees, and gathered grass from the ground so to cover the Body, and left it laying so, that it seemed to be a Mountain of green Grass, or a Thicket of lying Trees, and then determined with himself in the best manner that he could, to assemble the knowledge of the bloody fact; so he took his Horse and rode the next way towards the Castle,

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Castle, in which he rode so fast, that he overtook the Knight and his company at the entering of the Gates, whereas the lustful Tyrant alighted, and without speaking to any person, entered into his Cloister, by reason whereof this kind and courteous Squire had time to declare all things he had seen to the new married Lady, and the dolorous end of the constant Damiel her Sister. This sudden and unlocked for sorrow mixed with anger and wrath, was such in the Lady, that she caused the Squire not to depart from the Castle, until such time as more occasion served, and to keep all things in secret that he had seen, the her self remained very sorrowful, making marvellous and great lamentation to her self all in secret, as if she would not be perceived, yet with a soft voice she said.

Oh unfortunate Lady, born in a sorrowful hour, when some blazing and unlucky Comet reigned: Oh unhappy Destinies that made me Wife unto so cruel a Knight, whose foul misdeeds have made the very Elements to blush: but yet I know that Fortune will not be so far unkind, but that he will procure a strange revenge upon his purple-stained soul: Oh you immortal powers, revenge me on this wicked Homicide, if not, I swear that I will with mine own hands put in practice such an enterprize, and so stain my unspeckled heart with willful murder, that all the Fates above, and all the bright Coelestial Planets shall shiver and look from their immortal Pallaces, and tremble at the terror of my hate.

This being said, she took in her hand a Dagger of the Kings, which in her Arms her young Son, being but of the Age of forty days, saying: Now do I wish so much evil unto the World, that I will not leave a Son of so wicked a Father alive: for I will wash my hands in their accursed bloods, were they in number as many as King Hyam's Children: And so in this cruel order entered she the Chamber, where the Knight her Husband was, and finding him reclining upon his Bed from one side to the other, without taking any rest, but in his fury rending and tearing the Golden Ornaments, where with a sorrowful weeping, and terrible voice she called him Traytor, and like a fierce Tygres, with the Dagger that she brought in her hand, before his face she cut the throat of the innocent Babe, and thrust it to him on the Bed, and therewithal said: Take there (thou Traytor) the fruit that thy wicked seed created in my Body, and then she threw the Dagger at him also, in hope to have killed him, but Fortune would not that it should take effect, for it struck against the Ceiling of the Bed, and rebounded back unto her hands, which when the Lady saw that it nothing prevailed, she returned upon her self her outrageous fury: In taking the bloody Dagger, she thrust it into her heart in such force, that it parted it in two pieces, and so she

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He fell down dead beneath his armes that was occasion of all this bloody cruel p.

The great sorow hereat that this false and unhappy Knight received, was so strange, that he knew no what counsel to take: but thinking upon a lewde vengeance that might succeed these cruel acts, he straightway devised that the body of the Lady should be secretly buried, which being done by himself, in the saddest time of the night, in a solitary Garden under his Castle wall, he heard a hollow voice breath from the deep vaults of the Earth, this manner of speech following.

For the bloody fact which thou so lately hast committed, thy life draws neare to a shameful end: and thy Castle, with all thy Treasure therein shall be destroyed, or fall into the hands of him whose Daughters thou hast so cruelly Murdered.

Upon this he determined to use a secret policy: which was to let watch be made in every passage near unto his Castle, to arrest all such Travellers as by adventure landed upon this Island: no suffering them to pass, until such time as they had promised by oath to aid and assist him, even unto death, against all his Enemies.

In the mean time the strangers which had been and heard all the Tragical dealings that have since here declared, in the last tole he could, returned again unto my Cottage, and told me all that you have heard, which made me very sorrowful and heavy woe: Judge very then Gentle Knights and beholders of this most Tragical, what sorow and misfortune woe sustained, and what Anguish I received: for at the hearing thereof, I fell into a senseless swoon, and long time again to myself, I fall to bewailing my woe, whose hairs in such that before were as clean as cryed Silver, and with my tears, being the true signs of sorow, I washed the bosome of my Mother Earth, and my sighs passed with such abundance from my tormented heart, that they stayed the passage of my speech, and my tongue could not reveal the grief that my most thoughts conceived.

In this dumb silence and sorow of mind I remained three days, and three nights, numbing my silent passions with the minutes of the day, and my nightly griefs with the Stars when frosty colded winter had clad the Elements with sparkling Diamonds: but at last, when my amazed griefs were something abated, my eyes (almost blind with weeping) requiring some sleep, thereby to mitigate the sorow of my heart, I made my repair to a cave in a shadowy adjoining near unto my Cottage, where amongst the green

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green springing Downs, I purposed to take some rest, and to lock up the Close of my fearful eyes, with golden slumbers, thinking it to be the greatest content my sobbing heart required : But before I could settle my senses to a quiet sleep, I was constrained to breath this woful Lamentation from my oppressed Soul.

Oh unhappy chance ( quoth I ) oh cruel and most spightful Fortune! why diddest thou not make me lose this bitter and sorrowful life in my Child-hood? Or why didst thou not permit and suffer me to be strangled in my Mothers Womb, or to have perished in my Cradle; or at my Nurses Pap? Then had my heart never felt this sorrow, my ears heard the murder of My Children, nor mine eyes had never wept so many helpless tears.

Oh you Mountains, you untamed Beasts! oh you deep Seas, and you infernal powers of revengeful Hell! come I say and willingly assist me in this mortal Tragedy, that these my aged hands, which never yet practised any hainous crime, may now be stained in his accursed blood that hath bereaved me of the prop and stay of declined age, my Daughters ( I mean ) whose bleeding Ghosts will never be appeased, nor never sleep in quiet upon the joyful Banks of the Elysian Fields, but wander up and down the World, filling each corner of the Earth with fearful and doleful clamours of murder and revenge, nor ever shall the furies of angry souls be pacified, until mine eyes behold a stream of purple gore run trickling from the detestable breast of that accursed Ravisher, and that the blood may issue from his guilty heart like a Fountain with a number of Springs, where the Pavements of this Castle may be sprinkled with the same, and the walls of his Turrets coloured with a crimson hue, like to the streets of Troy, when as her channels ran with blood : at the end of this sorrowful lamentation, what for grief and what for want of natural rest, my eyes closed together, and my senses fell into a heavy sleep.

But as I lay slumbering in the green Meadows, I dreamed that there was a great and fierce Wild-man, which stood before me with a sharp Fauchion in his hand, making as though he would kill me, whereat me thought I was so frighted, that I gave ( in my troublesome dream ) many terrible shrieks, calling for succour to the empty Ayre. Then me thought there appeared before my Face a company of courteous Knights which said unto me : Fear not, old Man, for we be come from thy Daughter to aid and succour thee, but yet for all this the Wild-man vanished nor away, but struck with his Fauchion upon my breast, where at it seemed to open, and then the wild Centaure put his hand into the gaping wound, and pulled out my bleeding heart : where at the same instant, methought that one of the Knights likewise laid hold upon my heart.



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heart, and they strove together with much contention, who should pull it from the others hands, but in the end, each of them remained with a piece in his hand, and my heart parted in two.

Then the piece which remained in the Wild-mans keeping, turned into a hard stone, and the piece which remained in the power of the Knight, converted into red blood, and so they vanished away.

Then straight after this, there appeared before mine eyes the Image of my Murdered Daughter, in the self same manner and form as you beheld her portrayed; who with a naked body all besmeared in blood, reported unto me the true discourse of her unhappy Fortunes, and told me what place, and where her body lay in the Woods, dishonoured for want of Burial: Also desiring me not of my self to attempt the revenge, for it was impossible, but to intomb her Corps by her Mother, and cause the picture of her body to be most lively portrayed and wrought of fine Crystal; in the same manner that I found it in the Woods, and after erect it near unto a common passage, where Adventurous Knights do usually travel. And assuring me that thither would come some certain Christian Champions that should revenge this injury and inhumane murder. Which words being finished, me thought she vanished away with a grievous and heavy groan, leaving behind her certain drops of blood, sprinkled upon the Grass: Whereat with great perplexity and sorrow, I awaked out of my dream, bearing it in my grieved mind, not telling it one, not so much as to the vast Air, but with all expedition performed her bleeding Souls request.

Where ever since, most courteous and Noble Knights, I have here lamented her untimely death, and my unhappy fortune, spending the time in writing her doleful Tragedy in blood-red lines, the which I see with great grief you have read in this Book of Gold.

Therefore most curious Knights, if ever honour encouraged you to fight in Noble Adventures; I now most earnestly intreat you with your Magnanimous Fortitudes to assist me to take revenge, for that great cruelty that hath been used against my unfortunate Daughter.

At the reading of this sorrowful History, Saint George with the other Champions, shed many tears, wherewith there did encrease in them a further desire of revenge, and being moved with great compassion, they protested by their promises made to the honour of knight-hood, to persevere speedily on their halved revenge and determined purpose: so sealing up a promise to their plighted Darts, protesting that sooner should the lives of all the famous Romans be raised from death, from the time of Romulus to Caesar, & all the rest unto this time, than to be persuaded to return from

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their promises, and never to travel back into Christendom till they had performed their vows, and thus burning much desire to see the end of this sorrowful adventure, Saint George closed up the long written Book, and gave it again to the Squire, and in then proceeded forward towards the Island where the Knight of the Black Castle had his residence, guided only by the direction of the old man whose aged limbs seemed so lusty in travelling, that it prognosticated a lucky event; in which journey we will leave the Champions for a time, which the wonderful provision that the Knight of the Black Castle made in his defence, the Lucella hereof will be the strangest that ever was reported, and yet a small speech of the George's three Sons in the pursuit of their Father, where we left them (as you heard before) travelling from the confines of Barbary, where they redeemed the Norman Lady from the tower Doors.

### CHAP. V.

A wonderful and strange Adventure that happened to St. George his Sons, in the pursuit of their Father, by finding certain drops of blood with Virgins Hair scattered in the fields, and how they were certified of the injurious dealing of the Knight of the Black Castle against the Queen of Armenia.

ANY and dangerous were the adventures of these three young Princes in the pursuit of their Father, Saint George, and many were the Countries, Islands, and Princes Courts, that they searched to obtain a wished sight of his partial countenance, but all to small purpose, for fortune neither call them happily upon that Coast where he with his famous Champions had their residence, nor luckily landed in their ears the voices of their Father.

In which pursuit some and pale over many noble adventures that these three Princes achieved, as well upon the raging Ocean, as upon the firm Land, and only discourse upon an accident that happened to them in an Island bordered upon the Confines of Armenia, near unto the Island where the Knight of the Black Castle remained, as you heard in the last Chapter, upon which Coast after they were landed, they travelled in a broad and straight path, until such time as they came to a very fair and pleasant Forest, whereas hungry creeping Birds had gathered themselves together, and shroud themselves from the scorching heat of the Golden Sun, filling the eye with the pleasures of their sweet notes.

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In this Forest they travelled almost two hours, and then they went up to the top of a small Mountain which was at hand, from the which they discovered very fast a well Towred Town, princely Wallaces, very sumptuous to behold: likewise they discovered from the Hill a fair Fountain wrought all of Marble like unto a Pillar out of which did proceed four Spouts running with Water, which fell into a great Cistern, and coming to it, they washed their Hands, refreshed their Faces, and so departed.

After they looked round about them on every side, and toward their right hand they espied amongst a company of green Trees, a small Tent of black Cloth, whereon which these young Princes directed their courses, with an easie Pace, but when they had entered the Tent, and saw no way therein, they remained silent a while, hearkning if they could hear any stirring, but they could neither see nor hear any thing, but only they found the print of certain little feet upon the ground, which caused them more earnestly to desire to know whose foot-prints they were, for that they seemed to be some Ladies or Damselfs: In finding the Trace, they followed them, & the more the Knights followed, the more the Ladies seemed to halt, so long they pursued after the Trace, that at the end they approached a black Mountain, whereon they found scattered about certain locks of yellow Hair, which seemed like threads of Gold, and stooping to gather them up, they perceived that some of them were wet with drops of blood; whereon they fell under stood, that in great anger they were pulled from some Ladies Head: likewise they saw in divers places into the which men looked with blood of Christian blood: then with a more desire than they had before, they went up to the top of that little Mountain, and having lost the foot-prints, they began to begin by gathering up the hair, where they had not travelled far upon the Mountain, but towards the Wallaces side they heard a grievous complaint, which seemed to be the voice of a Woman in great distress, and the words which the Knights did understand, were these:

O Love, now that thou no more enjoyest, nor have any longer dominion over me, for death I see is ready to cut my thred of life, and finish these my sorrowful lamentations: how often have I sought revengement at the Hands of Popes, against the wicked wretch that hath been the cause of my dishonour; but yet he will not hear my Request, how oft have I made my bad complaints to Kings, yet have the fatal Furies stopp'd their ears against my woful cries.

And with this the dear lady ceased, giving a sorrowful sigh: which being done, the three Christian Knights turned their eyes to the place

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place from whence they heard this complaint, and discovered among certain green Trees, a Lady who was endued with singular Beauty, being so excellent, that it almost deprived them of their Hearts, and ravinated their senses in the snarcs of love, which Liberty as yet they never lost: she had her hair about her eyes, which hung disguised by two very comely shrouds, through the violence she used to gain it her self, and leaning her Cheek upon her delicate white hand that was all to be spotted with blood, which was constrained by the scratching of her nails upon her Rosie coloured Face: by her stood another Damself which they conjectured to be her Daughter, for she was clad in Virgin coloured Silk as white as the Lilies of the Fields, and as pleasant to behold, as the glittering Moon in a clear Winter freezing night: notwithstanding all this delectable sight, the three princely knights would not discover themselves, but stood closely behind three Pine-Trees which grew near unto the Mountain, to hear the event of this sad accident: whereas they stood cloaked in silence, they heard her thus to confer with her beautiful Daughter.

Oh my Rosina (quoth she) the unhappy figure of him, that with a one stroke hath wounded my heart, and left me comfortless with the greatest cruelty that ever knight or Gentleman left a Lady: how greatly it were possible that I have had the force to bring up thee, the Child of such a Father which hath bereaved me of my liver. O you Sovereign Powers, grant that I may establish in my mind the remembrance of the Love of thy Honourous Father: O God, born to a further grief, here do I desire the goddess of thy Fountains, that thy glittering beauty may have such force and power, whereby the shining beams thereof may take revenge of the dishonour of thy Mother: give ear dear Child, I say, unto thy dying Mother, thou that art born in the dishonour of thy generation, by the loss of my Virginity, here do I charge thee upon my blessing even at my hour of death, and swear thee by the hand of Nature, never to suffer thy beauty to be enjoyed by any one, until thy disposal Father's Head be offered up in Sacrifice unto my Grave, thereby somewhat to appease the fury of my discontented Soul, and recover part of my former honour.

These and such like words spake the afflicted Dame, to the wonderful amazement of the three young knights, which as yet intended not to discover themselves, but still to mark the event, for they conjectured that her woful complaints were the induction of some strange accident: Thus as they stood obediently behind the Trees, they saw the young and beautiful Damsel give unto her dying Mo-

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intended not to discover themselves, but still to mark the event, for they conjectured that her most Complaints were the indication of some strange Accident: Thus as they stood obscurely behind the Screen, they saw the young and beautiful Daniel come unto her dying Mother, Paper, Pen and Ink, the which he pulled from her late Bosom, with which he wrote a Queen's Letter, written in her own hand, and then that was the cause of her Complaint, and making an end of her writing, then heard her (with a dying Breath) speak unto her Daughter these lamentable Words following.

Come Daughter (quoth she) Behold thy Mother at her latest Gasp, and imprint my dying Request in thy Heart, as in a Table of Brass, that it never may be forgotten: Time will not give longer respite, chat with Words I may shew unto thee my deep Affections, for I feel my Death approaching, and the fatal Silks ready to cut my thread of Life asunder between the edges of their Shears: Inasmuch that I most miserable Creature do feel my Soul trembling in my Flesh, and my Heart quivering at this my last and fatal Hour, but one thing (my sweet and tender Child) do I desire of thee before I die, which is, That thou wouldest procure that this Letter may be given to that cruel Knight thy disloyal Father, giving him to understand of this my troublesome Death, the occasion whereof was his unreasonable Cruelty: and making an end of saying this, the miserable Queen fell down, nor having any more strength to sit up, but let the Letter fall out of her hand, the which her lamentable Daughter presently took up, and falling upon her Mother's Breast, she replied in this lamentable manner.

O my sweet Mother, tell me not that you will die, for it adds a Torment more grievous unto my Soul than the Punishment which Haman's his Daughters feel in Hell: I had rather be torn in pieces by the fury of some merellest Monster, or to have my Heart pierced in twain by the hands of him that is my greatest Enemy, than to remain without your company. Sweet Mother, let these my youthful Years and this green budding Beauty encourage you still to revive, and not to leave me comfortless, like an Exile in the World: but if the gloomy Fates do triumph in your Death, and abridge your breathing trunk of Life, and your Soul must needs go wander in the Christian Shades, with Tristram's Shadow, and with Orso's Ghost, here I protest by the great and tender Love I bear you, and by the due Obedience that I owe unto your Age, either to deliver this your Letter into the hand of my beloved Father, or with these my rusel Fingers to rend my Heart in sunder: and before I will forget my Vow, the silver stream'd Torrents shall forsake her



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her Course, the Sea her Tydes, and the glistering Queen of Night her usual Changes, neither shall any Forgetfulness be an occasion to withdraw my Mind from performing your dying Requests: When this weak Queen, whose Power and Strength was wholly betrayed, and her hour of Death grew near at hand, with a faint smile she said, O you sacred and immortal Gods, and all you bright celestial Powers of Happiness, into your divine Bosomes now do I commend my dying Soul, asking no other Revengement against the cause of my Death, but that he may die like me for want of Love.

After this the dying Queen never spake more words, for at that instant the cruel Destinies gave an end unto her life; but when Rofana perceived her to be Dead, and she left to the World devoid of Comfort, she began to tear the golden Tunnels from her Womb, and most furiously to beat her white Linnen Breast, filling the empty Air with murmurs of her Moans, making the Skies like an Echo to calumniate her Lamentations, and at last taking her Mother's Letter into her hands, mashing it with knobs of Tears, and putting it yet upon her naked Breast, she said, Here lie thou, near adjoining to my bleeding Heart, never be removed, until I have performed my dying Mother's Testament. Oh Avails, and the last Work of those her dying Hands, here do I swear by the Honour of true Virgins, not to part it from my griev'd Bosome, until such time as I have rent the dismal Heart of my unkind Father, and speaking thus she kissed it a thousand times, great long sighs of Sighs ended to with a long continued Sigh, as red as Aurora's smiling Cheeks, and as red as to herself, which Rofana, doth thou think to cease thy Moans? I will not comfort my Complaints, and not perform that which by her was commanded me. Alas, rapidly I say, rather unto thyself Strength and Courage, and wander up and down the World, till thou hast found the dismal Furies, as thy true heart hath promised to do.

These words were no sooner finished, but Sr. George's Sons like Pen whose Hearts were almost overcome with Grief, came from the Pantries, and discovered themselves to the Damel, and courteously requested her to discourse the Story of all her past miseries, and as they were true Christian Knights they promised her (if it lay in their Power) to release her sorrows, and to give end unto her Sufferings. Rofana when she beheld these courteous and well demean'd Knights, which in her conceit carried resembling Goblins, and considering how kindly they behaved to be partners in her Griefs, she stood not upon tedious Terms, nor upon Exceptions, but most willingly consented.

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ed to their Requests; so when they had prepared their Cars to entertain her sad and sorrowful Discontent, with a sober Countenance, she began in this manner.

Lately I was (quoth he) whilst Fortune smiled on me, the only Child and Daughter of this lively Queen that you behold here lying Dead, and she before my Birth, whilst Fortune granted her Prosperity, was the Maiden Queen of a Country called Armenta, adjoining neare unto this unhappy Island, whom in her young Years when her Beauty began to flourish, and her high Renown to mount upon the wings of Fame, she was so intrapped with the golden Bait of blind Cupid, and so intangled with the Love of a disloyal Knight, called the Knight of the Black Castle, who after he had flourish't in the spoils of her Virginitie, and had left his fruitful Seed springing in her Womb, grew weary of her Love, and most discourteously left her as a Shame unto her Country, and a Stain unto her Kindred, and after gave himself to such Lascivious and Lawless manner of Life, that he unlawfully Married a Shepherd's Daughter in a Foreign Land, and likewise ravished her own Sister, and after committed her to a most inhuman Slughter in a desert Wood: this being done, he fortified himself in his Black Castle, and only conversed with a cunning Necromancer, whose skill in Magick is now grown to excellent, that all the Knights in the World can never conquer the Castle, where ever they be furnished in despite of the whole Earth.

In But now I tell of the tragick Story of my unhappy Mother, when first, her unfortunate Babe, began to struggle in her Womb, where in I with her had been strangled, the News of her Knight's adulteranour, and how he had given himself to the Flow of Virginitie, and had for ever left her Love, never intending to return again, the Grief whereof so troubled her Mind, that she could not in any wise dissemble it, and so upon a time being amongst her Ladies, calling to remembrance her spotted Virginitie, and the Seed of Dishonour placed in her Womb, she fell into a wonderful and strange Frenzy, as though she had been oppressed with sudden Death, which when her Ladies most tenderly beheld, they presently determined to unbrace her rich Ornaments, and to carry her unto her Bed, but she made Signs with her hands that they should depart and leave her alone, whose Commandment was straightways obeyed, not without great Sorrow of them all, for their Love was dear unto her, this afflicted Queen, when she saw then she was alone, began to exclaim against her Fortune, revelling the Dates with bitter Exclamations.

O thou constant Queen of Chance, (said she) thou that hast wip'd I such things from my Kingdom, thou that hast swept my Honour to the

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Tyrant's Lust, which without all Remorse hath left me Comfortless, it is thou that didst constrain me to let my Life to sale, and so sell my Honour as it were with the Cryer, compelling me to do that which hath spotted my princely Estate, and stained my bright Honour with black Infamy: woe is me for Virginity! that which my Parents gave me charge to have Respect unto, but I have carelessly kept it and finally regarded it: I will therefore chastise my Body, for thus forgetting of myself, and be so revenged for the little regard that I have made of my Honour, that it shall be an Example to all noble Ladies and Princes of high Estate in the whole World. Oh miserable Queen! oh fond and unhappy Lady! thy Speeches be too foolish, for although thy desperate Hand should pull out thy dejected Heart from thy bleeding Breast, yet can it not make satisfaction for thy Dishonour. O you Clouds! why do you not call some fiery Thunder-bolt down upon my Head? or why doth not the Earth gape and swallow my infamous Body? oh false and deceived Lord, I would thy loving and amorous Words had never been spoken, nor thy quick-lighted Eyes ever gazed upon my Beauty, then had I honourably still with Glory and Renown, and lived a happy Virgin of chaste Diana's Train.

With these and other like Lamentations this grieved Queen passed away the time from day to day, till at last she felt her Womb to grow big with Child: at the which she received double Pain, for that it was impossible to cover or hide it, and being her self in this state, like a woman hated and abused, she determined to discover herself publicly unto her Subjects, and deliver her Body unto them to be sacrificed unto their Gods: and with this Determination she had her trusted certain of her Nobles to be sent for, who straight way came, according to her Commandment, but when she perceived her Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen of Honour were come thither before her, she covered her self with a rich Robe, and sat upon her Throne in her private Chamber, being so pale and lean, that all that beheld her had great compassion upon her Sorrows, being all set round about her Bed, and keeping silence, she revealed to them the cause of her grief in this manner:

My Lords, (quoth she) I came to entitle myself your Queen and Sovereign, in that I have obtained the honour of my Country, and in this regard the welfare of my Commonwealth, my suffering Queen methinks is shaded with a Cloud of black Disgrace, and my princely stature converted into unhallow Habiments, in which I have both lost the liberty of my heart, and within my wretched womb now do con-  
 ceived to induce perpetual Pain, and in this manner she said



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in her contest to resist her Complaints: at length the glittering Moon had ten times increased light of golden Phoebus and the night clear Candle was now almost extinguished, by which time approached the hour of her laboursome Travail, where without help of a Midwife, she was delivered of her unhappy Daughter, where after since I have been nourished in these unfrequented Woods, and many times when I came to years of Discretion, my mortal Father would discourse unto me this lamentable Story of both our Sufferings, the which I have most truly declared unto you.

Likewise he told me, that many times in my Infancy, when he wanted Milk in her Breasts to nourish me, there would come a Lynx, and sometimes a Fox, and gently give me suck, and contrary to the Nature of wild Beasts, they would many times sport with me, whereby he concluded that the immortal Powers had preserved me for some strange Fortune: Likewise, at my Birth Saturn had placed upon my Head already betwixt my two Ears the Horns of a Purple-Hole, which as yet hath remained in my Bosom with a Circulation colour, and this was the cause that my Mother named me Rolsa, and made to me Rolsa's Mark. After this she lived many a Year in great Poverty, Hunger and Cold, and feeling it time to refresh our kindred, much intended to have two more; the abundance of my Milk might suffice to make three more, and our Father comforted the Stars. But at last the fatal Soldiers falling to my Mother's Death, and to my great Sorrow deprived her of Life, where now I am left a comfortless Orphan to the World, attending the time until I find some courteous Knight that may conduct me to the Black Castle, where my husband Rolsa, with his Regiment, that I may there perform my Father's dying Will.

Her words being ended, Rolsa stood silent, for that her extreme pain hindered the passage of her Tongue, and her Eyes showed such a shower of pearled Tears upon the cheeks of my Mother, that it constrained her George's Horse to stop the like manner, where after they had let fall a few more Tears from their sad Eyes and had taken leave of a time with Rolsa, then that Rolsa by the hand (which being that time stood upon the bank of my arm) and with her hand to part from her company till they had taken leave of the Black Castle: After this my Mother and I went on our way, and I had pitifully bewailed the death of my Mother, and the



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Sothen, they took their Daggers and digg'd a Grabe under a Hawth-tree, and buried her Body therein, that hungry Ravens might not seize upon it, nor furious Bears tear it in pieces, nor ravenous Harpies devour it, and after with the point of their Daggers, they engraved this Epitaph in the side of the Bay-tree, which words were these that follow:

The Epitaph over the Grabe of the unfortunate Queen of Armeria.

Here lies the Body of a helpless Queen,

Whose great Good-will to her small Joy did Bring;

Her vifling Mind requited was with Teen,

Though she deserv'd, for love, a Regal King;

And as her Corpse inclos'd here doth lie,

Her luckless Fate, and Fame should never die.

So when they had made this Epitaph and cover'd her Grabe with green Turfs, they departed forward on their Journey, towards the Black Castle, where we will leave them in their Travels, and return to the disposal Leoger, and soon beset with his Castle by Pagus, &c. according to the learned skill of a cunning Necromancer, and of the Adventure that happen'd to Sir George with the other three Christian Champions in the same Castle, therefore grant you summatal Powers of Invention, that my Pen may be shut in the Water of that learned Fountain, where the nine Muses do inhabit, that by the help of that Sweet Liquor my Quill may have a delightful Uscin, so that during the Speech of Mercury, with the prophets of Mars, I may discourse the strangest Accident that ever happen'd to wandering Knights.

### CHAP. VIII.

Of the preparation that the Knight of the Black Castle made by Magick Art, to withstand his Enemies, and how the Seven Champions entered the same Castle, where they were Enchanted into a deep Sleep so long as seven Lamps burned, which could not be quenched but by the Water of an Enchanted Fountain.

The wise Leoger, as you have read of before, being the Knight of the Black Castle, and one that for Wealth and Treasures, surpassed most of the Potentates, when he grew distressed and annoyed in every Company, as well by Noble Knights as

as Gallant Ladies, for for loss and murder of those three  
 Mighty Dames, whose virtuous stories you heard in the two  
 former Chapters, and having sudden Demerits to call upon  
 his Head, he fortified himself strongly in his Castle, and with  
 his Creature hired many furious Giants to defende: wherein  
 if they failed, and should chance to be overcome, he comforted  
 with a wicked Determiner, that he with Charms and Spells  
 should work wonders in his Castle, which Magical accomplish-  
 ments he will pass over till a more convenient time, because I  
 purpose to explain the History in good order to the Reader.

First, speak we of St. George with the other Christian Knights  
 that came in revenge of the Shepherd and his unfortunate  
 Daughter, who with good Success arriv'd upon the shore of the  
 Island, where this wicked Leoger and the Magician had fortified  
 their Black Castle, in which Country the Champions like the  
 invincible Followers of Mars, fearing no danger, nor the  
 frowns of unconstant Fortune, betook themselves to the road  
 way towards the Castle, in which Journey they were almost ra-  
 vish'd with the pleasure of the Land, for entering into a narrow  
 and straight Lane, garnish'd on both sides with Trees of divers  
 sorts, they heard how the Summer Birds recorded their plea-  
 sant Melodies, and made their sweet and accustomed songs  
 without fear of any Man to molest them. In which row of plea-  
 sant Trees that delighted them on both sides, there wanted not  
 the green Laburn, so much esteemed of learned Scholars, nor  
 the sweet Myrtle tree, loved by Ladies, nor the high Cypress,  
 much regarded of Lovers, nor the stately Pine, which for his  
 towering height is called the Prince of Trees: whereby they  
 judged it to be rather an habitation for Gods, and Goodness, than  
 a terrestrial Country, for that the Golden Sun with his glister-  
 ing Beams did pass through those green and pleasant Trees  
 without any hindrance of black Clouds, for Skies were clear  
 as crystal blue: likewise the Western Wind did softly shake  
 the silvering Leaves, whereby it made as sweet a Harmony as  
 if they had been Celestial Cherubins: A thousand little stream-  
 ing Brooks ran upon the enameled Ground, making lovely line  
 dikes by their crooked Turnings, and joining one Water  
 with another, with a very gentle meeting, making such sweet  
 Music, that the Champions with the pleasure thereof were al-  
 most ravish'd, and finally regard whether their Horses went  
 right or no, and travelling in this sort, they rode forward till  
 they came into a marvellous great and wide Meadow, being

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Ship, as on the contrary, by nature they were Enemies. When at the noble Champions were almost overcome in their own conceits, and amazed in their imaginations, to see so strange love, clean contrary in a nature, and that there was no difference between the love of wild Beasts and man, in this manner they travelled along, till upon a sudden they arrived before the hall-ways of the black Castle: and casting their eyes towards the same, they beheld near unto the principal Gate, right over the Castle, twelve marble Pinnacles, of such an exceeding height, that the Pyramids of Egypt were very low in comparison of them: in such sort, that whosoever would look upon them, was scant able with his sight to comprehend the height thereof, and they were all painted most gorgeously with several colours.

Down below under the Castle there was an Arch, with a Gate, which seemed to be of Diamonds, and all was compassed about with a great Hoop of Iron, being of so great a depth, that they thought it to reach to the midst of the Earth; and it was almost two hundred paces broad, and every Gate had his Dyaboliage, all made of red Bonds, which seemed as though they had been bathed all in blood.

After this the Champions rode to the other side of this terrible Castle, wondering at the curious and sumptuous workmanship, where they espied a Pillar of beautiful Jasper stone, all wrought full of precious stones of strange works, the which Pillar was of great value; and was garnished with chains of Gold, that were made fast unto it by spigged Iron, at which Pillar likewise hung a very costly Silver Trumpet, with certain letters carved about the same, the which contained these words following.

If any dare attempt this place to see,

By sounding this, the Gate shall opened be.

A Trumpet here enchanted by Magic Art.

To daunt with fear the proud Champions' heart;

Look thou for blows that smiteth in this Gate,

Return in time, repentance comes too late.

The which when Sir George beheld, and had understood the meaning of those mystical letters, without any more saying, he let the Silver Trumpet to his mouth, and sounded such a vehement blast, that it seemed to shake in the foundations of the Castle: whereat the principal Gate presently opened, and the Dyaboliage was let down, without the help of any man, hanging by a chain,

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Chambers to wonder, and to stand amazed at the strange accident, but yet intending not to return, like Edwards, drenched with a puff of wind, they alighted from their starlike steeds, and delivered them into the old sorcerer's hands, to be fed upon the fragrant green Grass, till they had performed the adventure of the Castle; the which they vowed at her to accomplish, or never to return to looking down their Beavers, and spouting forth their keen-edged fountains, they entered the Gates, and being safe within, the Champions looked round about them to see if they could spy any body, but they saw nothing but a pair of winding Stairs, whereat they descended, they had not gone many steps, but therein was to great a darkness, that scarce they could see any light, so that it rather seemed the similitude of Hell, than any other worldly place, yet groping by the walls, they kept their going down those narrow and turning Stairs, which were very dark, and at such length, that they thought they descended in the middle of the Earth.

They spent a great time in descending those Stairs, but in the end they came into a very fair and large Court all compassed with Iron Gates like unto a Prison, or a Palace provided to keep untramed Lions, wherein casting their eyes up to the top of the Castle, they beheld the wicked Knight walking with the Perromancer upon a large Gallery, supported with huge Pillars of Marble: likewise there were attending upon them seven Gyants, clothed in mighty Iron Coats, holding in their hands Blows of Steel: to whom the bold & venturesome Champion of England spake with an undaunted courage and loud voice in this manner, saying,

Come down thou wicked Knight, thou spoyl of Virginity, thou that art invironed with these monstrous Gyants, these the wondrous works of nature, whose daring looks seem to scale the clouds, much like unto the Pride of Nimrod, when he offered to build up Babels confounded Tower.

Come down I say, from thy Bezen Gallery, and take to thee thy Armour, thou that hast a heart to smite a Virgin's Rapo, for whose revenge we come; now likewise send a challenge in thy defiance: for we vow never to depart out of thy Castle, till we have confounded thee, or by thy force be discomfited.

At which words he held his peace, expecting an answer, whereat the wicked Knight when he heard these words, began to fret and fume like a starved Lion, famished with hunger, at the cruel words making in humane blood, with a great desire to satisfy his thirst, as like the want of dogged Cerberus when as he tasted such Alcides flesh, even so ragged Leona, the Knight of the black Castle, champing with fury, from

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his sparkling eyes: and in this vile manner re-answered the Noble Champion of England.

**Do you knight** (quoth he) **you peasant,** wheresoever thou art, I pass not the smallest bare of my head; for thy upbraiding me with thy untrusty tongue, I will return thy speeches on thy self, for the pavements of my Castle shall be sprinkled with thy rusted blood, and the bones of those thy unhappy followers shall be buried in the links of my channels. If thou hadst thought the Army of Caesar, that made all Lands to tremble where he came, yet were they but as a blast of wind unto my force; Dost thou not my Gyants which stand like Oaks upon our hyzen Gallery: they at my commandment shall take you from the places where you stand and throw you over the Walls of this my Castle, in such sort, that they shall make you flee into the Air, more then ten fathoms high. And for that thou hast upbraided me with the disgrace done unto a Virgin, I tell thee, if I had thy Mother here, of whom thou tookst first the Apr of life, my hand should lift her womb that thou mightst see the hey of thy conception, as Nero did in Rome: Dost thy wife and children were here present before thy face, I would abridge their lives, that thy accursed eyes might be witness of their bloody deaths: so much wrath and hate rageth in my heart, that all the blood in thy body cannot wash it thence.

At which words the Gyants, which he had hired to defend him from his Foes, came unto him very strongly armed with such weapons in their hands, and requested him to be quiet, and to abate his so increased anger, and they would fetch unto his presence all those haughty knights that were the occasion of his disquieting and anger: and so without tarrying for an answer, they departed down into the Court, and left the Knight of the Castle with the Magician, standing still upon the Gallery, to behold the following encounters.

But when the Gyants approached the Champions presence, & they came to well proportioned and furnished, and knights all so gallant to assure they flourished about their knotty Clubs, and pikes, so not to spend the time in words but in blows.

When one of the Rector and cruellest Gyants of them all (which was called Brandamond) seeing Saint George to be the foremost in the enterprise, and judged him to be the knight that had so beaten his Lord, he began with a fresh countenance to speak unto him in this manner: Art thou that bold Knight (said the Gyant) that with thy wicked words hast so anger'd the mighty Rector, that he hath left this Castle? If thou be, I advise thee by submission to seek



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to appease his furious wrath before revengement be taken upon thy Person.

Also I do charge thee (that if thou wilt remain with thy life) that thou dost leave thy Armour and yield thy self with all these followers, with their hands bound behind them, and go and ask forgiveness at his feet: To which Saint George with a smiling countenance answered: Gyant (said he) thy counsel I do not like, nor thy advice will I receive, but rather do we hope to send thee and all thy followers without tongues to the infernal King of fiery Dolegeton, and for that you shall not have any more time to speak such folly and foolishness, either return you ways from whence you came, and repent of this which you have said, or else prepare your selves to a mortal Battle.

The Gyants when they heard the Champions resolutions, and how slightly they regarded their proffers, without any longer tarrying they straight way fell upon Saint George and his company, intending with their knotty Wats of steel to bear them as small as flies unto the Pot, but the Queen of chance so smiled upon the Christian Champions, that the Gyants finally prevailed, for betwixt them was fought a long and terrible battle, in such danger that the history being wandering on both sides not knowing to whom it would fall, the Wats and Fauchions made such a noise upon one anothers Armour, that they sounded like to the blows of the Cyclops working upon their Anvils: and at every blow they gave, fire flew from their Smeled Cozzlers, like sparkles from the flaming Furnaces in Hell, the skies resounded back the Echoes of their strokes, and the ground shook as though it had been oppressed with an Earth-quake: the pavement of the Court was overspread with an intermingling of blood and sweat, and the Walls of the Castle were mightily battered with the Gyants Clubs: by the time that glistering Sol, the days bright Candle, began to decline from the cop of Heaven, the Gyants (wearyed in fight) began to faint, wherat the Christian Knights with more courage, began to encrease in strength, and with such vigour assailed the Gyants, that before the golden Sun had set to the Western Mount, the Gyants were quite discomfited and slain: some lay with their hands dismembered from their bodies, welking in purple gore: some had their brains sprinkled against the Walls, some lay in Channels with their entrails trailing down in streams of blood: and some scorpiers, with Bobies cut in pieces: so that there was not one left a live to withstand the Christian Champions.

Whereat Sir George with the other six Knights fell upon their

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knives: and thanked the immortal Merits of all good chance for their Victory.

But when the Knight of the Black Castle which stood upon the Gallery during all the time of the Encounter, and saw how all the Spanes were slain by the Diuinity of those strange Knights, he raged in great wrath, wishing that the ground might gape and swallow him, before he were delivered into the hands of his Enemies, and presently would have cast himself headlong from the top of the Gallery, thereby to have dashed out his brains against the pavement, had not the Perromancer, who likewise beheld the event of the encounter, intercepted him in his intended taste, promising to perform by Art what the Spanes could not do by force.

So the Perromancer fell to his Magick Spells and Charms, by which the Christian Champions were mightily troubled and molested, and brought in danger of their lives, by a fearful and strange manner, as shall be hereafter shewed.

For as they stood after their long Encounter, unbuckling their Armour to take the fresh air, and their blood wounds received in their last conflict: the Perromancer by his Art a Spirit in the likeness of a Lady of a mercurious and fair beauty, to look through an Iron grate, who seemed to lean her fair face upon her white hand very pensively, and distilled from her Crystal eyes great abundance of tears. When the Champions saw this beautiful Creature, they remained in great admiration, thinking with themselves that by some hard misfortune she was imprisoned in those Iron Gates: at which this Lady did seem to open her fair and Crystal eyes looking earnestly upon Saint George, and giving a grievous and sorrowful sigh, she withdrew her self from the Grate, which sudden departure caused the Christian Knights to have a great desire to know who it should be, suspecting what by the force of some Enchantment, they should be overcome: but looking up their eyes again to see if they could see her, they could see no more, but they saw in the very same place, a Woman of a great and princely stature, who was all armed in silver plates, with a sword girded at her waste, sheathed in a golden scabbard, and her hanging at her neck an Iron Bow and a Gold Quiver: this Lady was of so great beauty, that she seemed almost celestial: but in the same place as the other did, upon a sudden she vanished, a way, leaving the Champions no less troubled in their thoughts than before they were.

The Christian Knights had not long time to wail the absence of the two Ladies, but that without being any body they were

stricken

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stricken, with such furious idoles upon their backs, that they were  
constrained to stoop with one knee upon the ground, yet with a trice  
they rose again, and looking then to see who they were, that struck  
them, they perceived them to be the likenels of certain knights,  
which in great hast seemed to run in at a doore that was at one of the  
corners of the Court, and with the great anger that the Champions  
received, seeing themselves so hardly entreated, they followed  
with cheerefull accustomed lightness after the knights, in at the same  
doore: wherein they had not entered three steps, but that they fell  
down into a deep Cave, which was covered over in such subtiltie sort,  
that whosoever did tread on it, straightway fell into the Cave, except  
he was advertised thereof before. Within the Cave it was as dark  
as the silent night, and no light at all appeared: but when the  
Champions saw themselves treacherously betrayed in the Way,  
they greatly feared some further mischief would follow, so their  
under overthrow, so with their swords drawn, they stood ready  
charged to make their defence, against whatsoever should after hap-  
pen: but the reason of the great darkness that they could not see  
any thing, neither discover wherein they were fallen, they deter-  
mined to testie themselves against something, either wall, pillar,  
or stall, and groping about the Cave, they searched in every place  
for some other way that might bring them forth out of the dark-  
some den, which they compared to the pit of Hell. In this manner  
as they were groping and feeling up and down, they found  
that they had trod upon no other things but dead mens bones,  
which caused them to stand still, and not long after they espied a  
litter window, at the which entered a little clearness and gave  
some light into the den, where they were, by which they espied a  
den most richly furnished with Carrats of silk, and golden beads,  
which stood in a square room at the end of the Cave, hanging with rich  
Tapestry of a sable colour, which they when the champions beheld,  
and seeing some what want of their long sight which they had with  
the Giants in the Court of the Castle, they required some rest, and  
desired to sleep upon the bed: but not all at one instant, for they  
saw so some danger to be at hand, and therefore Saint George as  
one most willing to be their Governor, and keep sentinel in so  
dangerous a place, desired the other champions to take their re-  
pose upon the bed, and he would be as watchful as the Cock against  
all dangerous accidents, in the first Christian knights repaired to  
the bed, whereon they were no sooner laid, but presently they fell  
into a heavy and enchanted sleep, in such sort that they could not  
be awaked by any manner of violence, nor all the while the day

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At Europe if they were standing in their cars; nor the rattling  
 thunderings of Heaven were sufficient to rent them from their  
 sleep; for indeed the Web was enchanted by the Necromancers  
 charms in such manner that whosoever but sat upon the Web; or  
 but touched the Furniture of the Web, were presently cast into as  
 heavy a sleep, as if they had drunk the super of Drimale, or the seed  
 of Poppy: where we will leave them for a time like men cast in a  
 Trance; and speak of the terrible adventure that hapned to Saint  
 George in the Cave, who little mistrusting of their Enchantments,  
 stood like a careful guard, keeping the furious Devil from the people  
 of theilly Sheep: but upon a sudden his heart began to throb, and  
 his hate to stand upright upon his head; yet having in heart a taught  
 which indubitable courage, he purposeth not to shake the other Knight;  
 but of himselfe to withstand to his doer: hapned so to being in their  
 Whimsy conceptions, there appeared unto him as he thought, the  
 shape of a Magician, with a visage lean, pale and full of wrinkles,  
 with locks of black hair hanging down to his shoulders, like to  
 wreaths of embowmed snakes, and his Robe leant to brown ma-  
 thing upon due skin and bones, who spake unto Saint George in  
 this respectful manner: In an evil hour (said the Magician) comest  
 thou hither, and so shall thy lodging be, and thy entertainment worse;  
 for now thou art in a place where thou shalt looke for no other thing; but  
 to be met unto some furious Beast; and thy surpassing strength shall  
 not be able to make any defence: all the animals are possessed and  
 The English Champion whose heart was oppressed with extreme  
 wrath, answered: O false and accursed Charmer (said he) whom the  
 chance confound for thy condemned Arts, and for whom the Fields  
 have digged an everlasting Tomb in Hell; what fury hath incited thee  
 that with thy false and devilish Charms thou dost practise in such evil  
 against travelling and adventurous Knights? I hope to obtain my liber-  
 ty in despite of all thy mischief; and with the strength of his arms to break  
 all thy Bones in sunder: against which words the Magician would  
 All that thou dost and wilt do, I suffer as thy longing; replyst the  
 Necromancer: only for revengement that I will take of thee for the  
 slaughter of my Master Gyng, which as yet lie murdered in the  
 Court; and that very quickly I am therewithal be sent: instantly  
 out of the Cave, the necromancer as he thought he heard a sudden  
 noise, and beheld with a sudden opening of his eyes his life,  
 whereas there appeared a clear light, by the which Saint George  
 plainly perceived that the Devils of the Cave were there  
 with him, and likewise that the Bones wherewith he was  
 in their first entry into the Den of the human Bones, which are  
 parted





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blow, fell flat upon the ground, for he had no time to make any other defence: but that terrible blow was no sooner passed over him, but straight ways he recovered his feet, at such time as the furious Serpent came towards him. Here Saint George having a great confidence in his strength, performed such a valiant Exploit, that all former Adventures that have been ever done by any Knight, may be put in oblivion, and th's kept in perpetual memory: for that he thrust his sword out of his hand and ran unto the Serpent, and caught her betwixt his Arms, and did so squeeze her, that the furious beast could not help her self with her sharp Claws, but only with her wings the beat him on every side. This valiant Champion and noble Warrior would never let her loose, but still remained holding her betwixt his arms, continuing this perilous and dangerous fight, till all his bright Armour was imbued with her bestial blood, by which occasion he lost a great part of her strength, and was not able long to continue.

Long endured this great and dangerous Encounter, and the infernal Serpent remained fast unto the noble and valiant breast of the English Knight, till such time as he plainly perceived that the Monster began to wax faint, and to lose her strength. Likewise it could not be otherwise, but Saint George waxed somewhat weary, considering the former fight he had so lately with the Giant. Notwithstanding, when he felt the great weakness of the Serpent, he did animate himself with courage, and having opportunity by reason of the quantity of blood that issued from his wounds, he took his trusty sword and thrust it into her heart with such violence, that he clove it in two pieces: so this infernal Monster fell down dead unto the ground, and carried the Christian Champion with her, for that they were fast closed together, but by reason that the Serpent lacked strength, he quickly cleared himself of her Claws and recovered his sword. But when he saw certainly he was clear from the Monster, and that she had yielded up her detested breath into the humble air, he knelt down and gave thanks to the happy Queen of Chance for his delivery.

The venom was so great that the Serpent durst not to intent the Knight, that if his Armour had not been of a precious virtue, he had been impoisoned to death.

After the Victory was obtained and the Monster dead, he grew very weary and unquiet, and was constrained to sit and cool himself by a Well which was full of water, standing in a corner of the Cave, from whence the monstrous Serpent first appeared and came forth. And when he found himself refreshed, he repaired to the Cave.

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ed bed, whereupon the other six Champions lay sleeping and dreamed of no such strange accident that had hapned unto him, whom he purposed to reveal the true discourse of all dangers that had befallen him in that accident.

But no sooner approached he unto that enchanted bed, and set himself down upon the one end thereof and thinking to begin his discourse, but he presently fell into a heavy and dead slumber.

There will we leave them sleeping and dreaming upon the Enchanted bed, not to be wakened by any means, & return to the Herd-monger, that was busied all the time of the Serpents encounter with Leoger, in burying of the dead Spanis, but he knew by his Art that the Serpent was slain, and likewise Saint George oppressed with a charmed sleep in company of the other Champions upon the Enchanted bed, from whence he purposed that they never more should awake, but spend the rest of their Fortunes in eternal sleeps.

Whereupon by his devilish Arts he caused Lamps to burn continually before the entry of the Cave, the properties whereof were so strange, that so long as the Lamps continued burning, the Champions should never be waked, and the fires should never be quenched but by the water of an enchanted Fountain, the which he likewise by Magick Art had created in the middle of the Court guarded most strongly with Sphyras: and the water should never be obtained but by a Virgin which at her birth should have the form of a Rose lively pictured upon her breast.

These things being performed by the secrets of the Magicians skill, added such a pleasure to Leogers heart that he thought himself elevated higher than the Towers of his dwelling, for he accounted his joy so pleasing unto his Soul, as to see his mortal Enemies captivated in his power, and that the Magician had done by his Art, than all the Knights in Arm could perform by Bravels. Care will not now only leave the Champions in their sleeps: dreaming of no mishap, but also the Magician with Leoger in the black Castle, spending their time securely, careless of all ensuing danger, and weak naps of the old Shepherds whom the Champions as their first entering in at the Gates of the Castle, left to look unto their watchful Holfries, as they fed upon the green Grass: whose old man, whom he could hear no news of the Champions return, he greatly mistrusted in their delayed revengement, therefore he plotted secretly with his own Soul, if that for his sake in many brave Champions had lost their lives, never to depart out of those fields, but to spend his

## seven Champions of Christendom.

his days in such favour as his that baptis'd King of Babylon, that in  
seven parching Summers, and as many freezing Winters was con-  
strained to feed upon the flowers of the fields, and to drink the dew  
of Heaven, till the hairs of his head grew as stiff as Eagles Feathers,  
and the skulls of his fingers like unto birds claws, the like entre-  
mure he would endure until he either re-breathed a wished sight of  
these invincible Knights, the Slaves of Chivalry, or else were  
constrained by course of nature to yield up his loathen life to the fangs  
of those fatal Sisters. In this deep distress till his weary Soul-like-  
wise leave this old Shepherd mourning for the long absence of the  
English Champion, and the other Christian Knights, and returning  
to St. George's valiant Son, whom he left travelling from the Gates  
of Armenia's Grave, with her unhappy Daughter Rosina, to take  
revenge of her disloyal Land, being the night of the Black  
Castle, of whose villainies you have heard so much before.

CHAP. IX.

How Saint George's three Sons after their departure from the Queen  
of Armenia's Sepulchre, in company of her Daughter Rosina, en-  
counter with a Wild-man, with whom there hapned a strange Adventure,  
and after that they entered the Black Castle, where they quenched the  
Lamp, and awaked the seven Champions of Christendom, after they  
had slept seven days upon an enchanted Bed with other things that  
chanced in the same Castle.

**T**HE having promised to Rosina, the valiant Sons of Saint  
George, to perform their Knightly promises, and to accomplish  
what they had promised to Rosina, at the Queen her Mothers Grave,  
which was to bring her safely into the Black Castle, where her un-  
kind Father had his residence. First they provided her a Quilting of  
Fennel, then upon the borders of Spain, which was furnished with  
black Capers, and in sign of her beauty and disconcerting mind, and  
his fore-hand beauties with a tangled Plum of Feathers.  
Where in that company they travelled day and night from the  
Coast of Armenia, with successful Fortune, till they happily  
arrived upon the Gates of the Black Castle, where they were con-  
strained to remain till such night under the shadows of great  
leaved Trees, where the melody of other times birds brought to  
them these Verses: and instead of delicate fare, they were forced  
to satisfy their hunger with sweet Oranges, and the Pomegranate,  
that grew very plentifully in that Land.

But at last, upon a morning, when the skies appeared in their sight very clear and pleasant; and at such time as when the Sun began to spread his glistering Beams upon the lofty Mountains and stately Cedars, they set forward on their journey, hoping before the closing in of the days highe countenance, to arrive at the Black Castle, being their long wish for Haven, and desired Port. But entering into an unknown way and narrow path not much used, they were intercepted by a strange and wonderful Adventure.

For as they travelled in those untrodden passages, spending the time in pleasant conference without mistrusting of any thing that should happen to them in that pleasant Island: upon a sudden (not knowing the occasion) their Horses started and rose up with their fore feet, and turned backward into the Air in such sort that they had almost undonned their Saddles: whereat the valiant Knights upon a sudden looked round about them to see what or what it was that caused so much fear, but when they perceived nothing, nor could conjecture what should be the occasion of such terror, they grew wonderfully troubled in mind. Then one began to encourage the rest, saying believe me Brethren, I much wonder what should be the cause of this alteration in our Horses, hath some Spirit glided by us: or remaineth some Devil among these bushes: Whatsoever it be, let us by the power and favour of all good luck attempt to know, and with our warlike Weapons revenge the frighting of our Horses, for our minds are not daunted by the powers of Men, nor are we afraid of the fury of Devils.

These words being spoken with great courage and Majesty caused Rosaria to smile with a cheerful countenance, and in embolden her heart against all ensuing accidents: so presently they came into a River which was both clear and deep, the which they judged to run quite thorow the middle of the Island: and so travelling along by the River, she went within a little while their Horses began again to startle, and to be wonderfully afraid: whereupon the Knights casting about their vigilant eyes, to see if they could perceive what it should be that made their Horses so timorous, they espied a terrible Monster in the shape and form of a Satyr, or a Wild-man, which did cross overthwart the Island, of a wonderful great and strange making, who was as big and broad, as any Giant, for he was almost four square: his face was three feet in length, and had in one eye, and that was in his fore-head, which glistered like a blazing Comet, or a fiery Planet, his body was covered all over with long and shaggy hair, and in his breast there was as though he had

## seven Champions of Christendom.

been glass, out of the which there seemed a great and shining light to proceed.

This Monster directed his way towards certain Rocks of Stone which stood in the Island, and by reason of the stragling and great noise that the Monster made, he cast his head aside, and slipped the three Knights travelling in company of the Lady: upon whom he had no sooner cast his blazing eye, but with a Devilish surge he ran towards them, and in stead of a Club, he bare in his hand a great and knotty Maple Tree.

These valiant Knights never dismay'd at the sight of this deformed Creature, but against his coming, they cheered up their Voices, and picked their Sides with their golden spurs, giving a great shout, as in sign of encouragement, and whilst drawing forth their sharp cutting Swords, they stood attending the fury of the Monster, who came roaring like a Bull, and discharged his knotty Tree amongst the magnanimous Knights, who with light leaps cleared themselves from his violent blows, so that his Club fell down to the ground with a terrible fall: as though with the violence it would have overthrow'n a Castle.

With that the Knights violently alighted from their Horses, chinking thereby more nimbly to defend themselves, and with more courage to assail the Monster. Many were the blows on both Sides, and dangerous the encounter, without sign of victory inclining to either party.

During the Battell, Rosana (through the grief and fear that she received) swooned upon her Bannier, and had lain beside his back, if she had not first closed her hands about the pommel of the saddle: & being come a little unto her self, she made humble supplication unto the Lady of chance, soliciting her that she might rather be huried in the Monsters bowels, thereby to satisfy his wrath, than to see such Noble Knights lose the least drop of blood, or to have the smallest hair upon their heads diminished: such was the love and true zeal she bore unto those three Knights.

But Saint George's sons so manfully behaved themselves in the Encounter, beating the Monsters of their Fathers mind, that they made very deep wounds in the Monsters Flesh, and such terrible gashes in his body, that all the green Grails was covered with his black blood, and the ground all to be smeared and strewed with his mangled Flesh.

When the Devilish Monster felt himself wounded, & saw how his blood stood upon the Earth like congealed gore, he fled from them more swift than a whirling wind, or like to an Arrow sozen from a musket,

and



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and ran in great haste to the Rocks that stood thereby, where presently he threw himself into a Cave, pulling down after him a Rock of Stone, which did close up the entry, the which was done with so great lightness, that the Knights had no time to strike him, but after a while wondering with themselves to see such a strange and sudden thing, they assailed by strength to remove the Stone, and clear the mouth of the Cave, which they did not with out great difficulty.

Yet for all that they could not find which way they might enter in thereat, but like unto Lyons frange which anger, seeking and chafing they went searching round about the Rock, so that they could find no entry, and at last they found a great cleft of the one side of the Rock, and looking in thereat, espied the Spoken lying upon the Floor, looking on his bleeding wounds with his purple tongue.

And seeing him, one of the Knights said, O thou Traytor and Betrayer by the High-way! O thou infernal Devil and Enemy unto the World, thou that art the devourer of humane Flesh, and drinker of Spans blood; think now that this thy Stone, and fast closing up of thy self in this Rock of Stone shall avail thee, or that thy devilish body shall escape unslain by our hands: No, no, our Weapons shall be sheathed in thy distressed bowels, and rive thy damned heart aunder; and therewithall they thrust their Weapons through the Cleft of the Rock, and pierced his throat, such loth that the Spoken presently dyed, the which being done, they returned in triumph like Conquerors to Rosana, where they found her half dead lying upon her Balfrey.

But when she saw them return in safety, with a joyful and loud voice, she said, O sweet Queen of Chance, how happy is pleased thy Divine Majesty, to furnish these Knights with more strength and Protection than any other in all the World, else could they not have chosen but have been overcome by this semivivante Spoken, which seemed to be of force to destroy Kingdoms, and to overthrow all the mightiest in good state from her Balfrey, and thus her body raised the shadow of a Pine Tree, where the three Knights likewise sat down, and laid their weary heads upon her soft Lap to sleep, upon whose Faces she fanned a cool breathing Ayre, and wiped their weary Bodies with her handkerchief, using all means she could to procure them contentment.

Long had they not reposed themselves upon Rosana's Lap, refreshing their weary Bodies with a golden Napper, but they awakened and mounted upon their steeds, and the next morning by break of day they approached the sight of the Black Castle: before whose

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Walls they found seven portly Sheeds, feeding within a green pasture, and by them an ancient man, bearing in his face the true picture of sorrow, and carving in the Wrinkles of his face the true picture of all his past grief: this man was the old Shepherd which the seven Champions of Christendom, before their enchanted sleeps in the Castle, left without the Gates to over-see their Horses: as you heard before in the last Chapter.

But Sir George's Son (after they had a while beheld the manner of the Shepherds silent lamentations) demanded the cause of his grief, and wherefore he remained so near the danger of the Castle: to whose demands, the courteous old man answered in this manner.

Wise Knight, (said he) for you seem to be no less by port than by demeanour, within this Castle remaining: I am a wretched Tyrant, & a wicked homicide called Leoger, whose Tyranny hath not only ravished but murdered two of my Daughters, with whom I was honoured in my young years, in whose revenge there came with the seven Christian Knights of seven several Countries, that entered his accursed Castle about seven days since, appointing me to stay without the Gates, and to have a vigilant care of their Horses till I heard either news of the Tyrants confusion, or their overthrow: but never since by any means could I learn whether good or bad were befallen them.

These words struck such a terror to their hearts, that for a time they stood speechless, imagining that those seven Knights were the seven Champions of Christendom, in whose pursuit they have travelled so many Countries. But at last, when Sir George's Sons had recovered their former speeches, one of them (though not intending to reveal what they imagined) said to the old Shepherd: that likewise they came to be revenged upon that accursed Knight, for the spoils of a beautiful and worthy Virgin Queen, done by the same lust-inflamed Tyrant.

Then the Lady and the three Knights alighted from their Horses and likewise committed them to the keeping of the old Shepherd: who courteously received them, and earnestly prayed for their prosperous proceedings. So the three Knights buckled close their Armour, laced on their Belmets, and put their Shields upon their Arms, and in company of Rosana they went to the Castle Gate, the which glittered against the Sun like burnish: and whereat hung a mighty Copper Ring, wherewith they beat so vehemently against the Gate, that it seemed to rattle like a violent storm of Thunder in the Elements.

Then suddenly there appeared (looking out of a Marble pillar's

win-

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Window) the Magician, newly risen from his Bed, in a wrought  
sleeve with black Silk, and covered with a Purple gown of Damask  
Velvet: and seeing the Knights with the Lady standing before the  
Gate, he thus discourteously greeting them.

You Knights of strange Concoits (said he,) for in doth it appear  
by your strange demeanours, if you desire to have the Gates opened,  
and your Bones buried in the Vaults of our Castle, turn back unto  
the Jasper pillar behind you, and sound the silver trumpet that hangs  
upon it, so shall your entry be easie, but your coming forth miracu-  
lous. And thereupon the Magician left the Window.

Whereupon one of the Knights went unto the Jasper pillar, and  
with a vehement breath sounded the enchanted Trumpet, as Mr.  
George did before, whereat the Gates flew open in like manner:  
where into (without disturbance) they entered: and coming into the  
same Court where the Champions had fought with the Giants,  
they espied the Enchanted Lamps, which hung burning before the  
entry of the Cave where the Champions lay upon the enchanted  
Bed. Under the Lamps hung a silver Tablet in an Iron Chain, in  
it was written these words following;

These fatal Lamps with their enchanted Lights,  
In deaths sad sleep have cast seven Christian Knights,  
Within this Cave they lie with sloth confounded,  
Whose Fame but late in every place resounded:  
Except the flaming Lamps extinguish'd be,  
Their golden thoughts shall sleep eternally,

A Fountain fram'd by Furies rais'd from Hell,  
About whose Spring doth fear and terror dwell,  
No Earthly Water may suffice but this,  
To quench the Lamps where Art commander is,  
No Wight alive this water may procure,  
But she that is a Virgin chaste and pure,  
And Nature at her Birth did so dispose,  
Upon her Breast to print a purple Rose,

These Verses being perused by the three Knights, and finding  
them as it were contrived in the manner of a mystical Oracle, they  
could not imagine what they should signifie: but Rosana being sin-  
gular well conceited, and of a quick understanding, presently  
knew that by her the advantages should be finished, and therefore she

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he encouraged them to a forwardness, and to seek out the enchanted fountain, that by the water thereof the Lamps might be quenched, and the seven Champions delivered out of Captivity.

This importunate desire of Rosina, caused the three young Knights not to lose any time, but to search in every corner of the Castle, till they had found the place wherein the Fountain was: for as they went towards the North-side of the Court, they espied another little dooz standing in the Wall, and when they came to it, they saw that it was made all of very strong Iron, with a Portal of Steel, and in the key-hole thereof there was a brazen key, with the which they did open it; whereat presently (unto their wonderful amazements) they heard a very sad and sorrowful voice breathe forth these words following:

Let no man be so fool-hardy, as to enter here, for it is a place of terror and confusion.

Yet for all this they entered in thereat, and would not be daunted with any ceremonious fear, but, like Knights of Heroical estimation, they went forward: wherein they were no sooner entered, but they saw that it was wonderful dark, and it seemed unto them that it should be a very large Hall, and there they heard very fearful howlings, as though there had been a Legion of Hell-hounds, or that Plutoes Dog had been Vice-gerent of that place. Yet for all this these valiant Knights did not lose any of their accustomed courage nor would the Lady leave their companies for any danger at all, but they entered in further, and took off their Gauntlets from their left hands, whereon they wore marvellous great and fine Diamonds which were set in Rings, that gave so much light that they might plainly see all things that were in the Hall, the which was very great and wide, and upon the Walls were painted the figures of many furious Fiends, devils, with other strange Wildons framed by Magick Art, only to terrifie the Beholders. But looking very circumspectly about them on every side, they espied the Enchanted fountain standing directly in the middle of the Hall, towards which they went with their shields braced on their left Arms, and their good Swords charged in their right hands, ready to withstand any dangerous accident whatsoever should happen.

But coming to the Fountain, and offering to fill their Helmets with Water, there appeared before them a strange and terrible Ghyphon, which seemed to be all of flaming fire, who struck all the three Knights one after another in such sort, that they were

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were forced to recopl back a great way: yet notwithstanding with discretion they kept themselves upright, and with a wonderful lightness accompanied with no less anger they threw their Shields at their backs, and taking their Swords in both their hands, they began most fiercely to assaile the Gryphon with mortal and strong blows. Then presently there appeared before them a whole Legion of Devils with Flesh hooks in their hands, spitting forth flames of Fire, and breathing from their Nostrils smoking sulphur and Brimstone. In this terrible sort tormented they these three valiant Knights, whose years al though they were but young, yet with great wrath and redoubled force adventured they themselves amongst this Hellish Crew, striking such terrible blows, that in spite of them they came unto the Fountain, and proffered to take of the water; but all in vain, for they were not only put from it by this Devilish company, but the water it self glided from their hands.

Oh in what great trouble and perplexity these Knights remained amongst this wicked and Devilish generation, for to defend themselves, that they might attain to the finishing of this adventure, according to their Knightly promise.

But during the time of all these dangerous encounters, Rosana stood like one bereft of sense, through the terrour of the same: but at last remembering her self of the superscription written in the Silver Tablet, the which the Knights perused by the enchanted Lamps: the signification of which was that the quenching of the lights should be accomplished by a pure Virgin that had the lively form of a Rose naturally pictured upon her breast, all the which Rosana knew most certainly to be comprehended in her self, therefore whilst they continued in their dangerous fight, she took up a Helmet that was pulled from one of the Knights Hands by the furious force of the Gryphon, and ran unto the Fountain, and filled it with water, wherewith she quenched the enchanted Lamps, with as much ease as though one had dipped a waxes Torch in a mighty River of water.

This was no sooner done and finished, to Rosana's chiefest contentment, but then the Skies began to grow dark, and immediately to be overspread with a black and thick Cloud, and it came with great humming and lightnings, and such a terrible noise as though the Earth would have sunk; and the longer it endured, the more was the fury therefore, in such sort that the Gryphon with all that belated generation of Spirits vanished away, and the Knights forsook their encounters, and fell upon their knees: and with great humility they desired in their hearts to be delivered from the fury of



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that exceeding and terrible Tempest. By this sudden alteration of the Heavens the Knight of the Castle knew that the Lamps were extinguished, the Champions redeemed from their Enchanted sleeps, the Castle yielded to the pleasure of the three Knights, and his own life to the fury of their Swords, except he preserv'd it by a sudden flight, so presently he departed the Castle and secretly fled out of the Island unsuspected by any one: of whose after Fortunes, miseries, and death, you shall hear more hereafter in the course of the History following.

The Necromancer by his art likewise knew that the Castle was yielded unto his Enemies Power, and that his charms and Magick spells nothing prevailed: wherefore he caused two ayrie Spirits in the likeness of two Dragons to carry him swiftly through the Ayre in an Even Chariot.

Here we likewise will leave him in his wicked and Devilish attempts, and damned enterprizes, which shall be discou'sed hereafter more at large: because it appertaineth to our History now to speak of the seven renowned Champions of Christendom, that by the quenching of the Lamps, were awakened from their Enchantments, wherein they had lain in obscurity for the space of seven days. For when they were risen from their sleep, and had rosoled up their dymish spirits, like Men newly recovered from a Trance, being ashamed of that dishonourable enterprize, they long time gazed on each others face, being not able to expels their minds, but by blushing looks being the silent speakers of their extreame sorrows. Yet at last, Sir George began to expels the extremity of his grief in this manner:

What is become of you brave Europe Champions (said he) where is now your wonted Valours, of late so much renowned through the World? what is become of your surmounted strengths, that hath bruised enchanted Helmets, and quail'd the power of mighty multitudes? what is become of your terrible blows, that have subdued Mountains, hewed in sunder Diamond Armours, and brought whole Kingdoms under your subjections? Now I see that all is forgotten and nothing worth, for that we have buried all our Honours, Dignities, and Fames, in slothful slumbers, upon a sicken Bed.

And thereupon he fell upon his knees, and said, thou that art the Guider of all our Fortunes, unto thee I invoke and call, and desire thee to help us, and do not permit us to have our Fames taken away for this dishonour, and let us merit Dignity by our Victories, and that our bright Renowns may ride upon the glorious wings of Fame, whereas by the Babes as yet unborn may speak of us, and in time to come fill whole

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Volumes with our Princely Archievements. These and such like Speeches pronounced this discontented Champion, till such time as the Clerken s cleared, and that golden faced Phoebus glittered with splendanc brightnes into the Cave through a secret hole, which seemed in their conceits to darce about the Hayle of Heaven, and to rejoyce at their happy deliveries.

In this joyful manner returned they up into the Court of the Castle, with their Armour s buckled fast unto their lodies, which had not been unbaced in seven days before, where they met with the thre Knights coming to salute them, and to give them the courtesies of Knight-hood.

But when Saint George saw his Sons, whom he had not seen in two years before, he was so ravished with joy, that he swoounded in their bosoms, being not able to give them his blessing, so great was the pleasure he took in their sights.

Here I leave the joyful greeting betwixt the Father and his Sons to those that know the secret love of Parents to their childzen, and what dear affection long absence breedeth.

For when they had sufficiently opened the integrity of their Souls to each other, and had at large explained how many dangers every Knight and Champion had passed since their departure from England, when as they began their first intended Pilgrimage to Jerusalem as you heard in the begining of this Book, they determined to search the Castle, and to find out Leoger with his associate the wicked Enchanter, that they might receive due punishment s for their committed offences, but they like wily Foxes were fled from the Hunters traps and had left the empty Castle to the spoyl of the Christian Champions: but when Rosam saw her dismisst from her purpose, and that she could not perform her Mothers will against her disloyal Father, she protested by her Mothers name never to close up her chearful eyes with quiet slumbers, nor never rest her weary Limbs in Bed of down, but travel up and down the circled Earth, till she enjoyed a sight of her disloyal Father, whom as yet her eyes did never see. Therefore she conjured the Champions by the love and honour that Knights do bear unto poor distressed Ladies, to grant her liberty to depart, and not to hinder her from her intended Travel.

The Knights considered with themselves that she was a Lady of a Divine Inspiration, boyn unto some strange Fortune, one by the heavens appointed, which had redeemed them from a wonderful misery.

Therefore they condescended to her desires, and not only gave her leave to depart, but furnished her with all things belonging to

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a Lady of so brave a mind.

First, they found within the Castle an Armour fit for a Woman, the which the Enchanter had caused to be made by magick Art, of such a singular nature that no weapon could pierce it, and so light in wearing, that it weighed no heavier then a Tergers skin, it was contrived after the Amazonian fashion, plated before with silver plates, like the Scales of a Dolphin, and riveted together with golden Nails: so that when she had it upon her back, she seemed like to Diana, hunting in the Forrest of transformed Acteon.

Likewise they found standing in the Stable at the East-side of the Castle, a lusty limmed Steed big of stature, and of a very good hair, for the half parts forwards was of the colour of a Wolf, and the other half was all black, saving that here and there it was spotted with little white spots: his feet were cloven, so that he needed not at any time to be shod: his neck was somewhat long, having a little head, with great ears hanging down like a hound: his pace was with great majesty, and he so doubled his neck, that his mouth touched his breast, there came out of his mouth two great tusks like unto an Elephant, and he did exceed all Horses in the World in lightness, and did run with an exceeding good grace. This likewise bestowed they upon the Lady, the which did more content her mind, than any thing that ever her eyes had seen before that time. Also the ten Christian knights gave her at her departure ten Diamond Rings, continually to wear upon her fingers, in perpetual remembrance of her courtship.

This done without any longer tarryance, but only thanking them for great kindness shewed unto her in distress, she leapt into the Saddle without the help of stirrup or any other thing, & so rode speedily away from their sight, as a shower of rain driven by a violent tempest.

After her departure, the Champions remembered the old Women heard, whom they had almost forgotten, through the joy that they took in their happy meetings, he as yet remained without the Castle Gates, carefully keeping their Horses; whom now they caused to come in, and not only gave him the honour due unto his age, but bestowed frankly upon him the state and government of the Castle with store of Jewels, Pearls, and Treasure, only to be maintained and kept for relief of poor Travellers.

This being performed with their general consents, they spent the remnant of the day in banqueting and other pleasant conference of their passed adventures: and when the night with her sable Clouds had over-spread the days delightful countenance, they betook them to their rests: the Seven Champions in a Chamber that had as many

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many windows as there were days in the year, the old Shepherd by himself in a rich furnished Parlor, and St. George's three Sons in the greatest Hall in the Castle,

### CHAP. X.

How after the Christian Knights were gone to bed in the Black Castle, Saint George was awaked from his sleep in the dead time of the night, after a most fearful manner, and likewise how he found a Knight lying upon a Tomb that stood over a flaming fire, with other things of note that hapned upon the same,

**M**OST sweet were the sleeps that these Princely minded Champions took in the Castle all the first part of the night without molestation either by disquiet dreams or disturbing motions of their minds, till such time as the Queen of Night had run half her weary journey, and had spent the better part of the night: for betwixt twelve and one being the chiefest time of fear and terror in the night, such a strange alteration did work in Saint George's thought, that he could not enjoy the benefit of sweet sleep, but was forced to lie broad awake, like one disquieted by some sudden fear, but as he lay with wakeful eyes thinking upon his passed Fortunes, and numbing the minutes of the night with his cogitations, he heard as it were a cry of Night-Ravens which flew beating their fatal wings against the Windows of his Lodging, by which he imagined that some direful accident was near at hand: yet being not frightened with this fearful noise, nor daunted with the croaking of these Ravens, he lay still silently, not revealing it to any of the other Champions that lay in the six several Beds in the same chamber: but at last being between sleeping and waking, he heard as it were the voice of a sorrowful Knight that constrained these bitter passions from his tormented soul, and they contained these words following:

O thou invincible Knight of England, thou that art not frightened with this sorrowful dwelling, wherein thou canst see nothing but torments, rise up I say, from thy sluggish bed, and with thy undaunted courage and strong arm, break the chains of my enchantment, and this enchantment

And therewithal he seemed to give a most terrible groan, and so ceased. This unexpected noise caused Saint George (without the knowledge of any of the other Champions) to arise from his Bed, and to buckle on his Armour, and to search about the Castle to see  
it

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if he might find the place that harboured the Knight that made such sorrowful lamentations.

So going up and down by corners in the Castle, all the latter part of the night, without finding the adventure of this strange voyce, or disturbance by any other means but that he was hindered from his natural and quiet sleep, by the break of day, when the dark night began to withdraw her sable curtains, and to give Aurora liberty to explain her purple brightness, he entered into a square Palace, hung round about with black cloath, and other mournful habiliments, where on the one side of the same he saw a Tomb all covered likewise with black, and upon it there lay a Man with a pale colour, who at certain times, gave most marvellous and grievous sighs, caused by burning flames that proceeded from under the Tomb, being such that it seemed that his body therewith should be converted into Coals: the flame thereof was so stinking, that it made Saint George somewhat to retire himself from the place where he did see that most horrible and fearful spectacle.

He which lay upon the Tomb, casting his eyes aside, espied Saint George, and knowing him to be a humane creature, with an afflicted voyce he said, who art thou Sir, Knight, that art come into this place of sorrow, where nothing is heard but clamours of fear and terror.

Nay, tell me (said Saint George,) who thou art, that with so much grief dost demand of me, that which I stand in doubt to reveal to thee.

I am the King of Babylon (answered he) which without all consideration, with my cruel hand did pierce thorow the white and delicate breast of my beloved Daughter, woe be to me, and woe unto my soul therefore, for she at once did pay her offence by death, but I a most miserable wretch with many torments do live living.

When this worthy Champion Saint George was about to answer him, he saw come forth from under the Tomb a Demel who had her hair of a yellow and wan colour, hanging down about her shoulders, and by her face she seemed that she should be very strangely afflicted with torments, and with a sorrowful voyce she said:

O unfortunate Knight, what dost thou seek in this infernal lodging, where cannot be given thee any other pleasure but moral torment, and there is but one thing that can cleave thee from it, and this cannot be told thee by any other but by me: yet I will not err thee, except thou wilt grant me one thing which I will ask of thee.

The



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The English Champion that with a sad countenance stood beholding of the sorrowful Damself, and being greatly amazed at the sight which he had seen, answered and said: The Powers which were Governours of my liberty, will do their pleasures, but touching the grant of thy request I never denied any lawful thing to either Lady or Gentlewoman, but withal my power and strength I was made so fulfil the same, therefore demand what thy pleasure is. And with that the Damself threw her self into the Sepulchre, and with a grievous voyce she said: now most curious Knight perform thy promise, strike but three strokes upon this fatal Tomb, and thou shalt deliver us from a world of miseries, and likewise make an end of our continual torments.

When the invincible Knight replied in this order, whether you be humane creatures, said he, placed in this Sepulchre by Enchantment, or furies raised from fiery Acheron, to work my confusion or no, I know not, and there is so little truth in this infernal Castle, that I stand in doubt whether I may believe thy words or not: but yet discourse unto me the truth of all your passed fortunes, and by what means you were brought into this place, and as I am a true Knight and one that fights in the quarrel of Christendom, I vow to accomplish whatsoever I see in my power.

Then the Damself began with a grievous and sorrowful lamentation to declare as strange a Tragedy as ever was told.

And lying in the fatal Sepulchre unseen of Saint George, that stood leaning his back against the Wall to hear her discourse a lamentable story, with a hollow voyce like a murdered Lady, whose bleeding Soul as yet did feel the terrible stroke of her death, she repeated this pitiful tale following.

### CHAP. XI.

Of a Tragical discourse pronounced by a Lady in a Tomb, and how her Enchantment was finished by Saint George, with other strange accidents that hapned to the other six Champions of Christendom.

**T**he famous Babylon sometimes reigned a King, although a Heathen, yet adorned with noble and virtuous customs, and had only one Daughter that was very fair whose name was Angelica, humble, wise, and chaste: who was beloved of a mighty Duke, and a man wonderful cunning in the black Art, this Magician had a huge and grave countenance, and one that for wisdom better deserved the government than any other in the Kingdom, and

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and was very well esteemed throughout all Babylon almost equally with the King: for which there ingendered in the Kings heart a secret rancour and hatred towards him. The Magician cast his love upon the young Princess Angelica, and it was obtained by destiny, that she should repay him with the same affection, so that both their hearts being wounded with love the one to the other, they incurred sundry great passions.

When Love which continually seeketh occasions, did on a time set before this Magician, a waiting Maid of Angelica's named Fidelity, the which thing seemed to be wrought by the immortal power of the Goddess Venus: Wh in what fear the Magician was to discover unto her all his heart and to betray the secrets of his love-sick soul, but in the end, by the great industry and diligence of the waiting maid (whose name was answerable unto her mind) there was order given that these two Lovers should meet together.

This fair Angelica for that she could not at her ease enjoy her true Lover, she did determine to leave her own natural Country and Father, and with this intention being one night with her Dove, she call her arms about his neck and said:

O my sweet and well beloved Friend, seeing that my Destinies have been so kind to me, as to have my heart linked in thy breast, let no man find in thee ingratitude, for that I cannot live, except continually I enjoy thy sight, and doe not misse (my Love) at these my mooves, for the intire love that I bear to you, constraineth me to make it manifest. And this believe of a certainty, that if thy sight be absent from me, it will be an occasion that my heart will lack his vial recreation, and my soul forsake her Earthly habitation. You know, my Love, how that the King my Father doth bear you no good will, but doth hate you from his soul, which will be an occasion that we cannot enjoy our hearts contentments: for the which I have determined (if you think well thereof) to leave both my Father and my native Country, and to go and live with you in a strange Land. And if you deny me this, you shall very quickly see your loving Lady with-out life: but I know you will not deny me, for thereon consisteth the benefit of my welfare, and my chiefest prosperity. And there-withal shedding a few tears from her Crystal eyes, she held her peace.

The Magician (as one half ravished with her earnest desires) answered and said:

O my Love and sweet Mistress, wherefore hate you my doubt that I will not fulfil and accomplish your desire in all things: therefore out of hand put all things in readines that your pleasure is to have done: for what more benefit or contentment can I receive, than to enjoy

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enjoy your sight continually, in such sort that neither of us  
depart from the others company, till the fatal Destinies give end to  
our lives. As if it so fall out that Fortune frown upon us, that we  
be eluded and taken in our enterprise, and suffer each together what  
more glory can there happen unto me, than to die with thee, and to  
end my life betwixt thy arms: therefore do not trouble your self  
dear Lady and Mistrels, but give me leave so to depart your pre-  
sence, that I may provide all things in readiness for our departures.  
And so with this conclusion they took leave one of the other, and de-  
parted away with as great secrecy as might possibly be devised.

After this, within a few days, the Magician by his Enchant-  
ment caused a Charter to be made, that was drawn by the  
flying Dragons into the which without being eluded of any one,  
they put themselves together with their trusty waiting Maids,  
and in great secrecy they departed out of the Kings Palace, and  
took their journey towards the Country of Armenia: into the  
which Country in a short time they arrived, and came with-  
out any misfortune unto a place where was deep Rivers discon-  
tinually strike upon a rock upon the which stood an old ancient building,  
wherein they ingathered an habitation, as a most convenient place for  
their dwelling, whereas they might without all fear of being found,  
live peaceably, enjoying each others love.

Not far from that place there was a small Village, from whence  
they might have necessary provision for the maintaining of their Bo-  
dies. Great joy and pleasure these two Lovers received when they  
found themselves in such a place whereas they might take their fill  
of each others loves.

The Magician delighting in no other thing but to go a hunting with  
certain Country Dwellers, that inhabited in the next Village, leav-  
ing his Sonnet Angelica accompanied with her trusty Fidelia in that  
house, so in this sort they lived together four years, spending their  
days in great pleasure, but in the end time (who never rested in  
one degree) did take from them their rest, and repayed them with  
sorrow and extreme misery. For when the King her Father found  
her missing, the sorrow and grief was so much that he received  
that he sent his Chamber a long time, and would not be comforted  
of any body.

Four years he passed away in great heaviness, till the Court  
with Doctors of his beloved Daughters, and making the Widow to  
relieve his lamentation: sorrow was his food, till that his birth,  
and grief his chief Companion.

At last, upon a time as he sat in his Chair, lamenting her  
absence

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audience with great heaviness, and being over-charged with grief, he fancied to fall into a troublesome dream, for after quiet sleep had closed up the closets of his eyes, he dreamed that he saw his Daughter standing upon a Rock by the Sea-side, offering to cast her body into the Waves before she would return at Babylon: and that he beheld her lower with an Army of Satyres and Goliath-men ready furnished with habiliments of War to pull him from his Throne, and to depose him of his Kingdom.

Out of this Vision he presently started from his Chair, as though it had been one figured with a Legion of Spirits, and caused four of the chief Lords of his Land to be sent for, to whom he committed the Government of his Countrey: certifying them that he intended a Voyage to the Sepulchre at Memphis, thereby to quash the fury of his Daughters Ghost, whom he dreamed to be drowned in the Seas, and that except he sought by true Submission to appease the angry Fates, whom he had offended, he should be deposed from his Kingdom.

None could withhold him from his determination, though it was to the prejudice of the whole Land: therefore within twenty days he furnished himself with all necessaries, as well of Armour and Martial Furniture, as of Gold and Treasure, and so departed from Babylon privately and alone, not suffering any other (though many desired it humbly and very earnestly) to hear him compass.

But he travelled not as he told his Lords, after any Ceremonious Manner, but like a blood-hound searching Countrey after Countrey, Nation by Nation, and Kingdom by Kingdom, that after a barbarous manner he might be revenged upon his Daughter for her disobedience. And as he travelled, there was no Cave, Den, Wood, or Wilderness, but he furiously entered, and diligently searched for his Angelica.

At last, by strange Fortune he happened into Armenia, near unto the place whereto his Daughter had her residence, whereto after he had intelligence by the Commons of the Countrey, that she remained in an old ruined Building on the top of a Rock near at hand, without any more delay he travelled unto that place, at such a time as the Persian his husband was gone thout his accustomed Dwelling, where coming to the Gate and finding it locked, he knocked there: so furiously that he made the noise around all the House over with the redoubling Echo.

When Angelica heard one knock she came unto the Gate, and with all speed she did open it, where when she thought to imagine him

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thinking it to be her Lover) she saw that it was her Father, and with a sudden alteration she gave a great Shrike, and ran with all the speed she could back into the Houle.

Her Father being angry, like a furious Lyon followed her, saying: It doth little avail thee Angelica to run away, for that thou shalt die by this revengful hand, paying me with thy death the dishonour that my Crown hath received by thy flight.

So he followed her till he came to the Chamber where her waiting Maids Fidelia was, who likewise presently knew the King: upon whose wrathful countenance appeared the Image of pale death, and fearing the harm that might happen unto her Lady, she put her self over her Ladies body, and gave most terrible loud and lamentable Shrikes.

The King, as one kindled in wrath, and forgetting the natural love of a Father towards his Child, he laid hands upon his Sword, and said: It doth not profit thee Angelica to flee from thy death, for thy desert is such, that thou canst no escape from it: for here mine own arm shall be the killer of my own self, and I unnaturally hate that, which nature is self-commanderh me especially to love.

Then Angelica with a countenance more red than scarlet answered and said: Ah my Lord and Father: will you be now as cruell unto me, as you had wont to be kind and pitiful: Appeale your wrath, and withdraw your unmerciful Sword, and hearken unto this which I say in discharging my self of that you charge me withal. You shall understand my Lord and Father that I was overcome and constrained by love, for to love, forgetting all fatherly love and Duty towards your Majesty: yet for all that, having power to accomplish the same, it was not to your dishonour, in that I live honourably with my Husband: then the King (with a visage fraught with terrible ire) more like a Dragon in the Woods of Hircania, than a Man by nature, answered and said.

Thou viperous Whore, degenerate from Natures kind, thou wicked Traytor to thy generation: what reason hast thou to make this false excuse, when as thou hast committed a crime that deserves more punishment than humane nature can inflict: And in saying these words, he lift up his Sword, intending to strike her into the heart, and to bath his weapon in his own Daughters blood: whereat Fidelia being present, gave a terrible Shrike, and threw her self upon the body of unhappy Angelica, offering her tender Breast to the fury of his sharp cutting Sword, only set at liberty her dear Lady and Mistress.

But when the furious King saw her in this sort make her defence,



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defence, he pulled her off by the hair of her Head, offering to trample her delicate Body under his foot, thereby to make away that he might execute his determined purpose without resistance of any.

Fidelia, when she saw the King determined to kill his Daughter, like unto a Lioness, she hung about his neck, and said: Thou Monstrous Murderer, more cruel than the mad Doggs in Egypt, why dost thou determine to slaughter the most chaste and loyallest Lady in the World, even she within whose lap untamed Lions will come and sleep?

Thou art thy self ( I say ) the occasion of all this evil, and thine only is the fault, for that thy self wert so malicious and so full of mischief, that she durst not let thee understand of her love.

These words and tears of Fidelia did little profit to mollifie the Kings heart, who rather like a wild Boar in the Wilderness being compassed about with a company of Dogs, most cruelly shook his Limbs, and threw Fidelia from him, in such sort, that he had almost dasht her Brains against the Chamber Walls, and with double wrath he did proceed to execute his fury. For so all this Fidelia with terrible strokes sought to hinder him, till such time as with his cruel hand he thrust his Sword into her Ladies Breast, so that it appeared forth at her back, whereby her Soul was forced to leave her terrestrial habitation, and flic into the wide Ayre, after those which dyed for true loves sake.

Thus this unhappy Angelica when she was most at quiet, and content with her mean kind of life, then Fortune turned her inconsistent Wheel, and cast her from a glorious delight to sudden death.

The treasfull King, when he beheld his Daughters blood sprinkled about the Chamber, and that by his own Hands it was committed, he repented him self of the deed, and cursed the hour wherein the first motion of such a crime entered into his mind, wishing the hand that did it ever after might be lame, and the heart that did contrive it, to be plagued with moze eccentricities than was miserable Oedipus, or to be terrified with her ghosly Spirit, as was the Macedonian Alexander with Clitus shadow, whom he causelie murdered.

In this manner the unfortunate King repented his Daughters bloody Tragedy, with this determination, not to stay till the Magician returned from his Hunting exercise, but to exclude himself from the company of all Men, and to spend the remnant of his longish some life among untamed Beasts in some wild Wilderness. Upon this resolution he departed the Chamber, and withall said:

Answer

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Farewel thou Useless Body of my Angelica, and may thy blood which I have spill, crave vengeance of the Faces against my guilty Soul, for my Earthly Body shall induce a miserable punishment. Likewise at his departure he writ upon the Chamber Walls these Verses following with his Daughters blood.

Now unto Hills, to Dales, to Rocks, to Caves I go,  
To spend my days in shame, in sorrow, grief, and woe.

Fidelia (after the departure of the King) used such violent fury against her self, both by rending the golden trammels of her hair, and tearing her Rosie-coloured Face with her furious Nails, that she rather seemed an infernal Fury, subject to Wrath, than any Earthly Creature furnished with clemency: she late over Angelica's Body, wiping her bloody bosom with a Damask scarf, which she pulled from her Waist, and bathing her dead Body in lukewarm Tears, which forcibly ran down from her eyes like an over-flowing Fountain.

In this woful manner spent the sorrowful Fidelia that unhappy day, till bright Phoebus went into the Western parts: at which time the Physician returned from his accustomed Hunting, and finding the Door open, he entered into Angelica's chamber, where when he found her Body weltering in congealed blood, and beheld how Fidelia sat weeping over her bleeding wounds, he cursed himself for that he accounted his negligence the occasion of her death, in that he had not left her in more safety. But when Fidelia had certified him, how that by the hands of her own Father she was slaughtered, he began like a frantic Tyant to rage against black Destiny, and to fill the Ayre with terrible exclamations.

Oh cruel Murderer, (said he) crept from the Womb of some untamed Tyger: I will be so revenged upon thee, O unnatural King, that all Ages shall wonder at thy misery.

And likewise thou unhappy Virgin shalt endure like punishment, in that thy accursed tongue hath bruited this fatal Deed unto my ears, the one for committing the Crime, and the other for reporting it.

For I will cast such deserved vengeance upon your Heads, and place your Bodies in such continual torments, that you shall lament my Ladies death, leaving alive the Fame of her with your lamentations.

And in saying these words, he drew a Look-out of his bosom, and in reading certain Charms, and Enchantments, which were therein contained, he made a great and very black Cloud appear in the skies.

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Skies, which was brought by terrible and hasty winds, in the which he took them up both, and brought them into the Enchanted Castle, where ever since they have remained in this Tomb cruelly tormented with unquenchable fires, and must for ever continue in the same extremity, except some courteous Knight will vouchsafe to give him three blows upon the Tomb, and break the Enchantment.

Thus have you heard how Magnanimous Knight, the true Disciple of our unhappy Fortunes. And the Virgin which for the true love she bore unto her Lady was committed to this torment as my self, and this pale Body lying upon the Tomb, in the unhappy Babylonian Ring which unnaturally murdered his own Daughter: and the Magician which committed all these villainies, in that accursed tower which by his Charms and Devilish Enchantments hath so strongly withstood your Encounters.

These words were no sooner finished, but Saint George drew out his sharp sword, and gave three blows upon the Enchanted Tomb, whereat presently appeared the Babylonian Ring standing before him, attired in rich Robes, with an Imperial Diadem upon his Head, and his Lady standing by him, with a countenance most beautiful even as the Morning Rose.

When Saint George beheld them, he was not able to speak for joy, nor to utter his mind; so exceeding was the pleasure that he took in their sights, so without any long circumstance he took them both by his hands, and led them into his Chamber; whereas he found the other Knights dead, slain from their Beds, to whom he renewed the true discourse of the passed adventure, and by what means he redeemed the King and Lady from their Enchantment; which to them was as great joy as before it was to Saint George.

So, after they had for some days refreshed themselves in the Castle, they generally intended to accompany the Babylonian Ring into his Country, and to plant him again in his Kingdom.

In which Travel we will leave the Christian Knights to the conduct of Fortune, and return again to Rosamund, who as you heard, I have foretold departed from the Castle in the pursuit of her disloyal Father: of whose strange accidents shall be spoken in this following Chapter.

CHAR.

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### CHAP. XII.

How the Knight of the Black Castle after Conquest of the same by the Christian Champions, wandred up and down the World in great terrour of conscience, and after how he was found in a Wood by his own Daughter, in whose presence he desperately slew himself, with other accidents that after hapned.

**Y**OU do well remember when that the Christian Champions had slain the seven Giants in the Enchanted Castle and had made conquest thereof, disloyal Leoger, being Lord of the same, secretly fled, not for anger of the loss, but for the preservation of his life. So in grief and terrour of conscience he wandred like a fugitive up and down the World; sometimes remembering of his passed prosperity, other times thinking upon the Rapes he had committed, how disloyally in former times he had left the Queen of Armenia his witch Child, bearing in her Womb the stain of sin, and the confusion of her reputation. Sometimes his guilty Mind imagined that the blessing Ghosts of the two Sisters (whom he both ravished and murdered) followed him up and down, haunting his ghost with fearful exclamations, and filling each corner of the Earth with clamours of revengment.

Such fear and terror rag'd in his Soul, that he thought all places where he travelled, were filled with multitudes of knights, and that the strength of Countreys pursued him to heap vengeance upon his guilty head for those wronged ladies.

Whereby he cursed the hour of his birth, and blamed the cause of his creation, wishing the Fates to consume his Body with a Fire, so that the Earth would gape and swallow him.

In this manner he travelled up and down, filling all places with Echoes of his sorrow and grief, which brought him into such a perplexity, that many times he would have slain himself, and have rid his wretched soul from a World of miseries.

But it hapned that one morning very early, by the first light of Titans golden Torch, he entred into a narrow and straight path which conducted him into a very thick and solitary Forrest, wherein with much sorrow he travelled till such time as glistering Phobus had passed the half part of his journey.

And being weary with the long way and the great weight of his Armour, he was forced to take some rest and ease under certain fresh green Myrtle Trees, whose large leaves did shadow a very fair any

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and clear Fountain, whose stream made a bubbling murmur on the  
Rubbles.

Being set, he began a new to have in remembrance his former  
committed cruelty, and complaining of Fortune, he thus publish-  
ed his great grief: and although he was weary of complaining, yet  
seeing himself without all remedy, he resolved like unto the Swain  
to sing a while before his death: and so thinking to give some ease  
unto his tormented Heart, he warbled forth these Verses following.

**M**ournful *Hesperione* approach with speed,  
And shew thy sacred face with tears besprent:  
Let all thy Sisters Hearts with sorrow bleed,  
To hear my Plaints and rufull discontent,  
And with your mones sweet Muses all assist  
My mournful Song that doth of wo consist.

That so I may at large paint out my pain,  
Within these Desert Groves and Wilderness:  
And after I have ended to complain,  
They may record my woes and deep distress:  
Except these Myrtle Trees relentless be,  
They will with sobs assist the sighs of me.

Time wears out life, it is reported so,  
And so it may, I will it not deny:  
Yet have I tryd so long and this do know,  
Times give no end to this my misery:  
But rather Fortune, time, and Fate agree,  
To Plague my heart with woe eternally.

Ye Silvan Nymphs that in these Woods do shroud,  
To you my mournful sorrows I declare:  
You Savage Satyres, let your Ears be bow'd,  
To hear my wo your nimble Selves prepare:  
Trees, Herbs, and Flowers in Rural Field that grow,  
While thus I mourn, do you some silence show.

Sweet *Whittonel*, cease thou thy song a while,  
And will thy Mates their Melodies to leave:  
And all at once attend my mournful stile,  
Which will of mirth your sugred notes bereave:  
If you desire the burthen of my Song.



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I sigh and sob, cause Ladies I did wrong.

You furious Beasts that feed on Mountains high,  
And selfish run with rage your Pray to find,  
Drew near to him, whose brutish cruelty  
Hath cropt the bud of Virgins chaste and kind;  
The only thing yet lefts to comfort me,  
Repentance comes a while before I die.

Since all agree for to increase my care,  
What hope have I for to enjoy delight?  
Sith Fates and Fortune do them selves prepare,  
To work against my soul their full delight,  
I know no means to yield my heart relief,  
Tis only death which can dissolve my grief.

I muse, and may, my sorrows being such,  
That my poor Heart can't longer life sustain,  
Sith dayly I do find my grief so much,  
As every day I feel a dying Pain,  
But alas, I live afflicted still,  
And have no hope to heal me of my ill.

When as I think upon my Pleasure past,  
Now turn'd to Pain, it makes me rue my fate;  
And since my joy with woe is overcast,  
O death give end to my unhappy fate,  
For only death will lasting life provide,  
Where living thus I sundry deaths abide.

Wherefore all you that hear my mournful Song,  
And tasted have the grief that I sustain,  
All lustful Ravishers that have done wrong,  
With tear-fill'd eyes assist me to complain,  
All that have being doing being hate,  
Crying hast, hast, this Wretches dying fate.

This sorrowful Song being done, He layd himself all along upon  
the green grass, closing up his eyes in hope to repose  
himself in a quiet sleep, and to abandon all discontented thoughts,  
in which silent contemplation he would leave him for a while, and  
return to Rosana the Queens Daughter of Armenia, that

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zonian Lady; whom you remember like wife departed from the Black Castle (clad with Enchanted Armour) in the pursuit of her disloyal Father whom she never in her life beheld. This courteous Lady (to perform her Spoken will) travelled up and down strange Countries with many a weary step; yet never could she meet with her unkind Father, unto whom she was constrained to give her Spoken Letter; neither could she hear in any place wherefore he came, where she might go to seek him. In which travel she met with strange Adventures; which with great honour to her name she finished; yea till she wandered over Hills and Dales, Mountains and Vallies; and through many solitary Woodes; till at last she hapned by fortune into the Wilderness whereby this discontented Knight lay sleeping upon the green grass; near to which place she likewise reposed her self under the branches of a Chestnut Tree; desiring to take some rest after her long travel.

But upon a sudden being betwixt waking and sleeping, she heard talking to her left hand; a deep hollow groan, as it were of some sorrowful Knight; which was so terrible heavy and bitter, that it made her to give an attention ear unto the sound; when she could hear and understand what it should be.

So wily making the least noise that she could possibly she arose up and went toward the place, wherein she might see what it was; and there she beheld a Knight very well armed, lying upon the green grass, under a certain fair and green Apple Tree; his Armour was all Rust; and full of bare of black Oer, which seemed to be a very sad, sorrowful, and heavy enshewelling, agreeable to the inward sadness of his heart.

He was somewhat of a big stature of body, & well proportioned, & there seemed to be in his heart great grief; where after she had a while stood in secret, beholding his sorrowful countenance in a woful manner; he raised his restless body upon the green grass and with a sad and heavy look he breathed forth his lamentation.

Whence and whence Fortune (said he) why dost thou consent that I should and feel a woful woe to breath so long upon the Earth; upon whose wicked head the Golden Sun doth shine to shine, and the glittering Elements send their cheerful lights.

O that some gentle Fairy would waken from his den, and make his land some better and fairer County; so that my eyes need sighlets like the wretched King of Thebes, that I never might again behold this Earth; whereon I have long lived and committed so many cruelties.

I am confounded with the curse of sad mischance for wronging that

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that Golden Queen of Armenia, in the spoyle of whole Virginitie I made a triumphant conquest.

O Leoger, Leoger, what fury did induce thee to commit so great sin, leaving her slayned with thy lust, and dishonoured by thy disloyalty? O cruel, and without faith, thou wert nursed with some unkindly milk of Tygers, and born into the world for thine own torment. Where was thine understanding when thou forsookest that gracious Prince, who not only yielded to thee her liberty, love, and honour, but therewith a Kingdom and a golden Diadem: and therefore was unto me Traytor, and more woes fall upon my soul than there be hairs upon my head, and may the sorrows of old Priam be my last punishment.

What doth it profit me to fill the ayre with lamentations, when that the crime is already past, without all remedy or hope of comfort this being said, he gave a grievous and terrible sigh, and so held his peace.

Rosina by those heavy and sorrowful lamentations, together with his reasons which she heard, knew him to be her disloyal Father, whom she had so long travelled after to find out: but when she remembered how that his unfaithfulness and unkindness was the death of her Mother, her heart endured such extreme pain and sorrow, that she was constrained (without any feeling) to fall down to the ground.

But yet her courageous heart could not remain long in that passion, but straightways he rose up again upon her feet, with a desire to perform her Mothers will, but yet not intending to discover her name, nor to reveal unto him that she was his Daughter. So with this thought and determination, she went unto the place where Leoger was, who when he heard the noise of her coming, straight ways started upon his feet.

When Rosina did salute him with a voice somewhat heavy, and Leoger did return his salutations with no less show of grace.

When the Amazonian Lady took forth the Letter from her naked breast, where so long time she had kept it, and she delivered it into his hands, and said:

Is it that thou art that forgetful and disloyal Knight, which left the unfortunate Queen of Armenia (with so great pain and sorrow) big with child among those unmerciful Tygranes her Countrymen, which banished her out of her Country in revenge of thy committed crime, where ever since she hath been companion with wild Beasts, that in their natures have lamented her banishment.

Leoger,

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Leoger, when he heard her say these words, began to behold her, and although his eyes were all to be blubbered and weary of weeping, yet he most earnestly gazed in her face, and answered her in this manner.

I will not deny to thee gentle Amazonian (said he) that which the very clouds do blush at, and the low earth doth mourn for. Thou shalt understand that I am the same Knight whom thou hast demanded after, tell me therefore what is thy will.

My will is, said she, thou most ungrateful Knight, that thou read here this Letter, the last work of the white hand of the unhappy Armenia Queen.

At which words the Knight was so troubled in thought, and grieved in mind, that it was almost the occasion to dissolve his Soul from his body, and cheremichal putting forth his hand somewhat trembling, he took the Letter, and set himself down very sorrowful upon the green grass, without any power to the contrary, his grief to abundance the bounds of reason.

So sooner had he opened the Letter, but he presently knew it to be written by the hands of his wronged Lady, the Armenian Queen, and with great alteration both of heart and mind he read the sorrowful lines, which contained these words following:

### The Queen of Armenia her Letter.

TO thee thou disloyal Knight of the Black Castle, the unfortunate Queen of Armenia can neither send nor wish salutations: for having no health my self, I cannot send it unto him whose cruel mind hath quite forgotten my true love: I cannot but lament continually, yea, and complain unto my Fates incessantly, considering that my fortune is converted from a Crowned Queen to a miserable and banished Caitiff, whereas savage Beasts are my chief Companions, and the mournful Birds my best Solicitors. Oh Leoger, Leoger, why didst thou leave me comfortless without all cause, as did Oress his unfortunate Dido? what second love hath bereaved me of thy sight, and made thee forget her that ever shall remember thee? O Leoger, remember the day when first I saw thy face; which day be fatal evermore, and counted for a dismal day in time to come, both heavy, black, and full of foul mischances, for it was unhappy unto me, for in giving thee joy, I bereaved my self of all, and lost the possession of my liberty and honour, although thou hast not esteemed nor took care of my sorrowful Fortunes, yet thou shouldest not have mockt my perfect love, and disclaimed the fervent affection that I have born thee, in that I have yielded to thee that pre-

## The Second Part of the

cious Jewel, the which hath been denyed to many a Noble King, love, cruel and spiteful love, that so quickly didst make me blind, and deprived me of the knowledge that belonged to my Royall Highness: Oh uncourteous Knight, being blinded with thy Love: the Queen of Armenia stained her honesty, which she ought to have kept, and preserved it from the biting canker of disloyal love: Hadst thou pretended to mock me, thou shouldst not have suffered me to have lost so much as I did forgo for thy sake.

Tell me why didst thou not suffer me to execute my Will, that I might have opened my white Breast with a Piercing Sword, and sent my soul to shady Banks of sweet Elizium? then had it been better for me to have dyed, than to live still and dayly die.

Remember thy self Leager, and behold the harm that will come hercof: have thou a care to the Pawn which thou hast sealed in my Womb, and let it be an occasion that thou maist (after all thy violent wrongs) return to see me sleeping on my Tomb, that my child may not remain Fatherless in the Power of wild Beasts, whose hearts be fraught with nothing but cruelty. Do not consent that the perfect love which I bear thee should be counted vain, but rather perform the Promise which thou hast made to me.

Oh unkind Leager, O cruel and hard heart! is falsehood the firm love that so unfeignedly thou didst profess to me? What is he that hath been more unmerciful than thou hast been? There is no furious Beast nor lurking Lyon in the Desarts of Lybia, whose merciless pawes are all besmeared in blood, that is so cruelly hearted as thy self, else wouldst thou not leave me comfortless, spending my days in solitary Woods; whereas Tygers mourn at my distresses, and the chirping Birds in their kinds, grieve at my lamentations: the unreasonable torments and sorrows of my soul are so many that if my Pen were made of Libyan Steel, and my ink the purple Ocean, yet could I not write the number of my woes.

But now I determine to advertise thee of my desired death, for in writing this my last Testament, the Fates are cutting asunder my thread of life, and I can give thee knowledge of no more: but yet I desire thee by the true love which I bear thee, that thou wilt read with sorrow these few lines, and now I desire the destinies that thou mayest die the death that for thee I now do. And so I end.

By her which did yield unto thee her Life,  
Love, Honour, Fame, and Liberty.

**W**hen this sad and heavy Knight had made an end of reading this dolorous Letter, he could not restrain his eyes from



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distilling salt tears, so great was the grief that his heart sustained : Rosana did likewise bear him company to solemnize his heaviness, with as many tears trickling from the conduits of her eyes.

The great sorrow and lamentation was such and so much in both their hearts, that for a great space the one could not speak an o the other : but afterwards their griefs being somewhat extenuated, Leoger began to say :

O! Challenger from her, with the remembrance of whole wrong my heart is wounded, being undeservably of me evilly rewarded : tell me (even by the nature of true love) if thou dost know where she is : shew unto me her abiding place, that I may go thither and give a discharge of this my great fault by yielding unto death.

O! cruel and without love (answered Rosana) what discharge canst thou give unto her that already (through thy cruelty) is dead and buried, only by the occasion of such a sorrowful Knight ?

This penitent and grieved Knight, when he understood the certainty of her death, with a sudden and hasty fury he struck himself on the breast with his fist, and lifting his eyes unto the Clouds, in manner of exclamation against the Fates, giving up and sorrowful sighs, he threw himself to the ground : tumbling and wallowing from one side unto the other, without taking any care, or having any power or strength to declare the inward grief which at that time he felt, but with lamentation which did torment his heart, he called continually on the Armenian Queen, and in that Devilish fury wherein he was, drew out his Dagger, and lifting up the shirt of his heart of Spain, he thrust it into his body, and giving himself this unhappy death (with calling upon his wronged Lady,) he finished his life, and fell so the ground.

This sad and heavy Lady when she beheld him so desperately to gore his mortal Breast, and to fall like a stone to the Earth, she greatly repented her self that she had not discovered her name, and revealed to him how that she was his unfortunate Daughter, whose fate before that time he had never beheld, and as a Lion, though all to late, who seeing before her eyes a young Lioness well increased of the Hunter, even so he ran unto her murdered Father, and with great speed pulled off his Helmet from his wounded head, and uncovered his Honour the which was in colour according to his passion, but yet as strong as any Diamond, made by Pagels Art.

After he took away his Helmet which had on it a black Flag, and in the middle thereof was portrayed the God of Love with his arrows, the one was very fair and white with a crown on his eyes, and the other was made marvellous fierce and furious.

Th's

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This being done with a fair linnen cloath she wiped off the bloody from his wounded Body.

And when she was certain that it was he after whom she had travelled so many steps, and that he was without life, with a furious madnes she tore her Aprons from her Head, and all to rent her golden hair, tearing it in pieces, and then returned again and wiped his bleeding body, making such sorrowful lamentation, that whoso ever had seen her, would have been moved to compassion.

Then she took his Head betwixt her hands striving to lift it up, and to lay it upon her Lap, but seeing for all this, that there was no moving him, she joined her face unto his pale and dead Cheeks, and with sorrowful words she said :

Dear Father, open thine eyes and behold me, open them sweet Father, and look upon me thy sorrowful Daughter : If Fortune be so favourable, let me receive some contentment whilst Life remaineth : Oh strengthen thy self to look upon me, wherein such delight may come to me, that we may one accompany the other.

Oh my Lord and only Father, seeing that in former times my unfortunate Mothers tears were not sufficient to reclaim thee, make me satisfaction for the great travel which I have taken in seeking thee out.

Come now in death and joy in the sight of thy unhappy Daughter, and Die not without seeing her : open thine eyes that she may gratifie thee in dying with thee.

This being said, Rosana began again to wipe his Body, for that it was again all to be bathed in blood, & with her white hands she felt his eyes and mouth, and all his Face and Head, all such time as she touched his Breast, and put her hand on the mortal wound, where she held it still and looked upon him whether he moved or no.

But when she felt him without sense or feeling she began anew to complain, and crying out with most terrible exclamations, she said :

Oh my hapless Father, how many troubles and great Travels hath thy Daughter passed in seeking thee, watering the Earth with her Tears, and always in vain calling for thee : Oh how many times in naming thy name hath she been answered with an Echo, which was unto her great dolour and grief : And now that Fortune hath brought her where thou art, to rejoyce her self in thy presence, the same Fortune hath converted her wishes into grief and dolour. O cruel and unconstant Queen of Chance, hath Rosana deserved this, to be most afflicted when she expected some joy : O longer, if ever thou wilt open thine eyes, now open them, or let the glasses of

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of mine he closed eternally.

He reuolted she perceived his dim eyes to open, and his senses not a little gathered together: and when he saw himself in her Arms, and understood by her words, that she was his Daughter, whom he had by the unfortunate Queen of Armenia, he suddenly strobe against wracknes, and at last recovering some strength, he cast his yielding Arms about the milk-white neck of the fair Rosana, and they joynd their Faces the one with the other, distilling betwixt them many salt and bitter tears, in such sort that it would haue moved the very wild Beasts unto compassion; and then with a feeble and weak voyce the wounded Knight said:

O my Daughter, unfortunate by my disloyalty, let me recreate and comfort my self, in insaying this thy mouth, the time that I shall remain alive, and before my silly Soul doth depart the company of my dying Body: I do confesse that I haue been pittifull unto thy Father, and unkind to thee, in making thee to trauel with great sorrow in seeking me, and now thou hast found me, I must leave thee alone in this sorrowful place with my dead Body pale and wan, yet before my death sweet Girl give me mine sweet gentle kisses: this only delight I crave for the little time I haue to lye, & afterwards I desire thee to intomb my Body in thy Fathers Grave, though it be far in distance from this unlucky Country.

O my dear Lord (answered she) do you request me to giue your Body a Sepulchre: I thinke it more requisite, to seek some to giue it unto us both: for I know my life cannot continue long, if the angry Fates deprive me of your living company. And without strength to proceed any farther in speeches, he kissed his Face with many sobbings and sighs, and having within her self a terrible conflict, she tarried for the answer of her dying Father, who with pain and great anguish of death, said:

O my Child, how happy should I be, that, thus embracing one in anothers Arms, we might depart together? then should I be joyfull in thy company, and account my self happy in my death: but alas, I must leave thee unto the World. Daughter farewell, good Fortune preserve thee, and for ever may she take thee into her Favour. And when he had said these words, tuckling his neck upon the Face of Rosana he dyed.

When this sorrowful Lady saw that the Soul had got the victory, and departed from the Body, she kissed his pale lips; and glowing deep and dolorous sighs, she began a marvellous and most heauy lamentation, calling her self unhappy and unfortunate, and laid her self upon the dead body, curling her belinies, so that it was lamentable to hear.

The Second part of the

O my dear Father, said she, what small benefit have I received for all my travel and pain, the which I have suffered in seeking thee, & now in the finding of thee, the more is my grief, for that I came to see thee die: O most unhappy that I am, where was my mind when I saw that fatal Dagger pierce thy tender Breast? whereon was my thoughts: wherefore did I stand still, and did not with courage make resistance against that terrible and fatal blow?

If my strength would not have served me, yet at the least I should then have doyn thee company. You furious Beasts that are hid in your Dens and deep Caves, where are you now? why do you not come and take pity upon my grief in taking away my life? doing so, you shew your selves pitiful, for that I do abhor this dolorous life.

Yet all this while she did not forget the promise that she made him, which was to give his body burial in her Fathers Tomb. Which was the occasion that she did somewhat cease her lamentation, and taking an o her self more courage than her sorrowful grief would consent unto, she put the dead Body under a broad-branched Pine-apple Tree, and covered it with leaves and green grass, and withal hung his Armour upon the boughs, in hope, that the sight thereof would cause some adventurous Knight to approach her presence, that in kindness would assist her to inform him. This done here we will leave Rosana weeping over her Fathers Body, and speak of the Necromancer after his flight from the Black Castle.

C H A P. XIII.

Now the Magician found Leegers Armour hanging upon a Pine Tree, kept by Rosana the Queens Daughter of Armenia, betwixt whom hapned a terrible Battle: also of the desperate death of the Lady: and after, how the Magician framed by Magick Art an Enchanted Sepulchre, wherein he inclosed himself from the sight of all humane Creatures.

I Am sure you do well remember, when the Christian Knights had conquered the Black Castle, which was kept by Enchantment, how the furious Necromancer to preserve his life fled from the same, carried by his Art through the ayre in an Iron Chariot, drawn by two flying Dragons: in which charmed Chariot, he cruised over many parts and plains of the Eastern Climates.

At last, being weary of his journey, he put himself into the thickest of a Forrest, wherein travelling with his whirling Dragons,

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mons, he never rested till he came unto a mighty and broad River, the which seemed to be an arm of the Marble-coloured Ocean: there he alighted from his Chariot for to refresh himself, and took water with his hands and drank thereof, and washed his face: and as he found himself all alone, there came into his mind many thoughts of his forepassed life, and how he was vanquished by the Christian Knights, for which with great anger he gave terrible sighs, and began to curse not only the hour of his Birth, but the whole world, and all the generations of Mankind.

Likewise he remembered the great sorrow and travel that he ever since had endured, and what cruel travellings Brights did endure: In these variable cogitations spent he the time away till golden Phoebus began to incorporate himself into his accustomed Lodging, to hide his light in the Occidental parts, and thenceforth drew on the dark and cenebrious night, which was the occasion that his pain did the more increase: all that night he passed away with such sorrowful lamentations for his late disgraces, that all the Woods and Mountains did resound his woful exclamations, till that Sol with his glittering beams began again to recover the Earth.

The which being seen by the Magician, with a trice he arose up, and intending to prosecute his journey, but lifting up his eyes towards the Elements, he discovered hanging upon a high and mighty Vine-apple Tree the Armour of Lancelot.

This Armour was hung there by Rosana, in the remembrance of his death, as you heard in the last Chapter. And although it had almost lost the wanted colour, and began to rust through the abundance of rain that had fallen thereon, yet for all that it seemed of a great value and of a wonderful richness: so without any further circumspection or cogitation, he took down the Knights Armour, and armed himself therewith, and when he had lacked no more to put on but the Helmet, he heard a voice that said: Be not so hardy thou Knight as to undo this Trophie, except thou prepare thy self to win it by the Sword.

The Magician at this unexpected noise; cast his head on the one side, and eyed Rosana newly awaked from a heavy sleep, most richly Armed with a strong Enchaniced Armour, after the manner of the Amazonians, but for all that he did not let to make an end of arming himself, and having laced on his Burgonet, he went towards the Demander with his Sword ready drawn in his hand, inviting her to a mortal battle.

Rosana, who saw his determination, did promise to defend her self, and offend her enemy.



## The Second Part of the

O my Wife! that I had but learned eloquence for to set out and declare the notable encounters of these two Gallant Warriours: Rosana though she was but a Feminine by nature, yet was she as bold in Heroical adventures as any Knight in the World, except the invincible Christian Champions.

But now return we to our History. The valiant Amazonian when her enemy came unto her, she struck him so terrible a blow upon the visour of his Helmet, that with the fury thereof she made spales of fire to issue out with great abundance, and forced him to bow his head unto his breast.

The Magician did return unto her his salutation, and struck her such a blow upon her Helmet, that with the great noise thereof it made a sound in all the Mountains. And so began between them a marvellous and fearful Battle. Fortune not willing to use her utmost remedy, inclined the scale to neither party, nor as yet gave the conquest to any, all the time of the conflict, the furious Magician and the valiant Amazonian thought on no other thing, but either of them endeavoured to bring the other to an overthrow, striking each at other such terrible blows, and with so great fury, that many times it made either of them senseless, and both seeing the great force one of another, were marvellously incensed with anger.

Then the valiant Lady threw her shield at her back, that with more force she might strike and hurt her enemy, and therewithal gave him so strong a blow upon the Buttock, that he fell quite asunder to the Earth without any feeling.

But when the Magician came again to himself he returned Rosana such a terrible blow, that if it had chanced to hit right upon her, it would have cleaved her Head in pieces, but with great discretion she cleared her Head in such sort that it was stricken in vain, and with great agility she retired, and struck the Magician so furiously, that she made him once again to fall to the ground all astonished, and there appeared at the visour of his Helmet, great abundance of blood that issued out of his mouth: but presently he revived and got up in a trice, with so great anger, that the smoke which came from his mouth seemed like a mist before his Helmet, so that almost it could not be seen.

When thus furious Devil blaspheming against his hard hap, having his sharp sword very fast in his hand, ran towards his enemy, who (without any fear of his fury) went forth to receive him: and when they met together, they discharged their blows at once: but it happened that the Amazonians blow did first fall, with so great strength that for all the Helmet of the Magician, which

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which was wrought of the strongest Steel, it was not sufficient to make defence, but with the rigorous force wherewith it was charged, it bended in such sort that it brake into pieces: and the Bagicians head was so grievously wounded, that streams of blood ran down his Armour, and he was forced for want of strength to yield to the mercy of the valiant Lady, who quickly condescended to his requests, upon this condition, that he would be a means to convey her Fathers dead Body to an Island near adjoining to the Borders of Armenia, and there to Intomb it in her Wifes Grave, as he promised when that his Ayre of life fled from his body.

The Bagician for safeguard of his life, presently agreed to perform her desires, and protested to accomplish whatsoever she commanded.

Then presently by his Art he prepared his Iron Chariot: with his flying Dragons in a readines, wherein he laid the murdered Body of Leoger upon a pillow of Apples, and likewise placed themselves therein, wherein they were no sooner entered, with necessaries belonging to their Travels, but they fled as how the Ayre more swift than a Whirl-wind, or a Ship sailing on the Seas in a stormy tempest.

The wonders that he performed by the way, be so many and marvellous, that I want an Orators Eloquence to describe them, and a Poets skill to express them.

But to be short, when Rosana was desirous to eat, and that her hunger increased by his Charms he would procure Birds (of their own accords) to fall out of the Skies, and yield themselves unto their pleasure, with all things necessary to suffice their wants.

Thus Rosana with her Fathers dead body, carried through the ayre by Bagick Art, over Hills and Dales, Mountains and Valleys, Woods and Forests, Towns and Cities, and through many both wonderful and strange places and Countreys.

And at last, they arrived near unto the Confines of Armenia, lying in the place of their long desired rest. But when they approached near unto the Queens of Armenia's Grave, they descended from their Chartered Chariot, and bore Leoger's body to his burying place, the which they found (since Rosana's departure) overgrown with Moss and withered Branches: Yet for all that they opened the Sepulchre and laid his Body yet freshly bleeding upon his Wifes consumed Carcass: which being done, the Bagician covered the Grave again with earth, and laid thereon green Turf, which made it seem as though it never had been opened.

All the time that the Bagician was performed the Ceremonies

- and The Second part of the

and Funeral, Rosana watered the Earth with her tears, never twiſ-  
d away her eyes from looking upon the Grave: and when it was  
finiſhed ſhe ſat in a ſorrowful lamentation, ſaying:

Oh cruel Deſtinies (ſaid ſhe) ſith your rigours have bereaved me of  
both my Parents, and left me to the World a comfortleſs Orphan, re-  
ceive the ſacrifice to my chaſtity, in payment of your Vengeance, and  
let my blood here ſhed upon this Grave ſhew the ſingleneſs of my heart.  
And with the like ſolemnity may all their hearts be broken in pieces, that  
ſeek the downfall and diſhonour of Ladies.

As ſhe was uttering theſe and the like ſorrows, ſhe took forth a  
naked Sword which ſhe had ready for the ſame effect, and putting  
the Point to the ground, caſt her breaſt upon the point. The  
which ſhe did with ſuch furious violence and exceeding haſte, that  
the Magician although he was there preſent, could not ſuccour  
her, nor prevent her from committing on her ſelf ſo bloody a  
fact.

This ſudden miſchance ſo amazed him, and ſo grieved his Soul  
that his heart ( for a time ) would not content that his tongue  
ſhould ſpeak one word to expreſs his paſſion. But at laſt ( hav-  
ing taken ſome time with ſorrow, and recovering his former  
ſpeech ) he took up the dead body of Rosana, bathed all in  
blood and likewiſe buried her in her Parents Grave: and over  
the ſame hung an Epitaph that did declare the occaſion of all their  
deaths.

This being done, to expreſs the ſorrows of his heart for the  
ſperate death of ſuch a Magnanimous Lady, and the rather to ex-  
empt himſelf from the company of all humane creatures, he erected  
over the Grave by Magic Art a very ſtately Tomb, which was  
in this order framed: Fiſt, there were ſet four Pillars, every  
one of a very fine Marble: upon which was placed a Sepulchre of  
Cyſtal: within the Sepulchre there ſeemed to be two fair La-  
dies: the one having her breaſt pierced thorow with a Sword, and  
the other with a Crown of Gold upon her Head, and ſo lean of  
body that ſhe ſeemed to pine away: and upon the Sepulchre there  
lay a Knight all along, with his face looking up to the Heavens,  
and armed with a Coſt of fine Steel, of a richer enamelling:  
under the Sepulchre there was ſpread abroad a great Carpet of  
Gold, and upon it two Pillars of the ſame, and upon them lay an  
old ſhepherd and his ſheep-hook lying at his feet: his eyes were  
ſhut, and out of them were diſtilled many pearled tears: at ei-  
ther Pillar there was a Gentlewoman of a comely feature, the one  
of them ſeemed to be murdered, and the other raviſhed.

And

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And near unto the Sepulchre there lay a terrible great Beast, headed like a Lyon, his breast and body like a Wolf, and his tail like a Scorpion : which seemed to spie continually flames of fire. The Sepulchre was compassed about with a Wall of Iron, with four Gates for to enter in thereto : the Gates were after the manner and colour of fine Diamonds : and directly over the top of the chiefest Gate stood a Marble Pillar, whereon hung a Table written with red Letters, the Contents whereof were as follow :

So long shall breath upon this brittle Earth  
The Framers of this stately Monument,  
Till that three Children of a Wondrous Birth,  
Out of the Northern Climate shall be sent :  
They shall obscure his Name, as fates agree,  
And by his fall the Fiends shall tamed be.

This Monument was no sooner framed by the assistance of Platon's Legions, and maintained by their Devilish powers, but the Necromancer inclosed himself within the Walls, where he consorted chiefly with Furies and walking Spirits, that continually fed upon his blood, and lest their damnable teals sticking upon his left side, as a sure token and witness that he had given both his soul and body to their Governments after the date of his mortal life was finished.

In which enchanted Sepulchre we will leave him for a time conferring with his damnable Gates, and return to the Christian Knights where we left them travelling towards Babylon, to place the King again in his Kingdom.

### CHAP. XIV.

How the seven Champions of Christendom restored the Babylonian King unto the Kingdom : and after how honourably they were received at Rome, where Saint George fell in love with the Emperours Daughter, being a professed Nun : of the mischief that ensued thereby, and of the desperate end of young Lucius Prince of Rome.

THE valiant Christian Champions, having as you heard in the Chapter going before ; performed the adventure of the Enchanted Monument, accompanied the Babylonian King to his Kingdom of Assyria as they had all solemnly promised him.

## The Second Part of the

But when they approached the Confines of Babylon, and made no question of peaceful and Princely entertainment, there was neither sign of peace nor likelihood of joyful and friendly welcome, for all the Country rag'd with intestine War, four several Competitors unfully striving for what unto the King properly and of right belonged.

The unnatural Contests and strivers up to this blood-debouting controversie, were four Noble men, unto whom the King unadvisedly committed the Government of his Realm, when he went in the Tragical pursuit of his fair Daughter, after his dreamed illusion that caused him so cruelly to seek her Death. And the breaking out in o this tumultuary grew first to head in this manner following:

Two yeors after the Kings departure, these Deputies governed the pacolick Seat in great peace, and with prudent Policy, till after no tryings of the King could be heard, notwithstanding so many Wellengers as were in o every quarter of the World sent to enquire of him: then did Ambition kindle in all their hearts, each, striving to wrest into his hand the sole possession of the Babylonian Kingdom.

To this end, they all made several Friends: for this had they reason entered in many fights; and now lastly, they intended to set all their hopes upon this main chance of War, intending to fight all three fell, and one remained Victoz over the rest: whose Head should be beautified with a Crown.

But Treasons and Treason the end is sudden and shamefull for no looner had S. George (placing himself between the batties) in a brief Quanton shewed the adventures of the King, and he himself to the People discovered his reverend Face, but they all shouted for joy, and hailing the Murpers presently to death, they re-installed him in his ancient Dignity, their true, lawful, and long-lookt-for King.

The King being thus restored, married Fidelia for her faithfulness: and after the Nuptial Feasts, the Champions (at the earnest request of S. Anthony) departed towards Italy: where in Rome the Emperour spared no cost honourably & most sumptuously to entertain those never-damned Knights, the famous wonders of Christendom.

At that time of the year when the Summers Duxen had beautified the Earth with interchangeable Ornaments, S. George (in company of the Emperour with the rest of the Champions, conduced to walk along by the side of the River Tyber, to delight themselves with the pleasant Meads, and beautiful prospect of the Country.

Be.



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Before they had walked half a mile from the City, they approached unto an ancient Sunnery, which was very fair and of a stately Building, and likewise encompassed about with Christal Streams and many green Meadows, furnished with all manner of beautiful Trees and Fragrant Flowers.

This Sunnery was consecrated to Diana the Queen of Chastity, and none were suffered to live therein, but such chaste Ladies and Virgins as had vowed themselves to a single life, and to keep their Virginities for ever unsported.

In this place the Emperours only Daughter, lived as a professed Nun, and exempted her self from all company, except it were the fellowship of chaste and Religious Virgins.

This virtuous Lucina (for so was she called) having intelligence before, by the Overseers of the Sunnery, how that the Emperours Father with many other Knights, were coming to visit their Religious Habitation, against their approach she attyred her self in a Gown of white Satin, all laced over with gold Lace, having also her golden locks of hair somewhat laced loose. And upon her head was knit a Garland of sweet smelling Flowers, which made her seem like some Celestial or Divine Creature.

Her beauty was so excellent, that it might have quailed the heart of Cupid, and her chastity exceeded the Paphian Queens. Never could nature with all her cunning stream more beauty in any one Creature, than was upon her Face: nor never could the flattering Syrens more beguile the Traveler, than did her bright countenance enchant the English Champion: for at his first entrance into the Sunnery, he was so ravished with her sight, that he was not able to withhold his eyes from her beauty, but stood gazing upon her rosie coloured Cheeks, like one bewitched with Medusa's looks. And so he stood, her beauty seemed so Angelical, and the burning flames of love to fire his heart, that he must either enjoy her company, or give end to his life by some untimely means.

Saint George being wounded thus with the Dart of Love, dissembled his grief, and revealed it not to any one, but departed with the Emperours back again to the City, leaving his heart behind him, closed in the holy Monastery with his lovely Lucina.

All that ensuing night he could not enjoy the benefit of sleep, but did contemplate upon the Divine beauty of his Lady, and strangled his mind with a thousand several cogitations how he might attain to the love, being a chaste Virgin and a professed Nun.

In this manner spent he away the night and no sooner appeare-

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appeared the mornings brightness in at the Chamber window, but he arose from his restless bed, and crept himself in waichet welber, to signify his true Love, and wandred all alone unto the Monastery, where he revealed his deep affection unto the Lady, who was as far from granting to his Request, as the Skies from the Earth, or the deepest Seas the highest Elements: for she protest- ed while life remained within her body, never to yield her love in the way of Marriage to any one, but to remain a pure Virgin, and of Diana's Train.

An other resolution could Saint George get of the chaste Sun, which caused him to part in great discontent, intending to seek by some other means to obtain her love, so coming to the rest of the Christian Champions, he reveals to them the truth of all things that had hapned: who in this manner counselles him, that he should provide a multitude of Armed Knights, every one bearing in their hands a Sword ready drawn, & to enter the Monastery, at such time as the little midnight, and first with magnific, and fair and kind speeches to seek her love, but if she pleased not, to kill her ears with cruel threatenings, protesting that if she will not grant to requite his love with like affections, he would not leave one Stone of that Monastery standing upon another, any likewise make her a bloody offering up to Diana.

This policy like a well Saint George, though he intended not to interfere such cruelties: In the next morning by break of day he went unto the Monastery in company of no other but the Christian Champions, Armed in bright Armour with their glittering Swords ready drawn, which they carried under their blue Cloaks to prevent sus- pition.

But when they came to the Monastery, and had entered into the Chamber of Ladies (whom then found kneeling upon the bare ground at her Ceremonious Prayers) Saint George first protested for hisde- mals by fair promises, but finding that thereby he nothing prevail- ed, he then made known his pretended merciful purpose, and thereupon all of them making their bright Swords against her ver- tuous breast, they threatened (though contrary to their promise) that except she would yield to Saint George her unconquered Love, they would dash their daggers in her dearest blood. At which words the distressed Virgin being overcharged with fear, sunk down prostrate to the ground, and lay for a time in a dead agony, but in the end recovering her self, she lifted up her Angelical Face, shrouded under a cloud of pale sorrow, and in this manner declared her mind:

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Most Renowned, and well approved Knight (said she) it is as difficult to me to climb up to the highest top of Heaven, as to persuade my mind to yield to the fulfilling of your requests. The pure and chaste Goddess Diana that lies now crowned amongst the golden Stars, will revenge my perjured promise, if I yield to your desires. For I have long since deeply vowed to spend my days in this Religious House, in honour of her Deity, and not to yield the flower of my Virginity to any one, which now I will not infringe for all the Wealth of Rome: you know brave Champions, that in time the water drops will mollifie the hardest Diamond, and time may root this resolution out of my head. Therefore I request you by honour of true Knight-hood, and by the loves you bear to your native Countrey, to grant me the liberty within ten days, that I may at full consider with my heart before I give an answer to your demands, and to the intent that I may make some publick sacrifices, as well to appease the wrath which the chaste Goddess Diana may conceive against me, as to satisfy my own soul for not fulfilling my Vow.

These words were no sooner ended, but the Champions in consent presently without any more delay joyfully consented, and moreover enforced themselves to be all present at the same sacrifice, and so departed from the Monastery with exceeding great comfort.

The Champions being gone, Lucina called together all the rest of the Nuns, and declared to them the whole business of her affair: where after amongst this Religious company with the help of some number of their approved Friends, they devised a most strange sacrifice, which hath since been the occasion that so many humane and bloody sacrifices have been committed.

The next morning after five days were finished, so sooner did bright Phœbus show his golden beams abroad, but the Nuns began to prepare all things in readiness for the sacrifice: for directly before the door of the Monastery they hired cunning work-men to erect a Scaffold, all well richly covered with Cloth of Gold, and upon the Scaffold (about the middle thereof) was placed a large Table, covered also with a Carpet of Cloth of Gold, and upon it a Chalice full of Chrysom Wine: all this being set in good order, the Governor with the Christian Champions, and many other Roman Knights, with sundry Nobles, the Preliminary sacrifice, while the Nuns were singing Mass, they were brought into the Church, and kneeling down, there was read a long Mass, and then the

The Nuns being then, there was read a long Mass, and then the

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next unto them were brought seven Rams, all adorned with fine white Wool more soft in feeling than Arabian Silk, with huge and mighty charged Horns, bound about with Garlands of Flowers : after them followed a certain number of Dams attyred in black Vestures, singing their accustomed Songs in the honour of Diana : after them followed an ancient Patron drawn in a Chariot by four comely Virgins, bringing in their hands the Image of Diana : and on either side of her two ancient Dams of great estimation, each of them bearing in their hands rich vessels of gold, full of most precious and sweet wines : then after all this came the beautiful Lucina apparelled with a rich Robe of estate, being of a great and inestimable value.

Thus ceremoniously she ascended the Scaffold, where the Patron placed the Image of Diana behind the Chinking-dish of Coals that was there burning : and the rest of the Dams continued still singing their Songs and drinking of the precious Wines that were brought in the Golden Vessels. This being done, they all at once brought low the necks of the Rams by cutting their throats, whose blood they sprinkled round about the Scaffold, and opened their bowels, and burned the inward parts in the Chinking-dish of Coals.

Thus with the slaughter, they made Sacrifice to the Queen of Chastity : at the sight whereof was present the surfsitting Lover Sir George, with the other six Christian Knights, Armed all in bright Armour, & were all very attentive to this that I have here told you.

This Sacrifice ended, this Lucina commanded Silence to be made, and when all the company were still, she raised her self upon her feet, and with a heavy voyce distilling many salt tears she said :

O most excellent and chaste Diana, in whose blessed bosom we undressed Virgins do recreate our selves, unto thy most Divine excellency do I now commend this my last Sacrifice, calling to record all the Gods, that I have done my best to continue a spotless Maiden of thy most beautiful Train.

O heavens, shall I consent to deliver my Virginitie willingly to him whose soul desires to have the use of it : or shall I my self consent my utter ruine and sorrowful destruction, which proceedeth only by the means of my flourishing beauty ? I would it had been as the Night Ravens, or like to the Talow tanned Dogon in the farthest mountains of India.

O Sacred Diana thou blessed Queen of Chastity, is it possible that thou dost content that a Virgin should seem to have a Man as I am, should suffer the weakness of her weakness to be spotted by yielding her Virgin honour to the conquest of Love without respecting the Cost now I make unto thy Altar ?

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Well, seeing it is so that I must needs violate my self against all humane nature, I beseech thee to receive the solemnity of this my death, which I offer up in Sacrifice to thy Divine excellency: for I am here constrained with mine own trembling hand to cut off the flourishing Branches of these my days. For this I swear before the Majesty of Diana, that I had rather offer up my Soul into the Society and sacred bosome of that great Goddes, than to yield the Castle of my Chastity to the conquest of any Knight in the World.

And now to thee I speak thou valiant Knight of England, behold here I yield unto thy hands my lifeless Body, to use according to thy will and pleasure, requesting only this thing at thy hand, that as thou lovest me living thou wilt love me dead, and like a merciful Champion suffer me to receive a Princely Funerals: *the world is*

At last of all to thee Divine Diana doe I speak, accept of this my bleeding Soul, that with so much blood is offered unto thee.

So in finishing this sorrowful speech, she drew out a fair and bright shining Sword, which she had hidden secretly under her Cloak, and setting the point against the Scaffold (little looked for of her Father and those that were present) she suddenly threw her self upon the point of that Sword in such furious manner, that it parted her bloody heart in sunder, and so rendered her Soul to the union of her unto whom she offered her most bloody and painful sacrifice.

What Wall I here declare the lamentable sorrows and pitiful lamentation that was there made by her Father and other Roman Knights that were present at this unhappy mischance: so great it was, that the Wall of the Monastery Echoed, and their pitiful cries ascended to the Clouds.

But none was more grieved in mind than the admired English Champion, who (like a man distraught of sense) in great fury rushed amongst the people, throwing them down on every side, till he ascended upon the Scaffold: and approaching the dead Body of Lucina, he took her up in his arms, and with a sorrowful and passionate voice he said: O my beloved joy, and late my own heart's delight, is this the Sacrifice wherein (through thy despatchment) thou hast deceived me, who loved thee more than thy self? is this thy repine that thou requirest for seven days, wherein thou hast concluded thy own Death and my utter Confusion.

O noble Lucina and my beloved Lady, if this were thy intention, why didst thou not first Sacrifice thy Sorrow and Love, wholly subjected unto thy Divine Beauty, and be unto me, and was he not my unhappy enterprize: for by it is she lost, who was made Sovereign Lady of my heart.



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**Diana**, accused be this Change, because thou hast consented to so bloody a Tragedy: for I do here protest that never more shalt thou be worshipped, but in thy stead in every Land and Countrey where the English Champion cometh shall **Lutina** be adored. For from henceforth will I seek to diminish thy Name, and blot it from the Godhead of the Firmament: yea, and utterly moving it for ever, so that there shall never more memory remain of thee for this thy bloody Tyranny, in suffering so lamentable a Sacrifice.

**Polonius** had he delivered these speeches, but incensed with fury he drew his sword, and parced the Image of **Diana** into two pieces, protesting to ruinate the Goddess within whose statue the device of this bloody Sacrifice was concluded.

The sorrow and extreme grief of the Roman Emperour exceeded for the mischance of his Daughter, that he fell to the Earth in a senseless swoond, and was carried by certain of his Knights half dead with grief home to his Palace, where he remained speechless by the space of thirty days.

The Emperour had a soon as valiant in arms as any born Italian, except **Anthony**. This young Prince, whose name was **Lucius**, seeing his sisters timeless death and by what means it was committed, he presently incensed such a Train of an hundred armed Knights which continually attended upon his Person to assail the discontented Champions, and by force of arms to revenge his sisters death.

His resolution so encouraged the Roman Knights, but especially the Emperours Son, that within these two companies began as terrible a Battle as ever was fought by any Knights, the fierceness of their blows so exceeded the one side against the other, that they did resemble Echoes, which picked a terrible noise in the neighbouring woods.

This Battle did continue betwixt them both day and night for the space of two hours, by which time the valour of the Roman Champions was wearied, that most of the Roman Knights were discomfited and slain: some had their heads parted from their shoulders, some had their Arms and Legs lopped off, and some lay breathless, weltering in their own blood, in which encounter many a Roman Lay lost her husband, many a Widow was bereaved of her Son, and many a Child left fatherless, to the great sorrow of the whole Country.

But when the valiant Young Prince of Rome saw his Champions discomfited, and he left alone with many a noble Champion, he presently set upon to his Doyle, and led from thence a heap of dust forced by a whirlwind.

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After whom the Champions would not pursue, accounting it no glory to their Names to triumph in the overthrow of a single Knight, but remained still by the Monastery, where they buried the sacrificed Virgin, under a Marble Stone close by the Monastery Wall: The which being done to their contentments, St. George engraven this Epitaph upon the same Stone with the point of his Dagger, which was in this wise following.

Under this Marble Stone inter'd doth lie,  
Luckless Lucina, yet of Beauty bright:  
Who to maintain her spotless Chastity,  
Against the assaillment of an English Knight,  
Upon a Blade her tender Breast she cast;  
A bloody Offering to Diana chaste.

So, when he had written this Epitaph, the Christian Champions mounted upon their swift-footed Horses, and had adieu to the unhappy confines of Italy, hoping to find better Fortunes or other Conquests. In which Travels we will leave them for a time, and speak of the Prince of Rome: who after the discomfiture of the Roman Knights, fled in such hast from the furies of the Warlike Champions. After which, he like a raging Lyon travelled along by the River of Tyber, stilling all places with his roaring, and his till such time as he encountered a thick Grove, wherein he purposed to rest his weary Horses, and lament his misfortunes. After he had in this solitary place unlaced his Helmet, and buried it hopelessly against the ground, the infernal Furies began to bite him, and casting his head with passions of deep revenge. In the end he cast off his mangled specimens of the story, and said:

O ye fatal Furies, is this Bleached, why are you not clad in mournful Habitments? nor look my wounding Steps in eternal darkness? Or shall I be made a looke in Rome for my cowardice? or shall I return and accompany my Roman Friends in death, whose blood menials I see sprinkled about the skirts of Italy? Methinks I hear their bleeding Souls fill each corner of the Earth with my pain: therefore will I not live to be termed a Roman Coward, but die courageously by mine own hands, whereby those accursed Champions shall not obtain the conquest of my death, nor triumph in my fall.

While being thus, he drew out his Dagger and gave his heart a sudden. The news of whose desperate death, after it was written to his Father's care, he interred his body with his sister Lucina, and erected over them a stately Chapel, wherein the Rites and ceremonies

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nious Ponks during all their lives, sung Dirges for his Childrens Souls.

After this, the Emperour made Proclamations through all his Dominions: that if any Knight were so hardy as to travel in pursuit after the English Champion, and by force of arms to bring him back, or deliver his head unto the Emperour, he should not only be held in great estimation through the Land, but receive the Government of the Empire after his decease. Which rich proffer so encouraged the minds of many adventurous Knights, that they went from sundry provinces, in the pursuit of S. George, but their attempts were all vain.

## CHAP. XV.

Of the Triumphs, Tilts, and Tournaments, that were solemnly held in Constantinople by the Grecian Emperour; and of the honourable adventures that were there atchieved by the Christian Champions, with other strange accidents that hapned.

**I**n the Eastern parts of the World the Fame and balliant deeds of the Champions of Christendome was noised with their Perocall Ads and feats of arms, naming them the Virtour of Nobility, and the types of bright honour: all Kings and Princes (to whose ears the report of their Valours were heard) desired much to behold their noble Personages. And when the Emperour of Grecia (keeping then his Court in the City of Constantinople) heard of their mighty and balliant deeds, he thirsted after their sights, and his mind could never be satisfied with content until such time as he had devised a means to Train them unto his Court, not only in that he might enjoy the benefit of their Companies, but to have his court honoured with the presence of such renowned Knights: and therefore in this manner it was accomplished.

The Emperour dispatched Messengers into divers parts of the World, gave them in charge to publish throughout every countrey and Provinces as they went, of an honourable Tournament that should be holden in the City of Constantinople within six months following, thereby to accomplish his intent & to bring the Christian champions (whose company he so much desired) unto his court.

This



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After him entered the Pagan Knight, who was Lord of Syria, and armed with armour of Lyons Colour, accompanied with an hundred Knights all apparell'd in Helmet of the same Colour, and pos-  
 sed round about the Palace, drawing unto the Arabian great friend-  
 ship and converse as the other did.

Which being done, he rebeld the King of Arabia carrying to re-  
 ceive him at the Joust, and the Trumpets began to sound, giving  
 them to understand that they must prepare themselves ready to the  
 encounter: whereat those two Knights were nothing unwilling,  
 but forthwith their Counters with great fury, and closed together  
 with courageous valour.

The King of Arabia most strongly made his encounter, and strook  
 the Pagan without winking upon his breast: but the Pagan at the  
 next place (being heated with fury) strook him so surely with his  
 Lance, that he heaved him out of his Saddle, and he fell presen-  
 tly to the ground, after which the Pagan Knight rode up and down  
 with great pride and gladness.

The Arabian King being thus overthrowen, there entered into the  
 Lists the King of Arger, armed with no other Furniture but with  
 silver Mail, and a Breast-plate of bright steel before his breast;  
 his pomp and pride exceeded all the Knights that were then present,  
 but yet to small purpose his pride and arrogance served: for at the  
 first encounter he was overthrowen to the ground: in like sort did  
 that Pagan use fifteen other Knights of fifteen several Countries,  
 to the great wonder and amazement of the Emperor and all the  
 Assembly.

During all these valiant encounters S. George with the other  
 Christian Champions stood a far off upon a high Gallery beholding  
 them, intending not as yet to be seen in the Lists.

But now this valiant Pagan after he had rode some six courses  
 up and down the Lists, and seeing none durst stir to oppose him,  
 thought to wear in the same and downy stroke for that day.

But at the same instant there entered the noble minded Prince of  
 Fe, being for courage the very prime of his Country, he was a  
 valiant and well proportioned Knight, and was armed all in white  
 armour, wrought with excellent kinds of work, and he brought  
 in his company a hundred Knights, all armed in like sort,  
 and riding about the place he in the end did meet with the Empe-  
 ror, and in all this time and season the Trumpets began to  
 sound.

At the while to wit of the two valiant Knights their Counters, and  
 made their encounters so strong, and such great fury, that



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the proud Pagan was cast to the Ground, and so departed the Lists with great dishonour.

So might they enter the brave King of Sicily's tent, who was attended in a glittering Coat of shining Steel, and was mounted upon a mighty and strong Courser, and amongst in her company run hundred knights, all apparelled with gold cloth of Gold, having every one a liberal Instrument of Warre in their hands, sounding thereon a most delightful melody.

And after the Sicilian King had made his accustomed compass, and courtesie in this place, he looked down his Weapon and put himself in readiness to fight.

So when the Sign was given by the chief Herald of arms, they spurred their Horses and made their encounter so valiantly, that the first blow they made, their Lances shivered in the air, and the pieces thereof scattered abroad like aspen leaves in a whirlwind.

At the second blow the rough Prince of Ferrara caught over his Horse's neck, and the noble youth was hurled to the ground, which was a great grief unto the Emperor, and all the company that he led him, for then he was well beloved of them all, and he was a knight of great estimation.

The Sicilian King grew proud at the Prince of Ferrara's overthrow, and was so enraged, and furious, that in a small time he let out a knight remaining on horse back in the field, that durst adventure to fight with him: but every one of what Country or Nation, sooner he was hoisted in the attempt: so that there was no station among either Nobles or the multitude, but that unto him, the undesired honour of the Victory in triumph would be attributed.

But being in this arrogant pride, he heard a great noise in the manner of a tumult, arising near, which was the occasion that he took still, and expecting some strange accident, and looking about what it should be, he beheld a George among the Lists, as then come from the Gallery, who was armed with his rich and strong armour all of purple, full of Golden flares, and before him rode the Champions of France, Italy, Spain, and Scotland, all on stately Couriers, bearing in their hands four other creatures of four liberal colours: and there followed him the Champion of Rome carrying his shield, wherein was portrayed a Golden Lion in a blue field; and the Champion of Ireland, whose shield was of a red field of knots; his strength bound about with a chain of steel, which shined the brightness of diamonds, in that so many eyes might attend upon him.

So when the George was placed in the Royal seat, the



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the uttermost of thy power and strength, for he hath vowed before Sun  
set, to be either Lord of thy Fortunes, or a Vassal to thy Power; and  
likewise saith that he doth not only desire thee in the Tournament, but  
also challenge thee to a mortal Battle.

This hearing of these words caused Saint George to smile, and bled  
in his Breast a new desire of honour, and so returned him this an-  
swer: Friend go thy way, and tell the Giant that sent thee, that I do  
accept his Demand, although it doth grieve my very Soul to hear  
his arrogant Defiance, to the great disturbance of this Royal Company, in  
presence of so mighty an Emperor: but seeing his stomach is gorged  
with so much pride, tell him that George of England, is ready to  
make his defence, and also that shortly he shall repent him by the pledge  
of my Knight-hood.

In saying these words, he took the Spear from the Giant, and  
delivered him his Gauntlet from his hand to carry to his Master,  
and so putting himself in the standing, awaiting for the encounter.  
At that time he was very high the place where the Emperor sat.  
He heard the answer which the English Knight made, and the  
Giant, and was much displeased that the Spear of his foe should  
be so. St. George without any cessation.

But it was no time as then to speak, but to keep silence, and to  
wait what event came to his great joy and expectancy.

All that time the two Champions (monitors upon their horses)  
carried the sign to be made by the Drummers, which being given,  
they let down their Counters, and their Spears in their hands,  
both in great fury and desire the one to impose the other, that they  
doct full in their encounter.

The Giant who was very strong and proud, when he saw that he  
had misused his intent, he returned against Saint George, carrying his  
Spear upon his shoulder, and coming high unto him, upon a  
trodden before he could clear himself, he struck him such a mighty  
blow upon his Counter, that his Counters were in pieces, by reason of  
the fineness of his Armour, and made the English Knight so hostile  
his body backward upon his horse's Crupper.

But when he saw the great injury that the Giant used against  
him, his anger increased very much, and so taking his Spear in the  
same sort, he went towards the Giant, and

Then Saint George and the Giant both took their stand, and came in enemy to  
true knight-hood, which then he was to carry on the ground, and to  
have more a chance than the other, in that Saint George is a Christian  
Knight, and my enemy, and the Giant is a Heathen, and my  
enemy.

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And in saying this, he struck him so furiously on the head, that the Spear passed thorow the Gyans body and appeared for bat his back, whereby he fell presently down dead to the ground, and yielded his life to the conquest of the fatal Sisters: all that were present were very much amazed thereat, and wondered greatly at the strength and force of St. George, accounting him the best of knights that ever wielded Lance, and the very pattern of true Nobility.

At this time the golden Sun had finished his course, having nothing at ope the Horizon but his glittering Beams, whereby the Judge of the Turnament commanded with loud of Trumpets, that the Juits should cease, and make an end for that day.

So the Emperour descended from the Imperial Throne into the Tilting place, where all the Knights and Gentlemen were, for to receive the Noble Champion of England, and desired him, that he would go with them into his Palace, there to receive all honours due unto a Knight of such desert; to the which he could not make any denial, but most willingly consented: After this the Emperours Daughter (in company of many Courtyl Persons) likewise descended from her place, where she sat, followed upon Saint George her Globe, the which he bore for her favour many a day after in his Burgoyne.

The other Christian Champions, although they merited no honour by his Turnament, because they did not trye their adventures therein, yet obtained they such good liking among the Queen Ladies, that every one had his Mistress; and in their presence they long time fixed their chief delights: where we must leave the Champions in the Emperours Court for a time, surfeiting in pleasures, and return to St. George's Sons travelling the World to seek out Adventures.

CHAP. XVI.

Now a Knight with two Heads tormented a beautiful Maiden, that had betrothed her self to the Emperours Son of Constantinople; and how she was rescued by Saint George's Sons; and after how they were brought by a strange adventure into the company of the Christian Champions, with other things that happened in the same Travel.

The mentioned Emperour (within whose Court the Christian Champions made their abode) of late years had a Son named Pollexus, in all virtues and manly demeanours equal with any thing. At this young Prince in the young time of his youth, through the piercing bars of blind Cupid, fell in love with a maiden of mean parentage, but in beauty and other qualities of nature most excellent.

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This Dulcippa (for so was she called) being by her Daughters to a Countrey Gentleman, was re-taught from the Emperours Court, and denied the sight of her beloved Pollemus, and he forbidden to set his affection so low, upon the displeasure of the Emperour his Father: for he being the Son of so mighty a Potentate, and she the Daughter of so mean a Gentleman, was thought to be a match unfit and disagreeable to the Laws of the Countrey: and therefore they could not be suffered to manifest their loves as they would, but were constrained by stealth to enjoy each other as beloved and much desired company.

So upon a time these two Lovers concluded to meet together in a Valley between two Hills, in distance from the Emperours Court some three miles, whereas they might in secret (without of all suspicion) unite and fix both their hearts in one knot of true love, and to prevent the determination of their Parents that so unkindly thought to cross them.

And so when the appointed day was come, Dulcippa arose from her careful Bed, and arrayed her self in rich and costly apparel, as though she had been going to perform her nuptial ceremonies.

And in this manner entered she the Valley, as such time as the Sun began to appear out of his golden Prison, and to shew himself upon the face of the Earth, glittering with his bright beams upon the other floating Hills. Likewise the calm Western Winds did very sweetly blow upon the green leaves, and made a delicate harmony at such time as the fairest Dulcippa (accompanied with high thoughts) approached the place of their appointed meeting.

But when she found not Prince Pollemus present, she determined to spend the time away till he came, in criming of her golden hair, and decking her delicate body, and such like delightful pleasures for her contentment and recreation.

So sitting down upon a green Bank under the shadow of a fertile Tree, she pulled a golden Comb from her Head, wherein her hair was wrapped, letting it fall and disperse it self all abroad her back, and taking out from her Chasteline breast an Ivory Comb, she began to comb her hair, her hands and fingers seemed to be of Johns Masher, her Face shewing the beauty of Roses and Lilies mixed together, and the rest of her body comparable to Ivory, upon which love and beauty Makomet did sometimes dwell.

But now mark (gentle Reader) how flowing Fortune crossed her desires, and changed her wished joys into unexpected sorrows; for as she sat in this Prime and Angelical likeness, there happened to come wandering by an infamous Boy, named the Knight



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Knicht with two Heads, who was a Ravisher of Virgins, an Oppresser of Infants, and an utter Enemy to virtuous Ladies and strange travelling Knights.

This Tyrant was habited like unto a man, but covered all over with locks of hair; he had two Heads, two Shoulders, and four Eyes, but all red as blood. Which deformed creature silently ran unto the Virgin, and caught her up under his Arms, and carried her away over the Mountain into another Country, where he intended to torment her, as you shall hear more at large hereafter.

But now return we to Prince Pollexus, who at the time appointed likewise prepared to meet his betrothed Love; but coming to the place, he found nothing but a likeen Death, the which Dalcippa had let fall through the fearful frightening she took at the sight of the Two-headed Knight.

So looner found he her Death, but he was oppressed extremely with sorrow, fearing Dalcippa was murdered by some inhumane means, and had left her Death as a Token that he infringed not her promise, but performed it to the loss of her own life: Wherefore taking it up, and putting it next his heart, he breathed forth this mournful lamentation.

Here rest thou near unto my true loving heart, thou precious token and remembrance of my dearest Lady, never to be hence removed till such time as my eyes may either behold her Body, or my ears hear certain news of her untimely death, that I may in death comfort with her.

Frown you glistening Lamps of brightness, that gave first light unto this fatal morning, for by your dismal light the pride of Earthly women is dishonoured. Come come, you wrathful Planets, descend the luckless Horizon, and rain upon my head eternal vengeance, oppress my body with continual misery, as once you did the woful King of Sheebes: for by my foolish negligence and overlong tarrying, this bloody Tragedy hath been committed.

And for her sake I vow to travel through the World, as far as ever golden Phebus lends his light, filling each corner of the Earth with clamours of her name, and making the Elements resound with Echoes of my lamentation.

In which resolution he returned home to the Emperor his Father's Palace, dissembling his grief in such manner, that none could suspect his discontented thoughts, nor the strange accident that unto a beautiful Dalcippa had befallen.

And so upon a day as he was meditating with himself, seeing the small comfort that he took in the Court, considering the want of her presence, whom he so much desired, he determined in great secrecy, as soon as it was possible, to depart the Court.

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Which determination he straight ways put in practice, and took out of the Emperours Armour very secretly, an exceeding good Coznet, the which was all-Russet, and Channelled with black, and imbrodered round about with a gilded edge, very curiously and artificially graven and carved.

Also he took a shield of the same making, saving that it was not graven as the Armour was; and commanded a young Gentleman that was son to an ancient Knight of Constantinople, of a good disposition and hardy, that he should keep them safely; and gave him to understand of his determined pretence.

Although it did grieve the young man very much, yet for all that, seeing the great friendship that he used towards him, in uttering his secrets unto him before any other, without replying to the contrary, he very diligently took the Armour and hid it, till he found convenient time to put it into a ship very secretly.

So likewise, he put into the same ship two of the best Horses which the Emperour had; and forth-with he gave the Prince to understand that all things were then in a readines, and in good order: Pollemus dissembling with the accustomed sorrow that he used, withdrew himself into his Chamber, till such time as the dark night came.

Which when it was come, he made himself ready with his apparel, and when all the People of the Court were at their rest and in their sleep, he alone with his Page, who was named Mercurio, departed the Palace and went to the Sea-side. His Page did call the Partners of the ship, who straight way brought unto them their Boat, into the which they entered, and went straight aboard.

And being therein, for that the Wind was very fair, he commanded to weigh their Anchors, & to hoist up Sails, & to commit themselves to the mercy of the Waters; as he commanded all was done, and so in short time they found themselves signified in the main Ocean, far from the sight of any Land.

But when the Emperour his Father understood of his secret departure, the Lamentation which he made was very much; and he commanded his Knights to go unto the Sea-side to know if there were any ship that departed that night; and when it was told them that there was a Barque that haled Anchor, and hoisted Sails, they supposed straight way that the Prince was gone away.

I cannot here declare the great grief and sorrow which the Emperour felt in his woful heart for the absence of his son, which a long time he always suspected and feared. But when the departure of Pollemus was heard through all Constantinople, all sports and

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Feasts: and all the people of the Country were overcome with a general sorrow.

So Pollemus sailed through the deep Seas three days and three nights with a very fair and prosperous wind.

The fourth day in the evening being calm, and no wind at all, the Partners went to take their rests, some on the Poop, and some on the fore Ship, for to ease their weary Bodies. The Prince (who lay upon the Poop of the Ship) asked his Page for his Lute, the which first way was given him: and sung so sweetly, that it seemed to be a most Heavenly melody; and being in this sweet Quasi, he heard a very lamentable cry as it were of a Woman, and leaving his delicate Quasi, he gave a listening attentive ear to harken what this sorrowful creature said, and by reason of the stillness of the night, he might easily hear as it were a Woman uttering these words:

It will little profit thee thou cruel Tyrant this thy bold hardness, for that I am beloved of so worthy a Knight, as will undoubtedly revenge this tyrannous cruelty profured me.

Then he heard another Voice which seemed to answer:

Now I have thee in my power, there is no humane creature of strength able enough to deliver or redeem thee from the torments that (in my determination) I have purposed thou shalt endure.

Pollemus could bear no more by reason that the Boat wherein they were, passed by so swiftly; but he supposed that it was his Ladies voice which he heard, and that she was carried by force away. So (laying down his Lute) he began to fall into a great thought, and was very heavy and sorrowful, in that he knew not how to adventure for her recovery.

Being in this cogitation, he returned to his Page which was asleep, and struck him with his foot, and awaked him, saying: What dost thou not hear this great lamentation that my Lady Dailespu made (as to me it seemed) being in a small Barque that is passed by, and gone forward along the Sea? To which the Page Mercurio answered nothing, for he was still in a sound sleep. To which the Prince called again saying: Arise I say bring forth my Armour, call upon the Matrons that they may lance their Boat into the Sea; for by the omnipotent Jupiter, I swear that I will not be called the Son of my Father if I do suffer such violence to be done against my Love, and not procure with all my strength to revenge the same.

Mercurio would have replied unto him, but the furious countenance of the Prince would not give him leave; no, not once to look upon his face: so he brought forth his Armour and buckled it on.

In the mean time the Partners had lanced their Boat into the Sea.

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sea, whereinto he leaped with a hasty fury, and carryed with him his Page and four of the Mariners for to row the Barque, and he commanded them to take their way towards the other company that passed by them.

So they laboured all the night, till such time as bright Phoebus with his glittering beams gave unto them such light, that they might discover and see the other Barque, although somewhat afar off.

So they laboured with great courage till such part of the day was spent, at which time they saw come after them a Gally which was rowed with eight Oars upon a side, and it made so great speed, that with a trice they were with them, and he saw that there was in her three Knights, in bright Armour, to whom Pollicenus called with a loud voice, saying: Most courteous Knights, I request you to take me into your Gally, that being in her, I may the better accomplish my desire.

The three Knights which were in the Gally passed by the Prince without making return of any answer, but rather seemed that they made but little account of him.

These three Knights were the sons of the English Champion, who departed from their Father in his journey towards Babylon, to see the King again in his Kingdom.

But now to follow our History, the Prince of Constantinople seeing the little account they made of him, with the great anger and fury that he conceived, he took an Oar in one hand, and another in the other hand, and with such strength he struck the water, that he made the wooden Barque to stir, and laboured in this at the same time with such force they were equal with the Gally.

So leaping the Oars, with a high leap he put himself into the Gally with his Helm on, and his shield at his shoulder, and being within he said: Now shall you do that by force, which before (I will great content) you would not do.

With saying this, out of his Gally he took the Encounter in hand, thinking to himself to the honour of his blood by multitudes to attack him; in they three brave Knights without any advantage the one of the other, made their Encounters so valiantly, that it was a wonder to all the beholders.

The Prince of Constantinople struck the English Knight such a furious blow, that he made him receive his head to his breast, and forced him to recede backward three steps, but he came quickly again to himself, and returned him to neither a blow upon his helmet, that he made all his teeth to chatter in his head, which was painful to see.

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Then began betwixt them a marvellous and well fought Battle, that all that beheld them greatly admired: with great policy and strength they endured the bickering all day, and when they saw the dark and tenebrous night come upon them they strove with more courage and strength to finish their Battle.

The Prince of Constantinople, puffing and blowing like an enraged Bull, lift up his sword with both his hands, and discharged it so strongly upon his Enemy, that perforce he made him to fall to the ground, and therewithal offered to pull his Helmet from his Head. But when the English Knight saw himself in that soze he threw his shield from him, and very strongly caught the other about the neck, and held him fast, so that betwixt them began a mighty and terrible wrestling, tumbling and wallowing up and down the Gally, breaking their planks and Oars, that it was strange to behold.

At this time the night began to be very dark, wherefore they called for lights, which presently were brought them by the Garriners, in the mean time these knights did somewhat breach themselves, although it was not much. So when the lights were brought, they returned to their old combat with new soze and strength.

O Heavens, said Pollemus, I cannot believe to the contrary but that this is Mars the God of War, that doth contend in battle with me, and for the great envy he bears against me, he goeth about to dishonour me. And with these words they thickned their blows with great desperation.

And although this last assault continued more than two hours, yet neither of them did faint, but at the last, they both together lift up their swords, and charged them together. the one upon the others Helmet, with so great strength that both of them fell down upon the Hatches without any remembrance.

The rest that looked upon them, did believe verily that they were both dead, by reason of the abundance of blood which came forth at their Wounds, but quickly it was perceived that there was some hope of life in them. Then presently there was an agreement made betwixt the knights of the Gally and Garriners of the Bark, that they should consoyne together and travel whither Fortune should conduct them; in this order as you have heard, carried they these two knights without any remembrance.

But when the Prince of Constantinople, came to himself, with a loud voyce he said: O Love, is it possible to be true that I am overthrown in this first Encounter and assault of my Knighthood? here I curse the day of my Creation, and the hour when first I merited the name



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name of Knight; henceforth I'll bury all my honours in disgrace, and spend the remnant of my life in base cowardise; and in speaking these words, he cast his eye aside, and beheld the English Knight as one newly risen from a trance, who likewise breathed forth these discontented speeches; O unhappy Son of St. George, now a Coward and of little valour, I know not how thou canst name thy self to be the Son of the valliantest Knight in the World, for that thou hast lost thy honour in this last assault.

This being said, two weary Knights concluded a peace between them, and revealed each to the other their names and living, and therefore they adventured to travel; the which when it was known, they sailed forward that way whereas the odorous woman went, so in this sort they travelled all the rest of the night that remained, till such time as the day began to be clear, and straightway they descryed Land, to which place with great haste they vailed.

And coming a Land, they found no used way, but one narrow path, the which they kept: wherein they had not travelled long when they met with a poor simple Country Man, with a new ground hatchet in his hand, and he was going to cut some Fire-wood off the high and broad spreading Trees, and of whom they demanded what Countrey and Land it was.

This Countrey (said he) is called Armenia, but yet most courteous Knight, you must pardon me, for that I do request you to return again, and proceed no further if you do esteem of your lives, for in going this way there is nothing to be had but death.

For that the Lord of this Countrey is a furious Monster, called the Two headed Knight, and he is so furious in his Tyranny, that never as any stranger could as yet escape out of his hand alive: And for proof of his cruelty, no longer than yesterday he brought hither a Lady Prisoner, who at her first coming on shoar, he all to bewhiped and beat her in such sort that it would make the most yrannous Tyrant that is, to relent and pity her distress, swearing that every day he would so torment her, till her life and body did make their separation.

Pollemus the Prince of Constantinople, was very attentive to the old mans words, thinking the Lady to be his Dalciappa after whom he so long travelled the grief he received at this report struck such a terror to his heart, that he fell into a swoond, and was not able to go any further. But St. George's Sons, who knew him to be a Knight of much valour, encouraged him, and protected by the honour of their Knight-hoods, never to forsake his company, till they saw his Lady delivered from her torments, and he safely conducted home into his own Countrey.

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So travelling with this resolution, the night came on, and it was so dark, that they were constrained to seek some convenient place to take their rests, and laying themselves down under a broad branched Oak Tree, they passed the night, pondering in their minds a thousand imaginations.

So when the morning was come, and that the Diamond of Heaven began to glister with his beams upon the Mountain tops, these martial Knights were not slothful, but rose up and followed their journey.

After this they had not travelled scarce half a mile: when that they heard a pitiful Lamentation of a Woman, whose voyce by reason of her low shrieks, was very heart: so they began to hear from whence that lamentable noyse should come.

And presently after off, they beheld a high Pillar of stone, out of the which there came forth a spout of fair and clear water, and there as it was bound a woman all naked, her back fasten'd to the Pillar, her arms backward embracing it, with her hands fast bound behind her. Her skin was so fair and white, that if it had not been that they heard her lamentation, they would have judged her to have been an Image made artificially of Alabaster, and joined to the Pillar.

These martial Knights laced on their Helmers, and rannt unto the place, where she was: but when the Prince of Constantinople saw her, he presently knew her to be his Lady and lovely Wife.

For his reason of the colouels of the night and with her great lamentation and weepings, he was so full of sorrows and affliction, that he could scarce speak. Likewise the Princess heart so pined at the sight of his unhappy Lady, that almost he could not look upon her for weeping.

But yet at last, with a sorrowful sigh he said: O cruel hands! is it possible that there should remain in you so much mischief, that whereas there is such great beauty and fairness, you should use such violence and villainy: she more deserve to be loved and cherish'd, than to be in this loathsome situation.

This most Prince with much sorrow beheld her white skin and back all so beset with her blood, and taking a Cloak from one of the Barbers, he clothed it upon her, and covered her body, and took her in his arms, whilst the other Knights unbound her.

This unhappy Lady never felt nor knew what pain was unto her, till such time as she was loosed from those bands, and in

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the Arms of her Lover. But yet she thought that she had been in the Arms of the monstrous Two-headed Knight, and therefore she gave a terrible sigh, saying: Oh Pollemus, my true betrothed Husband, where art thou now, that thou comest not to succour me? and therewithal ceased her Speeches.

The Prince hearing these words, wend' he answered her, but he was disturbed by hearing of a great noise of a Hoile, which seemed to be in the Woods amongst the Trees.

The rest of the Knights intending to see what it should be, left the Lady lying upon the green grass in the keeping of Prince Pollemus and the Harringers, and so St. George's Sons went towards the place inreass they heard that rushing noise, and as they diligently lookt about them, they beheld the Two-headed Monster mounted upon a furious and great Balfrey, which seemed to see if the Lady were alive, for to torment her anew.

But when he came to the Pillar and saw not the Lady, with an irefull look he cast his eyes, looking round about him on every side, and at last he saw the three Knights coming towards him with a slow and quiet pace, and how the Lady was taken from the Pillar where he left her, and in the arms of another Knight, making her sorrowfull complaint.

The Two-headed Knight seeing them in this order, with great wrath he came riding upon his furious Hoile towards them, and when he was near them, he said: Fond Knights, what wretched folly and madness hath bewitched you, that without any leave you have adventured to undo the Lady from the Pillar, where I left her, or come you to offer up your blood in sacrifice upon my Execution? I am whom one of the three valiant Bravours answered, and said: We be knights of a strange Country, that at the sorrowfull complaint of this Lady arrived at this place, and seeing her to be a fair and beautiful Woman, and without any desert to be thus evil intreated, it moved us to put our persons in adventure against them that will seem farther to misuse her.

In the mean time that the Knight was speaking these words the angry bearded Monster beheld him very secretly, knowing how much the greater anger he had received in hearing his Speeches, and with great fury he spurred his monstrous Beast, that he made him come to within a leap, that he had almost fallen on the English Knight: who with great intention did answer himself, and so he came out to the combat, he would have broken him, but he was hindered by two or three Counters that he hath not reach him.

Here began a terrible a battle between the two-headed Monster and Saint George's Sons, as ever men fought by the hand, their

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their mighty blows seemed to rattle in the Elements like a terrible thunder, and their Swords to strike sparkling fire in such abundance, as though it had been from a Smiths Anvil.

During this conflict, the English Knights were so grievously wounded, that all their bright Armour was stained with a bloody gore, and their Bodies bruised with the terrible streaks of the Spaniards Fauchon, whereat they grew more enraged, and their strength began to increase in such sort that one of them struck an overhwart blow with his trusty Sword upon his knee, and by reason that his Armour was not very good, he cut it clean asunder, so that Leg and all fell to the ground, and the Two-headed Knight fell on the other side to the Earth, and with great roaring he began to rage and fure like a Beast, and to blaspheme against the Fates for this his sudden mischance.

The other two Berghen seeing this, presently cut off his two Heads, whereby he was forced to yield to the mercy of imperious death.

There was another Knight that came with this Spanier, who when he saw all that had passed, with great fear returned the way from whence he came.

These Victorious Conquerers, when they saw that with so great ease they were delivered from the Tyrants cruelty, with joyful hearts they departed, with conquest to the Prince of Constantinople where they left him comforting his distressed Lady.

So when they were altogether, they commanded the Garrisoners to provide them somewhat to eat, for that they had great need thereof, who presently prepared it, for that continually they bore their Provision about them: of his language the Knights were very glad, and rejoiced much at that which they had achieved, and commanded that the Lady should be very well looked to, and healed of her harm received.

So at the end of three days, when the princely Lady had recovered health, they left the Country of Armenia, and departed back to the Sea, whereas they had left their Ships lying at road, that waited there until their coming.

Whereinto they had no sooner entered, but the Garrisoners hailed sail, and took their way towards Constantinople, as the Knights commanded. The Winds served them so prosperously, that within a small time they arrived in Greece, and landed within two days journey of the Coast, which they then at Parabout a mile from Constantinople.

Near a Land, the Prince Polonus consulted with S. George's

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Three Sons, what course were best to be taken for their proceeding in the Court. For, saith he, unless I may with the Emperour my Fathers consent, enjoy my dearest Dulcippa, I will live unknown in her company, rather than delight in the Heritage of ten such Empires.

At last, they concluded that the Lady should be covered in a black veil for being known, and Pollemus in black Arms, and the other Knights, all suitable should ride together: which accordingly they did, and about ten in the morning entered the Pallace: where they found the Emperour, the seven Champions, with many other Princes in the great Hall: to whom one of Saint George's Sons thus spake:

Great Emperour and Noble Knights, this Knight that leadeth the Lady hath long loved her: in their births there is great difference, so that their Parents cross their affections: for him she hath endured much sorrow, and for her he will and hath suffered many hazards. His coming thus to your Court is to this end, to approve her the only desirable Lady in the World, himself the faithfullst Knight, against all Knights whatsoever, in which with your Imperial leave, he, my self, and these two my Associates, will maintain: desiring your Majesty to give judgment as we shall deserve.

The Emperour condescended, and on the Green before the Pallace, those four overthrow more than four hundred Knights: so that Saint George and three other of the Champions entered the Lists, and ran three violent Courses against the Black Knights, without moving them: who never suffered the points of their spears to touch the Armour of the Champions: which the Emperour perceiving, guessed them to be of acquaintance: wherefore giving judgment, that the Knight should possess his Lady, at his request they discovered themselves.

To describe the delightful comfort that the English Champion took in the presence of his Children, and the joy that the Emperour received at the return of his lost Son, requires more Art and Eloquence than my tired senses can afford: I am therefore here forced to leave the Flower of Chivalry in the City of Constantinople.

Of whose following Adventures I will at large Discourse hereafter: and how all these Famous Champions came to their Deaths, and for what cause they were called the seven Saints of Christendom.



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### C H A P. XVII.

Of the renowned and praise worthy Death of Saint Patrick, how he buried his own self: and for what cause the Irishmen to this day, do wear their red cross upon Saint Patrick's day.

**H**ere must you suppose (gentle Readers) that time had ran a long Race before these aforesaid chyce. honoured Champions had purchased so many Right Worthy Victories: and being now wearied with Age, Death with his gloomy countenance began to challenge an end of all their wondrous Achievements, and to draw their noble Names to a full perfection; therefore preparing a black Stage (for honour) to act his last scene out, thus it followed.

The Valiant Champion S. Patrick feeling himself weakened with Time and Age, not able any longer to endure the humiles of Princes by Achievements, became an Hermit, and wandring up and down the World in poor Habilliments; he came at last to the Country of his Birth, which is now called Ireland, but in former times Hibernia, where instead of Partial Achievements, he offered up (in the name of his redeemer) devout Orisons, daily making petitions to the Deity of Glozy, in behalf of his desired peace: a life more delightful to his aged heart, than all his former accomplishments: And now willing to bid farewell to the World, he desired a recluse to be made, and to be pent up in a stony Wall from the sight of all Earthly objects. At which request of this Holy Father (now no Soldier but a man of peace) the Inhabitants willy condescended, and builded him a four square House of Stone. w<sup>th</sup> four eicher Windows w<sup>th</sup> Doors, only a little hole to receive his food in, where in they closed him up, never to be seen more alive by the eyes of mortal men. Also appointing divers of the Country to bring him at convenient times food of maintain nature, which they delivered in at the aforesaid hole, which they thought to be a deed of more than common charity; and he (to receive) to be an honour to their Country by the severe and strict course of life he put himself to. Thus lived he, the servant of his God day and night kneeling on the bare ground, till thye the win:ers cold had taken departure, and as oft the Summers warmth had cheared up the cold Earth, making his knees hard with kneeling, and his eyes dim with Lamentations for

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For his former offences. In which time the Hairs of his Head were all over-grown and reformer, and the Nails of his Fingers (as it were seemed) like the Talons and Claws of an old Raven, with the which by little and little he digged his own Grave, prepared against the hour of his death to be buried in: the which process of time came thus to effect as followeth.

When he had waited (as I said before) thre twelve Months in Divine Contemplations, by Inspiration (as it seemed) he laid him down in the Grave that his own Nails had digged: and feeling his body weak and feeble, ready to deliver up the spirit of Life, he began to speak as followeth.

Wooldst (quoth he) thou hast been long my kind Friend, & hast graced my name with many Titles of Honour, and making me Famous in thy large circumference: thou hast given me Victories over all mine Enemies, and weakened the boldness of all my richlanders, that my Life and Name might be chartered amongst the rest of our Christian Champions, for which I have thought my self predestinated to a lasting happiness: in that the Title of my Fortunes challenge so long a memory. Wooldst (I say) save thou well, my life I willingly now to her last minute, which as willingly I here deliver up, as ever I brandish'd Weapon against powerfull Dragon. I need no Pompall Train of Drummes to attend my Funeral, nor solemn Chimes of Bells to Ring me to my Grave, nor Troops of Gouerners in Habille Garments, to furnish out my Obliguy: my self here buries up my self, and all Offices of Lamentations belonging to so bad a business is my own hand la our, Earth, I embrace thee: thou gentle Wound my Bodies covering, with humblity I kiss thee: no difference is between thy cold Nature and my lifes warm stance, we are both one, Emperours are but Earth, so am I. Thou Earth, gently do I yield my self unto thy mouldy bosom. I come, I come, sweet comforter, into thy hands I commend my Spirit, These and such like were, the last words that ever this good Champion delivered, as p'rtaining to death, the Earth of it self as it were buried up his Body, in the Grave which his own hands had digged.

Thus being changed from a lively substance to a dead substance, his Attenders, as their usual custom was, came with Speed to receive him, and calling at the hole where he had wont to receive it, they heard nothing but empty ayre blowing in and out, which made them conclude presently that death had prevailed, & the fatal stroke finished up their labours: so calling together more company, they made an entrance thereinto, and finding what had hapned, how he had buried him down self, they repaired it for a wonder up and

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down the Countrey being an accident of much strangeness: for les-  
soe that time the like never chanced.

Whereupon, by a common consent of the whole Kingdom, they  
pulled down the aforesaid House or Tower, and in the same place,  
builded in process of time a most sumptuous Chapel, calling it St.  
Patricks Chapel, and in the place where this Holy Father had bur-  
ied himself, they likewise erected a Monument of much richnes,  
framed upon Pillers of pure Gold, beautified with many artificial  
fighes, most pleasant to behold: whereunto for many yeares af-  
ter rejoiced distressed people, such as were commonly molested with  
loathsome Diseases, where making their Prisons at Saint Patricks  
Tomb, they found help, and were restored to their former healths.

By which means the name of Saint Patrick is grown so famous  
through the World, that to this day he is intituled one of our Christi-  
an Champions, and the Saint for Ireland, where, in remembrance  
of him, and of his honourable achievements done in his life, time,  
the Irishmen as well in England as in that Countrey, do as yet in  
honour of his name keep one day in the year Festival, holding  
upon the same a great solemnity, wearing upon their hats each  
of them a Cross of red silk, in token of his many Adventures, un-  
der the Christian Cross, as you have heard in the former History  
at large discoursed. Whole noble deeds both in life and death we  
will leave sleeping with him in his Grave, and speak of our next  
renowned Tragedy, which Heaven and fate had allotted to Saint  
David, the Champion for Wales, at that time entituled Cambro-  
Britannus.

### C. H. A. P. XVIII.

Of the honourable Victory won by Saint David in Wales: of his  
death, and cause why Leeks are by custom, of Welchmen, worn on  
Saint Davids day: with other things that hapned.

SOME certain Month after the departure of Saint Patrick from  
the City of Constantinople, from the other Champions, as you  
heard before in the last Chapter, Saint David having a heart still  
fir'd with Fame, thirsted even to his dying day for honourable ac-  
chievements, and although age and time had almost wearied him  
away, yet would he once more make his adventure in the Field of  
Mars, and seal up his honours in the records of Fame with a Noble  
farewell.

So upon a morning framing himself for a knightly Enterprize  
he took his leave of the other Champions, and all alone well  
mounted upon a lusty Courser, furnished with sufficient Pa-  
rillments,

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hlliments, for so hyade an en'eryze he began a Journey home towards his own Countrey, accounting that his best joy, and the soyl of his most comfort.

But long had he not trabelled, ere he heard of the distresses thereof; how Wales was beset with a people of a Savage nature, thirsting for blood, and the ruine of that hyade Kingdome: and how that many Battles had been fought to the disparagement of Christian Knight-hood. Whereupon arming himselfe with true resolution, he went forward with a courageous mind, either to redeem the same, or to lose his best blood in the honour of the adventure.

Whereupon all the way as he trabelled, he dyed into his ayd and assistance, all the best Knights he could find, of any Nation whatsoever, giving them promises of noble rewards, and entertainment as desired to worshyp a fellowship. By this means before he came upon the Borders of Wales, he had gathered together the number of five hundred Knights, of such noble resolutions, that all Christendom could not afford better, the seven Champions excepted. And these all well furnished for Battle, entered the Countrey, where they found many Towns unpeopled, gallant Houses subverted, Monasteries defaced, Cities ruinated, Fields of Corn consumed with fire, yea every thing so out of order, as if the Countrey had never been inhabited. Whereupon with a grieved mind he saw the Religion of his Birth place so confounded, and nothing but reports of murder and death sounding in his ears. He summoned his Knights together, placing them in Battle array to travel high up into the Countrey, for the performance of his desired hopes. But as they marched along with an easie pace to prevent dangers, there relayed to them people of all Ages, both young and old, bitterly complaining of the wrongs thus done unto their Countrey. Where when they knew him to be the Champion of Wales, whom so long they had desired to see, their joys so exceeded, that all former woes were abolished, and they emboldened to nothing but revenge.

The rest of the Knights that came with St. David, perceiving their forces and numbers to increase, purposed a present onset: and to shew themselves before their Enemies, which lay incamped amongst the Mountains, with such strength and policy, that hard it was to make an Assault.

Whereupon the noble Champion, being then their General and Leader called his Captains together, and with a bold courage said, as followeth:

Now is the time brave Marchalls, to be canonized the Sons of Fame this is the day of dignity or; dishonour; an Enterprize to make us ever

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live, or to end our names in obscurity: let not chill fear, the  
 Cowards companion, pull us back from the golden Throne where  
 the adventurous Souldier sits in glory deservedly: we are to trample in  
 a Field of death and dead mens bones, and to buckle with an Enemy of  
 great strength, a Pagans power that seeks to over-run all Christian  
 Kingdoms, and to wash our Cambrian Fields with innocent blood.  
 To Arms, I say, brave Followers, I will be the first to give death the  
 onset, and for my Colours or Ensign do I wear upon my Burgonet (you  
 see) a green Leek beset with Gold, which shall (if we win the Victory) I  
 hereafter be an honour unto Wales, and on this day, being the first  
 of March be for ever worn by the Welsh men in remembrance here-  
 of: which words were no sooner spoken by the Champion, but all  
 the Royal Army of eve y degree and calling got themselves the  
 like Recognizance, which was each of them a green Leek upon their  
 Hats or Heavens, which they wore all the time of the Battle, and  
 by that means the Champions Followers were known from the o-  
 thers. This was not long a doing, before S. David and his Com-  
 panies beheld descending from the Mountains, an Army of Pa-  
 gans, as it seemed numberless, people of such mighty stature,  
 whose sight might even have daunted their noble resolutions, had not  
 the brave Champion still animated them forward with princely in-  
 couragements, Time saved not long ere the Battles joyned, and  
 the Pagans with their Iron Clubs and Axes of Steel, to laid a-  
 bout them, that had not our Christian Army been preserved by  
 miracle, such a slaughter had been made of the Champion and the  
 Knights, that well might have caused the whole world to wonder at.  
 But the Queen of Chance is favoured S. David and his Fal-  
 lowers, that what with their nimble Lances, keen Swords, and Ar-  
 rows shot from their quick Throats, and well Hooks in great abun-  
 dance, the Iron also lying in the Pagans Faces, to their great dis-  
 advantage, that in short time the noble Champion won a worthy  
 Victory. The ground lay all covered with mangled Carcasses, the  
 Grassie fields changed from green into red colour, with the mingled  
 blood that ran from Hoyle and Manthus murdered. A noble War-  
 rior was it for all our Christians in that battle to wear green Leeks  
 in their burgonets for their Colours, by which they were all known  
 and preserved from the slaughter of one another's Swords, only S.  
 David himself excepted, who being Wicor in the highest pride of his  
 glory was at last vanquished. Oh unhappy fate to cut off his ho-  
 nour that was the only Darling of honour! Help me Melvorne  
 to bewail his loss, that having won all, lost his dear life, a life that  
 the whole world might well have miss'd. Oh is it chance! for  
 coming



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coming from the Battle, over-heated in Blood, a suddain cold congealed in all his limbes members, that without Recovery he was forced to yield unto death to the great grief of all knights and Followers who for the space of forty days mourned for him in great heaviness, and after attended him unto his Grave with much sorrows.

Which being done, in the honour of his Name they ordained a custom, that the day of his Memory should be Canonized, and called in all after Ages *S. David's day*, being holden still upon the first of March, and in remembrance thereof, upon the same day should likewise be worn, by all well-willers to the same Country, certain green Leeks in their Hats, or on their bolons, in true honour of this noble Partialist, which is still a praise worthy Custom in these our Northern Climates, which time beloved Soule, we will now leave sleeping in his Tomb in peace, and go forward in our yet intended Tragical discourse.

### CHAP. XIX.

How Saint Dennis was beheaded in his own Country, and how by a Miracle shewed at his death, the whole Kingdom of France received the Christian Faith.

**S**aint Denis being the third in this our Pilgrimage of death, was likewise desirous of the sight of his own Country, which he had not seen in many years, and purposing a toilsome Travel to the same, took leave of the other Champions, who not altogether willing to leave so noble a Champion: yet considering the desire of his mind, they quickly condescended, wishing him the best well-fare of knight-hood, and so parting, they to their Princely Pavillions, and and he to his restless Journey as well mounted, and as richly furnished with habiliments of knight-hood, as any Partialist in all Arabia, in which Country he was then: but leading that place, to satisfy his desires, he travelled day by day toward the Kingdom of France, without any adventure worth reporting, till he arrived upon the borders of that fair Country that he had so long wished to behold. But now see how Fate frowned: the welcome he expected was suddenly converted into a deadly hatred: for there was maintaining in the French Kings favour a Knight of *S. Michaels Order*, who in former times hearing of the honourable Adventures of this noble Champion *S. Dennis*, and thinking this same to be a disparagement to his knight-hood any the rest of that order, conspired to betray him, and to bring all his former Honours with his life to a final overthrow.

where

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Whereupon this envious Knight of Saint Michaels, goes unto the King ( being as then a Pagan Prince, one that had no true knowledge of the Diety ) and said, That there was come into his Kingdom a strange Knight, a false believer one that in time would draw the love of his Subjects from him, to the worship of a strange God : and that in despite of him and his Country, he would establish a falsified opinion and that he wore upon his breast the Christian Cross, with many other things contrary to the Laws of his Kingdom.

Upon these afore-said false informations the King grew so enraged that without any more consideration, he caused the good Knight Saint Denis, to be attached in his Bed-chamber, otherwise a scope of the best Knights in all France had not been sufficient to bring him Prisoner to the Kings presence : before whom being no sooner come, but with more than humane fury, without cause he adjudged him a speedy death, and by Partial Law ( without any further Tryal ) to receive the same.

The good Champion Saint Denis, even in death having a most noble resolution, nothing at all dismayed and knowing his cause to be good, and that he should suffer for the Name of his Sweet Redeemer, he most willingly accepted of the same judgment saying : Most mighty, but yet cruel King, think not but this exceeding Tyranny will be requited in a strange manner : thy censure I take with much joy, in that I die for him whose Colours I have worn from mine Infancy, and this my death seals up the obligation of all my comforts. And thou sweet Country where I first took life, receive it again a Legacy due unto thee : for this my blood which here I offer up into thy bosom, is the best gift I can bestow upon thee, Farewel Knight-hood, farewell honourable adventures and Princely Achievements, Never may this dauntless arm brandish Weapon more in the honour of the Christian Cross : for death awaiteth at my back to cut off all such noble hopes, and I by Tyranny am betrayed thereto.

These speeches being uttered, he was forced to stand silent, and in the presence of the King, with many hundreds more, was constrained to yield his body to the fatal stroke ; where his head being layd upon the Block, was by a base Executioner quickly dissevered from the rest of his many members. Which being no sooner done, and the Champion lievels, but the Elements beles with cloudy variations, sent down such a terrible Thunder-clay that struck present-ly dead the Knight of Saint Michael that accused him, the Executioner, with others that were at his Attachment ; at which strange and fearful spectacle the King himself grew so amazed, that he deemed him to be a blessed Creature and that he had suffered wrongfully,  
and

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and how his cause for which he so willingly rendred up his life, was the true cause, which all must have a desire to die in: Wherefore incontinent from a Pagan the King turned Christian, and caused the same to be proclaimed through all his Dominions, ordaining Churches to be built in remembrance of this Great Span: And likewise in the place where he suffered, he caused with all speed to be built an Hermitage of relief for poor Pilgrims to find succour in, and such as travelled in the honour of that God, in whose name this good Champion dyed. Thus received France the true Faith; in which we leave it flourishing, and speak of St. James the Spanish Champion, and how he dyed.

### CHAP. XX.

Of the Tyrannous death that the Spanish Champion was put unto: and how God revenged the same in a strange manner: and of other things that hapned.

**H**ere gentle Reader, with a sad eye, prepare to give entertainment to the dolefull manner of the Spanish Champions death, who by Tyranny and cruel dealing of the Infidels, was likewise made away. For age and time, as upon the former, grew upon him, and so enfeebled his strength, that he was no longer able to manage the Adventures of Chivalry, nor fight the Battels of his Nobilitie: Wherefore resolving to spend the remnant of his days in peace, he desired leave likewise to commit his Fortunes to the Queen of Chance: which as the other did, he quickly obtained, and so leaving Constantinople, he put himself to travel towards the Country of his first being, not decked in his shining Armour, nor mounted on his Spanish Gennet: but poor and bare in outward habit, though inwardly furnished with Gold and Jewels of an inestimable value, which he had laid up in the patches of a russet Gaborine, the better to travel with: where instead of a bright shining Carle he his Pilgrims staff served him to walk with, and for his Buckramet of glittering steel, he covered his head with an ushies as thisle down with age) with a hat of gray colour, beseeched with a broad scallop shell, his princely longings were changed to green pastures, and his Canopies to the skies azure covering, where the highingale and lack, told the times passage. These were now his best contents and comforts, that time and age bestowed upon him.

In which manner travelling many days and nights, giving still

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as he went the poor, and needy such small pieces of Silver as he well could spare; he arrived at last upon the Confines of Spain: where in honour of that God, for whom he had fought so many Battles, he builded up at his own charge a most sumptuous Chapel, to this day bearing the name of Saint Jacques Chapel: and for the maintenance thereof purchased divers Lands adjoining, with Quittances to sing day and night therein, Alleluiah to his Redeemer.

This Celestial gift and glorious customs so prepared, begot such love of the meaner sort of People, that they esteemed him more than a Man, with a reverence of such regard bestowed upon him, that the very name of this noble Champion won greater admittations than the high Tilts of their Countreys King, who being then a cruel tyrant and proud King, maintaining Atheism by his Government, grew to envious thereof, that he caused good Saint Jacques, with the whole Quire of his Celestial Singers, to be closed up together in the Chapel which the Champion had erected, & so starved them to death. Oh bloody butchery, and inhumane cruelty! a death of more terror than ever was heard of. Nero in ripping up his Mothers Womb to see the Bed of his Creation, was not half so cruel. But to be short, hunger prevailed, and they dead, their Bodies putrified and in time consumed away to dust and mould, whereupon the Lord to them how they died in his favour, and the love of Heaven, infused such a light in the Chapel, that to shine day and night with such a glorious brightness, as if it had been the glorious Palace of the Sun: and likewise continually was heard therein (though no Creature remaining) such a Quire of melodious Harmony, as if it had been the sound of Celestial Musick. Which strange pleasures doch to the eyes & ear breed so great an amazement to the whole Countrey, that all with a common consent, accused their King for the tyrannous putting to death of these good men so cruelly murdered: but especially the noble St. Jacques, that they purposed to hold him for their Countreys Saint and Champion till the Kings dissolution. The proud King perceiving now his own rashness, and his common hate against him for this deed doing, took an inward conceit of grief, that without taking any food ever after, he languished away and died. Thus have you heard the Tragedy of the Spanish Champion, whom we likewise commit to the sweet sleeps of Eternity, and pass on further to more dreadful Accidents.

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## CHAP. XXI.

Of the Honourable and worthy death of the Italian Champion, how in the height of pleasure in his own Country, death (by a Prophecy) seized upon him.

**A**fter all these aforesaid proceedings, Nature the common nurse of us all, so wrought in the heart of Saint Anthony the Champion for Italy, that he undertook the next Tragical Enterprize, and leading Saint George with Saint Andrew, selling their razed bones in the Emperours Court of Constantinople, where they lately achieved so many wailes of knight-hood, he took his journey towards Italy, and knowing by the course of nature, that his days were not many, he purposed there to set up his lives rest, and in death to finish up all Earthly troubles. So coming after a long Journey to the City of Rome, where the Emperour Domitian kept his Court, and the City being then in her chiefest pomp and glory, won great desire in the Champions mind to see the means of the same.

So upon a morning going from his Lodging, he walked up and down the streets with admiration, and fed his eyes with many delightful objects. First with great wonder he stood gazing upon the Monuments that were erected in the honour of all their famous Emperours, Counsellors, Orators, and Conquerours, things which pleased him great pleasure. The next thing that his eyes delighted in, was the Temple of the twelve Sylls, a most miraculous building: in which Temple were all their Prophecies enrolled, as also the beginning and ending of the whole Catalogue of the heathen Gods, as Mars, Jupiter, Saturn Apollo, and such like; with their manner of worship. It was next that he saw was the House of Remus and Romulus, those builders of Rome, a building of such marvellous structure it stood on another Hill (as all things) where the man lay that was condemned to death, and could have no body come to him, and succour him, for long years he was here alive a long space by feeding of his prisoners meat. After this he saw Romulus, whose temple was one of the nine houses of the gods, the Emperour Nero, some maintained with miracle, for the officers he had in his house of Rome, he concluded, he lived many days in hearing the prayers of his and other Reliques brought from Jerusalem, amongst many other religious rites, he came into a Chapel, which was called the honour of Saint



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St. Anthony : wherein was portrayed in Alabaster Pictures, the true forms of all the Champions of Christendom, with the stories of all their Adventures, Combats, Turnaments, and Battels, their Imprisonments, Dangers, and Enchantments, all portrayed and pictured up by Enchantments and Witchcraft, whereupon ran a Prophecie, that the Patron of this Chapel should ever live unconquered, and never embrace death, till his eyes were witness of the same Woe-raptures ; which in golden Letters were subscribed over the Chapel door, or entrance. All which when St. Anthony had beheld, and knowing by Inspiration himself to be the man, with a meek mind embraced his own end, and never after departed the Chapel, but remained kneeling in the same upon the bare Marble, making his Orisons of repentance to the eternal Deity, till pale Destiny had cut off the threds of his old days.

And thus being converted to mouldy Earth, the Emperour caused him to be Intombed in the same Chapel : and over his Grave to be set a magnificent Chair, in which Chair for many years after, the Roman Conquerours receive their Laurel rewards of Partial Victory, under whose Banner and Name, even to this day they make their Adventures : so with high Honour and Fame both lived and dyed this valiant, worthy Champion St. Anthony of Italy.

## C H A P. XXII.

Of the Martyrdom of St. Andrew the Scottish Champion, and how his death was revenged by the King of that Countrey, and by what means Scotland was brought unto the Christian Faith.

Saint George and St. Andrew were the two last Champions that stayed together, and as to becomen the beaten tone remained between them two : but yet every Time with his last course would needs part them, and break this their united fellowship. For the summons of honour to animate the bold heart of the Scottish Champion, that he burnes with desire to see his native Countrey, and to behold the place of his birth, he having Constantly only honoured with the presence of Saint George and his three sons, in great justice of mind he travelling many by much week by week, day by day, till Time and Fate set him happily in the Kingdom of Scotland : where having not been so many years before, he received such entertainment as it had been the greatest Emperour

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Emperour of the World : for all the streets and passages as he went were furnished with people of the best regard, to give him a gracious welcome to his native home : especially the King himself, who for the love and honour he bore unto his Name and Knight-hood, lodged him in his own Palace, and proclaimed for his noble welcome a Princely Tournament to be holden for the space of fifteen days, in which time all the Nobility and Partial Knights of Scotland perfozmed such well appoyed A.C. leuements, that not Greece, Constantinople, Rome, nor Jerusalem could equal them in the least regard. But St. Andrew being now aged, and unapt for such Princely Counters, late as a beholder, censuring of the best bester, and gave such due commendations as belited so gallant a Company : and for a farewell of such time honoured pastimes, he desired leaue of the King to depart, and to spend the remnant of his life in priuate contemplations, for the good of his Soul, & to wash away with the water of true penitence, all that blame he had sust. in his Travel about the World, in the maintenance of Knight-hood : a request so reasonable, that the King could not refuse but give his consent. So taking leaue of his Majesty, & the rest of the Nobility & Knights there present, he departed up to a Mountain far remote from the Kings Court, under which by nature was creted a Cave or hollow Vault, wherein he remained for the space of a year studying Divinity, & the Commands of his Redeemer, Scotland being then a rude and Heathenish Countrey, where the common sort of people inhabited, by which means he was much admired, and supposed to be sent from some place unknown, as a Messenger to bring them evil tidings : Whereupon those misbelieving people by a common consent (taking him for some subtle Conspirer against their Pagan Gods, which as then they worshipped) put him secretly to death, and after cutting off his Head in hope of reward, bore it to the King, deeming they had done a deed of much deserved commendations : Which inhuman cruelty when the King saw, with much grief he lamented the loss of this good Man, and with all speed in revenge of his death, raised a power of his best resolved Knights of War, putting every one to the sword, both Man, woman, and Child, that in any manner consented to the Champions Quarrel : and after in process of time, appointed a Sanctuary to be built in the same place where he dyed, turning the whole Kingdom to be brought in subjection to a quiet Government, and Christened in the right belief of this holy Father. This was the last deed of St. Andrew, by whose death Scotland received the true Faith, in which it now remaineth.

## The Second Part of the

### C H A P. XXIII.

Of the Adventure performed by S. George; how he received his death by the sting of a venomous Dragon; and of the Honours and Royalties done unto his Name, being intituled our English Patron of Knight-hood.

**N**Ow droops my weary Pulse, for he is come unto her latest Tragedy, S. George is summoned to the Bar of Death, where magnificent Honour stands ready to give his Name a Noble Menowen to all ensuing Ages.

This illustrious Champion, when he was left alone, as you heard, in the company of his three Sons Guy, Alexander, and David, strange imaginations day by day possessed his mind, that he could not rest nor sleep; sometimes supposing his companions were in great distress: other whiles that they had won the chiefest Goal of Honour, little needing his knightly service and assistance: sometimes one thing, sometimes another, to molest him, that he must needs make his adventure to follow them. Whereupon calling his three Sons together, he went to the Grecian Emperor and requested that they might all four depart with his leave and liking, for knightly Adventures had challenged them all in appear in some foreign Region, where noble Achievements were to be performed: but where and in what Countrey his Destiny had not yet revealed to him. So furnishing them all four in habitments of shining steel, they left Constantinople, as it were guided by Fate, until they came into England, then called Britain, whose chalky Cliffs S. George had not seen in twice twelve years, & now coming with a sweet embracement of his native Countrey, he gave his three Sons therein a most joyful welcome, shewing them to their great comfort the happy Situation of the Towns & Cities, & the pleasant prospects of the Fields as they passed, until they came within the sight of the City Coventry, where he was born, & received his first being; upon whose glittering Spikes no sooner casting his eyesight, but the inhabitations interrupted his pleasurable sights with a dolorful Report, how upon Dunmore-Heath, as then remained an insatiable Dragon, that so annoyed the Countrey, that the Inhabitants thereabouts could not pass the Heath without great danger; & how that fifteen Knights of the Kingdom had already lost their lives in adventuring to suppress the same. Also giving him to understand of a Prophecy, That a Christian Knight never born of a Woman, should

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be the destroyer thereof, and his Name in after Ages for accomplishing the adventure, should be holden for an eternal Honour to the Kingdom. **S.** George no sooner hearing thereof, and what wrongs his native Country received by this infectious Dragon, and knowing himself to be the Knight, grew so encouraged, that he purposed presently to put the adventure in tryal, & either to free his Country from so great danger, or to finish his days in the attempt; so taking leave of his Sons & the rest there present, he rode forthward with as noble a spirit, as he did in Egypt, when he there combated with the burning Dragon. So coming to the middle of the Plain, where his infectious enemy lay couching the ground, in a deep Cave, who by a strange instinct of nature knowing his death to draw near, made such a pelling noise, as if the Elements had burst with Thunder, or the Earth had shook with a terrible Exhalation, so coming from his Den, and spying the Champion, he ran with such fury against him, as if he would have devoured both Man and Horse in a moment, but the Champion being quick and nimble, gave the Dragon such way, that he mist him, and with his King ran full two furlongs to the Church, but recovering, he returned again with such rage upon Saint George, that he had almost boyn his Horse over and over, but that the Dragon, having no stay of his strength, fell w<sup>th</sup> his back downward upon the ground, and his feet upward, whereat the Champion taking advantage kept him still down with his Horse standing upon him fighting, as you see in the Blazure of **S.** George, with his lance goying him through in divers parts of the Body; and withal contrarittolle the Dragons King annoyed the good Knight in such sort, that the Dragon being no sooner slain and weltered in his venomous Coze, but Saint George likewise took his deaths wound by the deep stroaks of the Dragons King, which he received in divers parts of his Body, and bled in such abundance, that his strength began to enfeeble, and grow weak; yet retaining the true nobleness of mind, valiantly returned Victoz to the City of Coventry, where his three Sons with the whole Inhabitants stood without the Gates in great Royalty to receive him, and to give him the honour that belonged to so worthy a Conqueror, who no sooner arrived before the City, and presented them with the Dragons head which so long had annoyed the Country, but what with the abundance of blood that issued from his deep wounds, and the long bleeding without stopping the same, he was forced in his Sons arms to yield up his breath, for whom his three Princely Sons long lamented; making the greatest mone that ever was

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was made in any Kingdom, and again they were so seconded with the grief of the whole Country, that all the Land from the King to the Shepheard, mourned for him for the space of a Year: which heavy time being ended, the King of this Country being a virtuous and Noble Prince, advanced Saint George's three Sons to Noble Offices: First the eldest of them named Guy, to be Earl of Warwick, and high Chamberlain of his Household. The next named Alexander, according to his name, to be Captain General of his Knights of Chivalry. And the youngest named David, to be his Cup-bearer: and Controller of all his Revels and Delights. And likewise in remembrance of their Noble Father the Christian Champion, he ordained for ever after to be kept a solemn Procession about the Kings Court, by all the Princes and chief Nobility of the Country, upon the 23. day of April, naming it St. George's Day; upon which day he was most solemnly interred in the City where he was slain, and caused a stately Monument to be erected in Honour of him, though now by the ruines of time defaced and abolished. He likewise decreed by the consent of the whole Kingdom, that the Patron of the Land should be named Saint George, our Christian Champion, in that he had fought so many Battles in the Honour of Christendom. All which we see (with many more Honours) is this day here maintained in remembrance of this good Knight, who (no doubt) resteth in eternal peace, with the other renowned Champions of Christendom: to God grant we may do all. Amen.

**FINIS**



